

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

ISSUE 82

395

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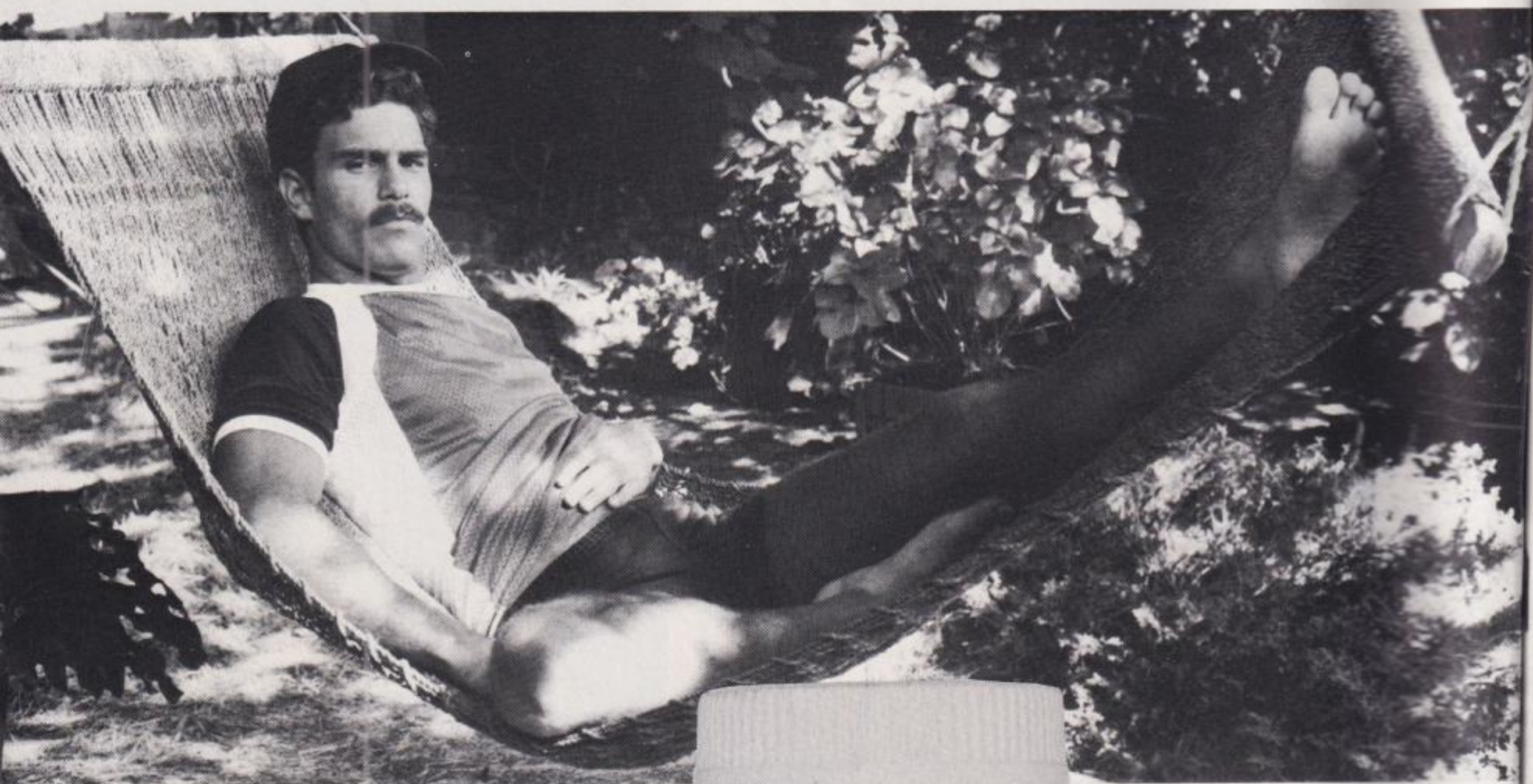
"YES
SIR!"

"THIS
ISSUE
IS DEVOTED
TO THE
ORDEALS
OF BECOMING
A MAN!"



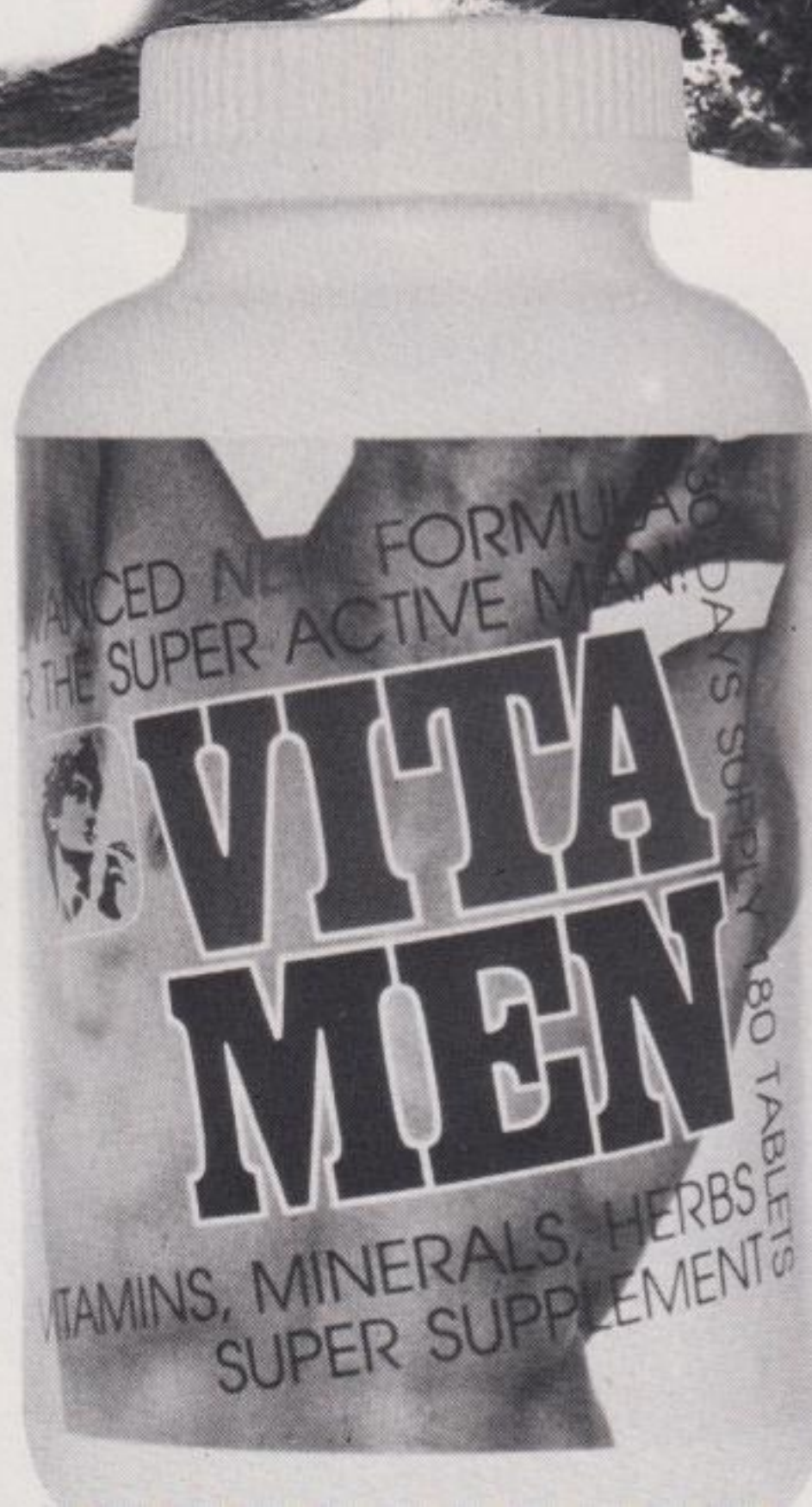
MANHOOD RITUALS ISSUE

We're on your

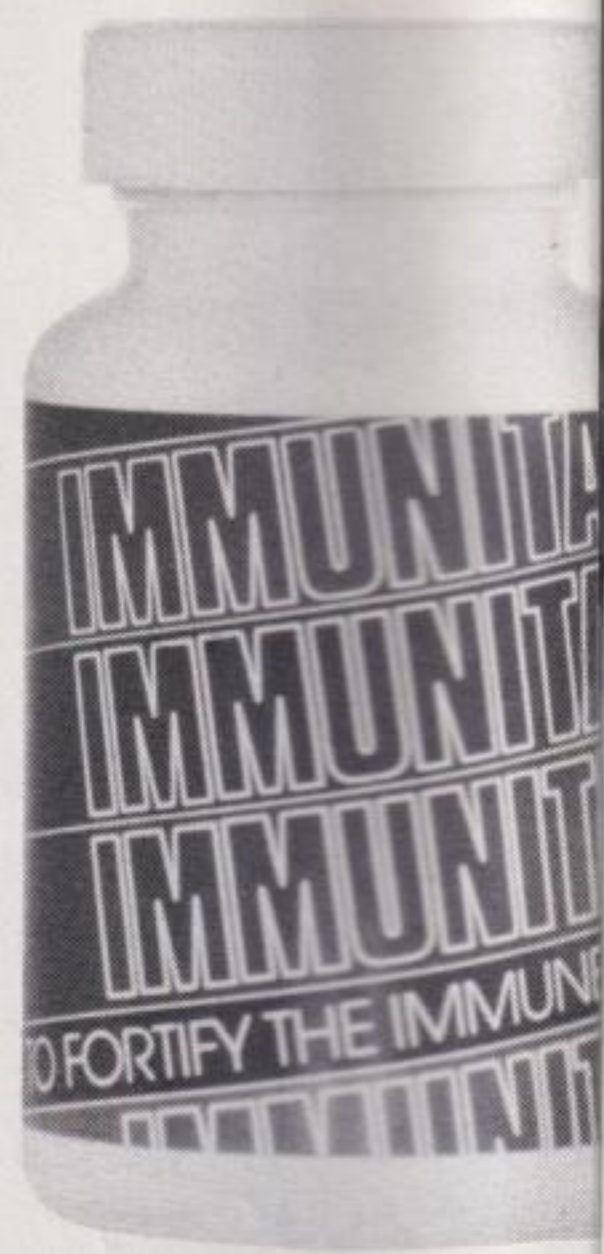


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DRUMMER

MANHOOD RITUALS

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



GETTING OFF

It all started with the Leather Fraternity back in '74. We put out a newsletter that eventually became DRUMMER Magazine a year later. As DRUMMER celebrates its tenth anniversary, the Fraternity celebrates its eleventh. The Fraternity is getting a considerable overhauling which will make it even more of a bargain. We have eliminated sending the magazines first-class mail. First, it does very little good, our subscription issues get there just as fast, and second, the cost has gotten horrendous. Rather than raise the price of membership, or eliminating something else, everything will come off the computer at once, ready to ship the minute the magazines come off the press.

The computer program has been redesigned. Not only are there more members, but there are a lot more computers among members. It is instant communication with a special password level to the Fraternity inner sanctum.

New membership pins and cards have been designed, along with the Fraternity's first T-shirts. We'll have a higher profile in the future. There are Foot Fraternities, Uniform Clubs, Fetish Associations, T.A.I.L., Hellfire, The 15 and Bike Clubs—DRUMMER has reported on and supported them all. The Leather Fraternity has always been a bargain. Now it has even more going for it.

DRUMMER truly hopes one of the new Fraternity members will be you.

This issue of DRUMMER is devoted to "Manhood Rituals," a subject dear to my heart, and we have a new program of other special issues coming up. I hope your classified ad in the upcoming issues of DRUMMER will put you in touch with as many leathermen as you can handle.

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MANHOOD RITUALS



Illustrations by BILL WARD

I FOUND MY FIRST MAN AT THE CARNIVAL

When did I first become a man? Well, it sure as hell wasn't that one afternoon I went to the carnival that played for a weekend in my hometown. We weren't even important enough for it to stay a week as it did sixty miles away in the next town. But this was once-a-year excitement, and like all the other kids in town, I headed out to the outskirts and was standing in line when the place with the big banner that said "Entrance" opened for business. It was mostly the usual bunch of rides: the tilt-a-whirl, the ferris wheel, dodge-'em cars and side shows, the most of which my dad would whollop my hide for going in. Although I was more than a little interested in the "Sultan's Arabian Harem" with the pretty ladies in their tawdry finery, they probably wouldn't let me in anyway. I went along the midway and watched the shooting gallery action. The Mexican dude with his girlfriend was a fair shot and the girl was ecstatic over the shocking pink teddy bear he proudly presented her with. They were an interesting pair, he more than she, but then I was only fifteen-and-a-half and wasn't expected to get bent out of shape over girls yet. Was I? The Latino was all tight shirt and

jeans, cowboy boots (that's how they dress where I am from) and had on a western hat that wasn't a Stetson. He was also someone my folks wouldn't want me to have anything to do with. The girl was so far out of anyone I would associate with that she barely merits mentioning.

I followed them to another booth where you throw baseballs at wooden bottles. I guess they are wooden, never having gotten that close to them. The Latino, in his efforts to impress the girl, was throwing hard and wile and one of the balls glanced against a post to hit a kid about my age who was working in the booth. It must have really hurt because he was rubbing his head and had tears in his eyes. The "carny-type" who ran the booth was on the other side of the counter but next to where I was standing. In fact, I was scared he would pressure me to play. Lord knows I couldn't hit the broadside of a barn. He told the boy to shut up, he wasn't hurt. "This gentlemen is a customer, now pick up those balls." As the kid handed him the baseballs, the older man gave him the back of his hand.

Nobody had even done anything like that to me, other than the town bully. And if the

man was the kid's father, I couldn't imagine him being treated like that. Boy, did I have a lot to learn.

Well, the long and short of it was that I was fascinated. There was a stirring in my loins along with the feeling in my heart for the kid. Even to my unsophisticated eye, the carnival was a little on the tacky side. The kid was worse dressed than I and his old man was an asshole. The asshole looked at me to see if I was going to pop for a quarter for the privilege of doing the impossible. I moved on.

But as I rode my bike back to town, I passed a somehow familiar figure. It was the kid from the booth, shorter and huskier than me, dressed in castoff clothing that he seemed to be outgrowing. I stopped, we looked at each other.

He, being wiser in the ways of the world than I, spoke first. "Yeah?" he asked. I replied with whatever, if anything, that came to mind. "Where are you going?"

"What's it to you?"

And so began the relationship. I rode him into town on my bike and heard a little about his problems. The carny-type was his stepfather and the kid, whose name was Frank, hated him. He had run

off and was never going back. The excitement welled in me as I pumped my balloon-tired bike into town. This was an adventure almost as exciting as running off to join the circus, or at least the carnival.

The kid had nowhere to go, obviously. After his bravado dies down a little, he admitted he was open to suggestion. I knew better than to take him home to good judgment and authority. But to my inventive young mind came the solution: The clubhouse, an invention of mine which had very few members, but a keen place to spend my lonesome spare time cleaning and fixing up. It didn't have any heat, but in the spring, who cared? There were a couple of army surplus cots, a wind-up phonograph that would be worth a fortune now, a desk I had made in woodshop and a darkroom for developing pictures from my Brownie camera efforts. There was no kitchen, but there was a bath and I spent many happy hours a week there, fixing and painting and jerking off.

The kid was impressed, but refused to show it. He was grateful enough and I was in my glory, having rescued this orphan of the storm, knowing the danger when his stepfather came looking for him or



the police or godknowswhat.

I looked at my newfound friend. He was all male, huskier, bigger even than Jim Freedman, my idol on the football team. He was sort of tow-headed, with a strong face, square-jawed and short straight hair. Heavy arms, which I envied, and his legs looked like they had been poured into his dirty, worn denims.

He looked at me too. "What's your name?" he asked.

I told him and he told me his.

"How old are you?" He was into direct questions.

I told him sixteen and he accepted it. He volunteered that he was seventeen. I guessed that if he let me get away with my statement, I wasn't going to challenge his. A little more sparring conversation and he, I am sure, had sized me up as one of the yokels the carnival draws on for its existence. Maybe not, but if life had taught him to be a conman, here was someone whom he, for the moment, was dependent on. But as the sparring went on, he had to establish whatever relationship there was to be as it was obvious I wasn't the one to do it.

He announced that he was hungry. It was obvious that he expected me to do something about it. Like the good Samaritan, I went off to rob my mother's kitchen of edibles and brought them back promptly. He ate in silence, then handed me the soiled dishes.

"You like girls?"

Of course I liked girls. There was nothing wrong with me. I assured him, made a few lewd gestures and he asked a strange thing. "How big is your meat?"

I stammered something about it being big enough. I was too young to know the standard remark about having had no complaints. To my complete amazement, he opened his pants and whipped out the most superb

young piece of meat I had ever seen. He was obviously proud of it and it stood up proudly, waiting to be admired. I was dumbstruck.

"What have you got?" We both were looking at the bulge mounting in my jeans. Could I bring myself to whip mine out as he had. I had no choice. I did. And while I was not as big around at that time as his, mine was every bit as long, with a bigger head. If this was a challenge, I was up to it. Whether I was up to his next invitation I wasn't sure. He started pulling down his pants over his heavy, hairy legs and, with them, his shoes and socks. Good lord, what if my father were to come in? But why would he, he was at work. He began unbuttoning his shirt, revealing an undershirt which joined the former on the floor. He was *naked*!

He grabbed my dick and began manipulating it. No one had ever done that before! What a sheltered life I led. I peeled off my clothes as fast as I could. After all, it was expected of me. But I found there was a lot more expected of me. He made me do things I had never done before, since my own body was the only subject I had ever had to become acquainted with. He did things to me that I never knew even married people did with one another. Finally, when he had shot his rocks off and taken his middle finger from out of my ass, he simply laid there, not dressing, but talking as if nothing had gone on. I picked up my pants, embarrassed suddenly at being undressed in front of a stranger.

"What you doin' that for?" he demanded.

I didn't know, so I stopped.

"You're a good piece of ass. You done this before?"

I started to lie, then I started to tell the truth, then I said nothing. He had his answer. "You like my cock?"

I admitted my admiration of it. "You and me are gonna be good friends, buddy."

The idea appealed to me for, in spite of my having had the first orgasm of the week, I was again growing with mounting excitement. "My buddy here," he said as he stroked his buddy, "Just can't

get enough."

He grabbed me by my hair and pushed my head down to his buddy. I am sure I was the world's worst cocksucker, but it wasn't for lack of trying in the beginning.

I spent the next few days tending to his needs. He made me get in the old bathtub with him when he showered and I had to wash his manly legs, his big feet and, of course, his turgid crotch. He amused himself by slapping me in the face with his cock and putting his foot down on mine as I knelt before him. If my folks knew what was going on, I might just as well have taken Frank's place in the carnival. But no one seemed the wiser. When my mother expressed some interest in my sudden appetite, I stated getting Frank's food at the Coney Island Hamburger Palace out of my allowance savings. There was something about eating that always turned him on and I could expect a session satisfying his cock after I finished filling his stomach. After school I would go racing to the clubhouse and he would just be waking up, hungry and horny. He told me what all his stepfather did to him and he would demonstrate on me. My ass would be red and sore and I would pretend in gym that I had already showered so that no one would see. My showers were taken with my buddy, Frank, who obviously was using me. But neither of us knew any better. He had been used and now was taking his turn on me.

Frank demanded a girl one night when I sneaked out after I was supposed to be in bed. What was in bed in my place was the extra blanket along with my bedroll. I told him I didn't know any that were available. "Then you will have to do," he said and I did whatever he told me to do.

Such an arrangement can't go on forever and the day they asked in school if anyone of us had seen a boy resembling Frank, I knew it was getting close to the time when we would have to say goodbye. He said he hated to go back to that "sonofabitch" but otherwise they'd come looking for him again and, in an unusual show of concern, said he



didn't want to get me in trouble. "You want to suck me off one more time?" he asked. I knelt down and did my level best. He drug me into the bathroom and we showered together. I gave special attention to his feet and legs before I opened my mouth for his cock and balls. "God," I thought, "maybe I'll be developed like he is someday." And without thinking it, I probably realized that someday along time away I would again serve a huskier, more experienced man. When that day would come I would be readier than I would have been otherwise had it not been for this boyhood adventure. Where Frank is today I have no way of knowing. I don't even know what happened to him after he left, hitchhiking toward where the carnival was scheduled to be. I saw him off and he looked at me, wise beyond his years, like a ship that passed in the night. He punched my arm in the camaraderie of youngsters who are afraid of showing too much emotion. He turned and walked away.

—J.L.K.
Tuscon, AZ

FARMBOY BECOMES A MAN

Manhood rituals! Hell, you assholes don't know what in the hell you are talking about. My master picked me up as a farm boy when I was working for a widow lady near Joplin, Missouri. Mrs. Smith (her real name) would get a boy from the convent across town and raise him until he was through school. I was heading for eighteen and Mrs. Smith though I was getting a little wild for her to handle. She went to bed with the chickens and I liked to go into town and shoot pool or somethin'. I was always up at dawn to do the chores before breakfast, then off to school. Walk a couple of miles home for midday lunch, then home right after school to work. I even got some studyin' in although I ain't too much of a scholar. I woulda liked to play a little ball with the team, but there wasn't time. Saturday there was just as much to do and Sunday I had to go to church. Mrs. Smith wanted it quiet on the Sabbath so I was pretty much of a loner.

Anyway, I was gettin' kinda grown and I guess I'm a pretty big eater at this age, although there was plenty of everything from the farm. But hard work gives a guy a big appetite and my body was developin' fast. So it was when Mrs. Smith caught me jerkin' off in the barn that she decided I shouldn't be around a good Christian woman who was alone. Maybe she was right, but I sure wouldn't have ever bothered her. She hired me out to the farmer down the road and after I graduated from school, he said I could stay on or leave, whatever I wanted. One weekend I went up to the city and to the movies. That's where I met the guy that made me into a man. At least that's what he said he'd make out of me.

I've never been in the army or the marines, but I've heard about boot camp and that is what I went through for months. I got my ass whipped and my clothes taken away from me. I'm used to workin' the fields with my shirt off, but never being buck-naked. I did pushups and situps and lifted weights that were a hell of a lot

worse than pitchin' hay or carryin' logs. He caught me playin' with myself one night and I wasn't able to sit down, even on the floor, for a week.

I was kinda proud of the hair comin' in on my chest and balls and he went and shaved it off. I got a shorter haircut than any guy in boot camp ever got. And I got taken to the woodshed a half-dozen time a week for sure.

But now he is really proud of me and takes me out to the bars sometimes, now that I am twenty-one. My big pecs hang out in my cutoff T-shirt with my tits that have rings through them sticking out. And my pecker, which isn't the longest one I ever seen, but is thick and almost always stickin' straight out, makes the cutoff levis bulge until it is real embarrassing. He says I am a farm boy and should be barefoot so he don't have to buy me no shoes, just my leather collar that matches the harness around my cock and balls.

I work just as hard, maybe harder, as I ever did. He kicks my ass when I don't do like I should, but he makes me beg to use me in the evenings after supper and the chores are done. I get my big, heavy legs in the air and he plows my just as hard as a dog in heat. When he gets through, sometimes he lets me rub my hard cock against his leg until he tells me I can shoot. But that ain't too often. He says it ain't good for me to be shootin' off all the time. I guess he's right, he always is. The guys in the bars all seem to like my big shoulders and arms when I stand around waiting for him to give me a order like to bet him another beer or follow him into the can so he can piss in my bottle or in my pants.

I guess it would be nice to do a little fuckin' myself, but I'd probably just get into trouble. I usta get pretty excited thinkin' about some of the girls at school, but anymore I realized they can't do for me what he can. Man, there ain't nothin' like havin' a man's cock up your ass usein' you like I used one of Mrs. Smith's sheep once. I'm sure glad she never caught me at it. I'm even

gladder that my master never caught me. I didn't want to let him put his big dick in my mouth, but I didn't have no choice, and now he makes me beg for it. He says I'm gettin' a lot better at suckin' like I'm supposed to.

He hitched me up to the plow one day and used me like a fuckin' horse, pulling that thing that was strapped to me with a harness. He used the same whip he uses on ol' Bess on my backside too. Man, that is back-breakin' work, and I was really beat when we finished. Beat in more ways than one. But I liked it when he took me out in the barn and put me in a stall and milked me just like a cow. I shot all over the bucket and he made me lick it off his hand. I like to lick his hand like I do when we are sittin' in the livin' room in the evening, him in his chair and me on the floor. He has a cold bottle of beer that I get for him and I get to drink it second-hand like. Saves him havin' to go to the bathroom, y'know. Then when he gets through readin' or watchin' TV, we go off to bed and he uses me almost every night. I lick his body like I was a dog and I suck him off or he fucks me. Sometimes I sleep at the foot of the bed to keep his feet warm and he'll kick me in the balls and make me come up to his crotch for one thing or another.

When we go into town, everybody thinks I'm his son or we might be brothers or somethin'. I'm real quiet and polite wearin' my bib overall and a pair of tennis shoes. Maybe a T-shirt if we're goin' shoppin' or to the movie or something, although he likes the drive-in better, because I can get down on the floor of the pickup and deep him excited. He don't have to go to the can either.

My master likes me as a plowhorse so well that he sent away from some of them metal shoes, they're like sandals with iron soles and straps that fit around your foot and your ankle. They are heavy and he calls them my horseshoes. He hung a couple of real horseshoes from my balls and worked me up in a harness and bit with blinders and makes me plow the soft earth



of the morning and then pull the little wagon from the barn when it's loaded with hay and stuff. My legs are gettin' awful big, the thighs and calves look like the guys in the magazines he gets sometimes. I ain't awful tall, and I am getting pretty damn broad. Like I told you, my cock is thick and big around, but not awfully long. My balls hang down like fuckin' horse and he likes to aim the whip at 'em when we are out in the field.

He told me he is going to enter me in the bodybuilding contest at the County Fair, just like he is entering his prize bull and some sheep we are raising. He told me I'd better win too, or he'd make me sleep in the barn with the animals, but I think he was just kidding me. I hope so. I like to sleep in his bed even if it is only at the foot of it.

I know you are probably thinking that I am still a big overgrown boy who is too dependent on my man, but not really. I do the work on this place and I know everything it needs. Someday he says I will have to run it and believe me, I can do a day's work. He is going to send me to mechanics' school for a couple of weeks so I can do the work on the tractor and some of the other machinery. He says he is going to tie my cock in a knot so I can't use it while I am away, but again I'm sure he is kidding because it is too thick and not long enough. He'll probably make me keep a corn cob or something up my ass though, just to make sure I don't forget who I belong to.

I never had a dad before, and I never really was a man...until I found one.

—Bill H., Topeka, KS



THE DAY I GOT RELIGION

I got the greatest religious experience of my life by picking up a hitchhiker on Freeway 5, that dreary direct line from Los Angeles to San Francisco. It was the last thing I expected, but probably that is the way with religious experiences. After I got out of the smog of Los Angeles, I turned off at a cluster of gas stations and fast-food operations. I filled up the van at the Shell station and went across the street for a cheeseburger and a shake to go. Standing on the on-ramp was a young fellow who looked cleaner cut than most and appeared to have been standing there for some time.

He came up to the window of the van and stood waiting for me to tell him where I was going, I guess. So I asked him.

"Up north," he says and I asked him if that meant Canada.

No smile, just, "To Sacramento."

"Get in," I directed. I'm going to San Francisco and that's near Sacramento." He

hesitated, wasting both our times.

"It's a hell of a lot closer to Sacramento than you are now. I can let you off at the turnoff. Get in."

He hesitated no longer. He had a back pack on and had a couple of books in his hand. Probably a student. He said nothing, not even "thank you."

I started on my sandwich and offered him some french fries, which I shouldn't eat anyway. He hesitated, then reached in. I offered him my part of my sandwich. He seemed hungry. I guess he was since he agreed to accept a piece. Did you ever try to break off a cheeseburger in two? I looked him over. He was clean, hair a little too long for my tastes, wearing a plaid shirt and jeans that showed his heavy legs and a sizeable bulge at the crotch, the latter of which he covered semi-automatically with the notebook. Under the shapeless shirt, the arms seemed well-formed down to the wide wrists. His shoulders were broad and his shirt was buttoned right up to his wide neck. The kid must be from Iowa or somewhere like that.

Miles went by without any conversation. The radio faded out as we climbed the grapevine, and I debated with myself whether to bother digging out the tapes from the back, wherever they might be. I decided to try the polite sitting-beside-someone-on-the-bus conversation. "You go to school?" I asked.

"No sir. I had to leave school. But I'm going to Sacramento to get into Bible School." Oh shit.

"I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal savior and he is my lord and master. Have you ever been saved?"

"From what?" I asked facetiously.

He had been asked that before and had a ready line to lay on me, the poor sinner who needed to be saved. He rambled on, always drawing me into the conversation.

He told me of his wicked ways without going into too much detail, unfortunately,

and what a joy it was to have this peace of mind. I respect almost anybody's religious beliefs, however implausible, but was I going to have to listen to this all the way to the Sacramento turnoff? I thought of pulling over and digging out the cassettes. Or throwing the kid out. He went on, hesitating for awhile between each declaration he parroted. But I had to call a halt to it when he started reading from his King James Bible.

"Friend," I started as tactfully as possible, "You have your religion and I have mine. I respect yours, but don't try to sell it to me and I won't bend your ear with mine."

"What is your religion, Sir?"

I was sorely tempted to say something like "snake fondling" or "Bangdelish" but the kid seemed too sincere, however prepackaged, so I did a little quoting on my own.

"The Kingdom of God is within you," I don't know why I said it. There was a large quiet for several miles and I decided I had offended him or something.

Finally, surprisingly he said, "I guess it is."

We were coming down into the Bakersfield area which is generally hotter than hell and as usual, the air conditioning was not functioning, merely blowing warm air. I turned it off. "It's a hot day," I said to get the conversation off of religion.

"Yeah." Damned if he didn't start peeling off his shirt. He unbuttoned the buttons and slowly began pulling it from his pants. "Do you mind," he said.

"Hell," and I immediately regretted the choice of words, "Take anything off you want."

Anyone who drives a van knows the heat comes up from the engine through the floorboard. Mine is certainly no exception. He unlaced his tennis shoes and pulled them off. Then came his socks. That left only the pants and whatever he had on under them. He was a beauty, religious nut or not.

"What do you do when you're not going to Bible School?" I asked innocently.

"I try to make a living," he answered cryptically. "Do you mind if I take these off?" He pulled at his pants legs.

"Be my guest. I may take mine off, too—any minute."

With that he undid his belt, unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down his ample golden-haired legs. He rolled them up and sat in his boxer shorts that had a tendency to open in the front. I took a firm death-grip on the steering wheel and resisted the urge to rip the fabric off those slim hips. The bulge in the crotch was for real and his blond pubic hair peeked out from the opening. I found myself rubbing my own crotch for lack of anything else to do, or say.

"Why don't you take off your shirt, too, mister?" He didn't say, "Since it's so hot" or anything. Didn't give any reason for my disrobing any more than he had for his own.

"Good Idea." You'd think it was ten below because my teeth were chattering. I handed him my shirt to lay in the back. What the hell, I started unbuttoning my jeans.

"I'll help you." I raised my ass and he pulled them down to my ankles. He was kneeling between the seats and I moved my left foot to the accelerator so he could pull them off, which he did. We did the same thing with the left. I suddenly remembered that I don't wear shorts. And my cock is standing up like the gearshift, if I had one (gearshift, not cock). "That feels better," I declared weakly.

"Is your penis always hard like that, sir?"

"It's the heat," I said, trying to hold it, slap it, sit on it or at least cover it. I noticed that his bulge had begun to take shape and was standing at a 45° angle, still inside his shorts.

"Yours getting hot too?" I croaked.



10 DRUMMER



He moved it over and it stood straight out, at attention, from the opening.

It had a smallish-head with a very fat shaft. Beautiful. I bet his balls were perfectly round and low-hanging.

Reason and logic was fast leaving me. "Would you mind holding this for me?" I pointed to my outrageously-throbbing prick. No reason, but who needed one?

He reached over and grasped it. That's all, just grasped it. His hand was cool and it felt like heaven. Maybe he'd pump it a little if the gods were with me.

We moved his fingers a little and my shaft responded. I was sure I would shoot all over the goddamned dashboard and blow this heavenly scene. He shifted his hand and I was afraid he might take it away. I looked over and his cock was rock-hard. Then he took his hand away, pulled down his shorts, lifted his feet out of them and threw them over the seat. He resumed his grip on my dick.

I reached over and got ahold of those balls which were ever better than I had hoped for. I squeezed them and he cooped down in the seat. I noticed his large round shiny tits were as hard as his prick. I reached below his eggs and placed a finger in that monumental crack. He slipped ever farther and almost forced my not-too-innocent finger into a warm, moist hole.

"I guess you had better fuck me, sir."

What could I do? It was twenty miles until the next rest stop and when we roared into it I had two fingers up the guy's ass and he was holding on to my throbbing dick like it was an escape latch on the loops at Magic Mountain.

"Get in the back," I said as we made the worst parking job in the history in the almost-abandoned rest stop. He did as he was told and when I had the engine turned off, the emergency brake set and the radio playing something other than the shit-kicking crap you get from Bakersfield, I came back to my passenger who was laying on his belly with his beautiful round rump sticking up, waiting. His fat prick was below his

pelvis and I took hold. He moaned. "Do you think this is sinful, sir?"

"Are you kidding?"

Naturally, I couldn't find any lubricant, even in the ice box, so I spit in his crack and entered him almost dry. He started to squirm and I held him down. "You have to suffer, kid, if you are going to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Yes sir," he said and spread his arms to touch both corners of the fender walls. He was beautiful and I enjoyed every bit of him. After fucking him, I convinced him to suck me off. I slapped his hand away from his own cock which stood begging for attention. I called him names like "cocksucker" and "asshole" and "fuck-head." I don't know whether or not he heard me because he gave me no indication, just kept murmuring "Yes, Sir" softly and doing whatever I told him to do. When I made him lay on his back with his legs in the air, he didn't hesitate. I plunged in again and this time I filled him with my juices. He started to relax and I told him to stay as he was. Up went his legs and sure enough, he didn't bring them down until I told him to relax.

We lay together with me playing with his nipples. He was very sensitive in that area, but arched his back so I would have the best access to his chest. I put my fingers in his mouth and he licked them. I looked at the time; my god, we'd been two hours fucking around in a rest stop.

We both got back in our seats and I started up the van. His dick was still standing up. "Put your hands behind you, boy." He did and we entered Interstate 5 again.

"Well, off to Bible School," I said sarcastically.

"Sir, could I go to San Francisco with you instead? There is one there."

I looked at that tight, husky body and into those blue eyes and I took hold of that beautiful fat dick.

"Sure, kid. Anything you want."

"I'm sure they got a Bible college there, too."

"I'm sure of it, kid. Now get down there between the seats and suck."

—J.S., Los Angeles, CA



GANG MANHOOD

A friend told me about *Drummer* seeking material for a project called "Manhood Rituals," about that experience of a male becoming a man. That time for me happened shortly before I turned 22, and it changed my life.

I was living in Chicago at the time and was part of what might be called a neighborhood gang. Actually, there were three such gangs in our neighborhood, each one consisting of from 12 to 15 guys. There was no terrorizing of people in the neighborhood and we weren't rivals defending our own turf. The gangs were simply macho stuff—guys who got together to strut their supposed manliness and find companionship in drinking and goofing around. That isn't to say that we never did things that were wrong, but most of it amounted to a little hell-raising now and then for fun and something to do.

Probably twice a year there would be something set up as a rivalry between the three gangs. The three leaders

would get together with their right-hand men and we'd set up some kind of contest for our members to show that they were more macho than the others.

I was the leader of my gang and was proud of my manliness. Standing just over six-foot, I had a well-defined muscularity, kept in shape by working construction. I knew I was good-looking and the fact that I was hairy all over and had a dark beard stubble only accented my being a very macho man. Tony was another of the leaders and he was built similar to me, except for not being hairy and having a bit stockier build. Bill completed the gang leaders. He was coal black and a couple of inches taller than me, and probably the best-built man I've ever known.

The meeting together was on, and the activity for this time was quickly settled. I remember not being thrilled about it, but I didn't offer any objections. The activity? Find some queer, entice him to the

hang-out, and surprise him with a night of gang use to let him know what real men were like. Rules were very simple. The leader of one of the rival gangs had to witness each event, so there'd be no phony claims. Anything could be done to the queer as long as he was able to walk out on his own power when finished—we didn't want serious trouble with the cops. The gang who got and used the most queers in one month was to be declared the winner. Members of all three gangs were each to toss \$50 into a pot and the winning gang got the pot for the big blast.

The contest was on, and at the end of two weeks the gangs were tied. One thing that was surprising to me in all of it was that the queers gotten were all pretty good looking and decently-built guys—something I guess I hadn't viewed them as before. All of them protested a bit at first, but seemed to enjoy it for the most part once into it. On occasion some of the gang members would get a little carried away with whipping ass or other abuse, but no one got hurt bad. Probably the worst thing that happened was that a couple of them got sick from being forced to drink piss, but that only seemed to the gang members to be a

further sign of them not being real men—not that any of us had ever drunk piss.

Then one night I got a call from Bill to witness a new "recruit," as he called the queer, and headed over. I guess I liked to witness his gang's events because all of them were black and had good builds and appeared to be better hung. I couldn't understand my fascination with the naked black body, but I really didn't let it bother me all that much, convincing myself that it was just because they were different.

Upon my arrival (they were to hold this guy and not do anything until a witness arrived), I was shocked. There was this thin little kid who looked like he couldn't be any more than 14 or 15 and scared as hell. I protested about his age immediately, but they showed me from his wallet that he was 19. He was different from any of the other queers so far. Sure, they protested a bit, but he wasn't protesting. He was crying and begging them not to do it to him. Obviously they'd told him what was in store for him. He was saying that he'd only sucked cock a few times and never had been fucked, and was pleading to be set free. I suppose the fact that they were all black also scared the hell out of him. When he saw me, he kept looking at me and pleading me to help him.

I took Bill aside for a few moments, trying to convince him to let the kid go, telling him that the kid seemed different from the others. Besides, I added, he was so small and thin that they couldn't help but hurt him bad, and that was against the rules. My arguments fell on deaf ears. His guys were hot for using a queer that night, and one way or another they were going to get their jollies. I'm still not sure why I said it, but I suddenly got angry and said to let the kid go and use me instead. Once I said the words I wanted to take them back, but it was too late. Bill pounced on the opportunity and the gang members surrounded me as a couple of them tied the kid up so that he could see what they had planned to do to him.

Up to that point in my life I'd never so much as even touched another guy's cock, other than the grabbing that goes on in a high school locker room. I'd never had a blow-job from a guy or taken part in anything that could be considered queer. I was all man. But I was going to find out, and there was nothing that I could do about it, for I'd given my word—and a man doesn't go back on his word.

I'm sure that they came at me with a little more zeal than they would have otherwise, and probably worse than anything else, I hurt inwardly as they repeatedly called me a queer and suggested that I'd probably always been one. If my jaws ached from their big cocks plunging into my mouth, that was nothing compared to how my ass felt. Since Bill was the leader and also had the biggest cock, he was the first one to use my ass to open it up for the rest. Before he entered me, though, he used a belt on my ass. I hadn't been spanked since I was a little kid and didn't realize how much it really hurt to be whipped like that. It hurt like hell. My ass was on fire before he entered me and, had it not been for a fat cock being shoved down my throat at the moment, I'm sure my scream would have been heard miles away. I knew there was no way that I'd be able to walk straight again.

The strange part of it was the fact that the more they used me and abused me, the harder my cock became. I even shot a load without touching my cock, and that surprised me. My hard cock was noted as being proof that I liked what was being done to me and that I really was a queer.

They spared nothing, pissing on me and pissing in my mouth. They made me lick their assholes and they pinched and pulled on my tits, and tugged and squeezed at my balls. No one, however, touched my cock. Instead of the usual three or four hours of use, they continued their assault on me throughout the night.

As they dressed and left for work in the morning, they left me laying there naked and exhausted and hurting like I'd



never hurt before, calling me queer and faggot and laughing at me. They did release the kid and he ran out of there as fast as he could.

It didn't take long for word to spread to my gang and the other gang and I endured the insults and jeers whenever any of them were around. My right-hand man did talk to me, and in spite of my explanation as to why I did what I did, he replaced me as gang leader and said it was best that I didn't come around any more. His words cut deep: "Sorry, Rob, but you know the rules. We only let a man be a member of the gang!" That hurt! Hell, they all knew me, and they knew that I was all man!

During the next week I tried to figure things out. Though I had some doubts, deep down inside I knew that I had done the right thing in terms of that kid, and I was angry that no one would believe me. I was more angry at their lack of sensitivity and judgment in even considering to use a kid like that in such a way. Maybe he was a queer, but there were a lot of other queers better able to take what they were going to hand out. Bill's gang



tried to add to it all by saying that I was just trying to protect a fellow "whitey" and that's what it was all about.

I was at my place alone Friday night when there was a soft knock on the door. I don't know how he found me, but the kid was standing there when I answered the door. I let him in and he said that he wanted to thank me for what I'd done for him. I put on my macho talk and told him to forget it—that it was nothing.

I don't know why I invited him in for a bit, but I did. We talked and he asked me a lot of questions about why I did what I did. I couldn't give him much of an answer, other than that I was afraid they were going to hurt him. There was no way I could explain, even to myself, why I volunteered to take his place, especially knowing what was going to happen.

That's when he really jolted me. He wanted to make love to me and he wanted me to do to him what they'd done to me. He figured he could take it from one guy, and he figured he owed me that much. I knew it had to take a lot of guts for him even to offer. I tried turning him down, but he started to cry and tell me that it was something he had to do for himself. I tried telling him that I wasn't a queer and a lot of other things, but his pleading eyes made me give in.

During the next hour I had him suck me off, I spanked his ass, gave him the first fuck of this life, and pissed in his mouth. I even made him lick my asshole as I'd been made to do. He didn't protest, though he did cry and whimper quite a bit. I kept telling myself I was doing it because he'd begged for it, and that seemed to placate the rotten feelings I still had about it all, especially knowing that I'd hurt him when I entered his ass to fuck him. Still, he hadn't cried out and took it like a man.

Hell! That was it! It dawned on me while I was fucking him. In spite of his size and everything, he was really quite a man.

After I was finished, I was surprised that he did not get up to get dressed right away, but snuggled into my arms with his head on my hairy

chest. During the next hour or so, I did something I thought I'd never do. I made tender and beautiful love to that kid. For the first time in my life I kissed another guy. I didn't just kiss him—I kissed him passionately and deeply. I even surprised myself when I asked him to fuck me, and in spite of the fact that my asshole was still sore from before, I had to admit that it really felt good when he entered me and fucked me slowly and easily.

As we lay there in the afterglow of our lovemaking, we said nothing for a bit, just enjoying our bodies wrapped and entwined together. After a bit, he told me that he'd never met a man like me. He went on to say that I'd taught him a new meaning of the word "man" by doing what I did for him. It bothered me that he should say that, because I was thinking that he was quite a man, and by coming by and offering himself to me in return, he'd really taught me what being a man was all about.

No, I don't think either one of us intended for it to happen, but it did. Within a matter of a month I moved out of my place and into his and we began a new life together. He was in college and convinced me to enroll, something I'd never wanted to do because I hated studying.

During the week we worked and studied and shared very tender love with each other. On weekends we would take turns and kind of re-live what brought us together in the first place. We called it "Master-slave Time," and one became the other's slave for whatever use he wanted to make of him. As time went on, the weekends also found us getting into a much heavier scene with bondage and light torment and pain. We even started buying toys and equipment to surprise each other.

After graduating from college, we worked for a while in Chicago before deciding to leave the area because of all the bad memories and to start our lives over. That move took us to Iowa, where we started a business together and have remained ever since. That move also was the beginning of a new relationship between

us.

Shortly after the move, we were talking one night. It continually amazed him that the two of us ever got together. In spite of the fact that he'd proved again and again that he was a man, he admitted to me that he always felt inferior to me—that I was his idea of a *real* man. One thing led to another and it just came out: I told him that he had been the one to teach me what being a man was all about, and I didn't care if it happened that I became his permanent slave, just as long as we went on to share our lives together. Neither one of us said anything first. We just sat there looking at each other.

He finally broke the silence and said softly, "You can begin by calling me Master from now on, slave. I'm going to shave your hairy body to let you know that you're my slave." I sat there and my hands automatically began to run over my hairy chest and stomach and thighs. I began to think of how I'd always considered my being hairy as the sign of a real man. I swallowed real deeply before answering him. "Yes, Master," I said. Suddenly it really didn't matter any more, for I knew that I was a man—a *real* man. And I knew that I was sharing my life with probably more of a man than I could ever hope to be.

Yes, my Master controls me totally and completely now, even to the point that he determines when I perform bodily functions. There isn't a thing I wouldn't do for him, including licking his asshole. On occasion he rewards me by sucking me off, but he won't permit me to fuck him or anyone else. It's his way, along with keeping me shaved of body hair, of letting me know that I am no longer a free man—but a slave.

It's funny, but that very thing no longer bothers me, because I know that I am still a man no matter what. I'm sure he knows that too; every so often he'll slip as he ties me up to punish me for something, and before he begins, he'll stand there a moment looking at me and I'll see a tear in his eye as he whispers softly, "Oh, shit! What a man you are! What a man!"

There'll be a tear in my eye also as I whisper back softly, "I'm a man because you're a man and you made me a man!" I really mean what I say, and know he means what he said. Sure, I know what's going to happen next. He'll wipe the tear from his eyes, smile at me quickly and then bring the whip or belt in his hand crashing down at my cock and balls. "Nobody gave you permission to talk, you punk kid! Look at yourself! You still can't grow hair around your cock and balls! A little boy! That's what you are!"

He'll go on to whip me and torture my tits and cock and balls. When he gets tired of my screaming, he'll gag me and continue until I've been properly punished. He'll release me and I'll fall in a heap on the floor, feeling just as I did that first time it all began. As soon as I can, I'll follow him to the bedroom and find him there crying, just as he did that first time we met. I'll take him in my arms and hold his body close to mine and we'll fall asleep that way. It's the only time that our Master-slave relationship ever is forgotten or not adhered to.

Before we kiss goodnight, we'll both tell each other that neither one of us will ever forget that first time—the time each of became a man.

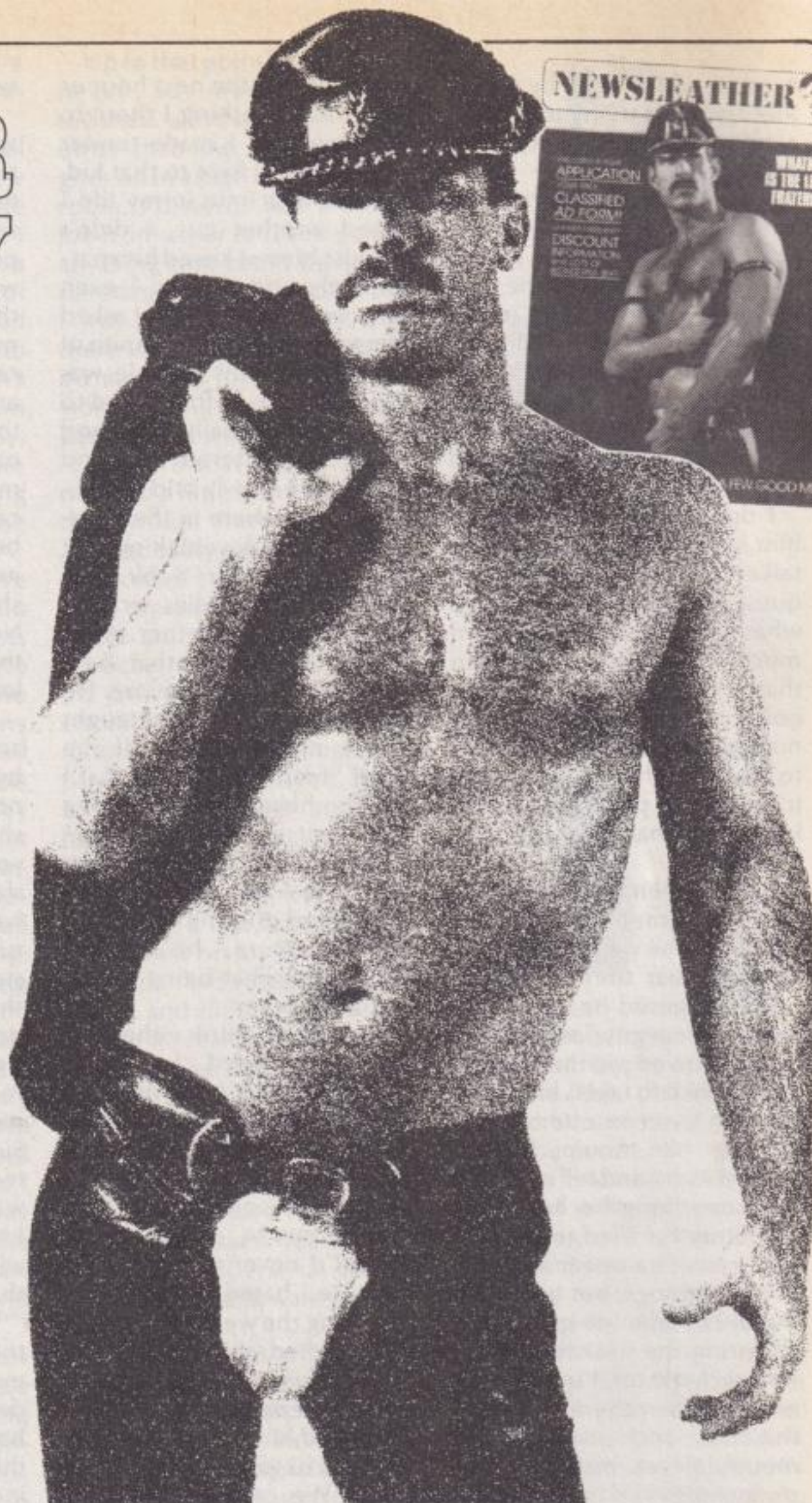
—Rob
Iowa



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**WHATTHEFUCK
IS THE LEATHER
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REPORT

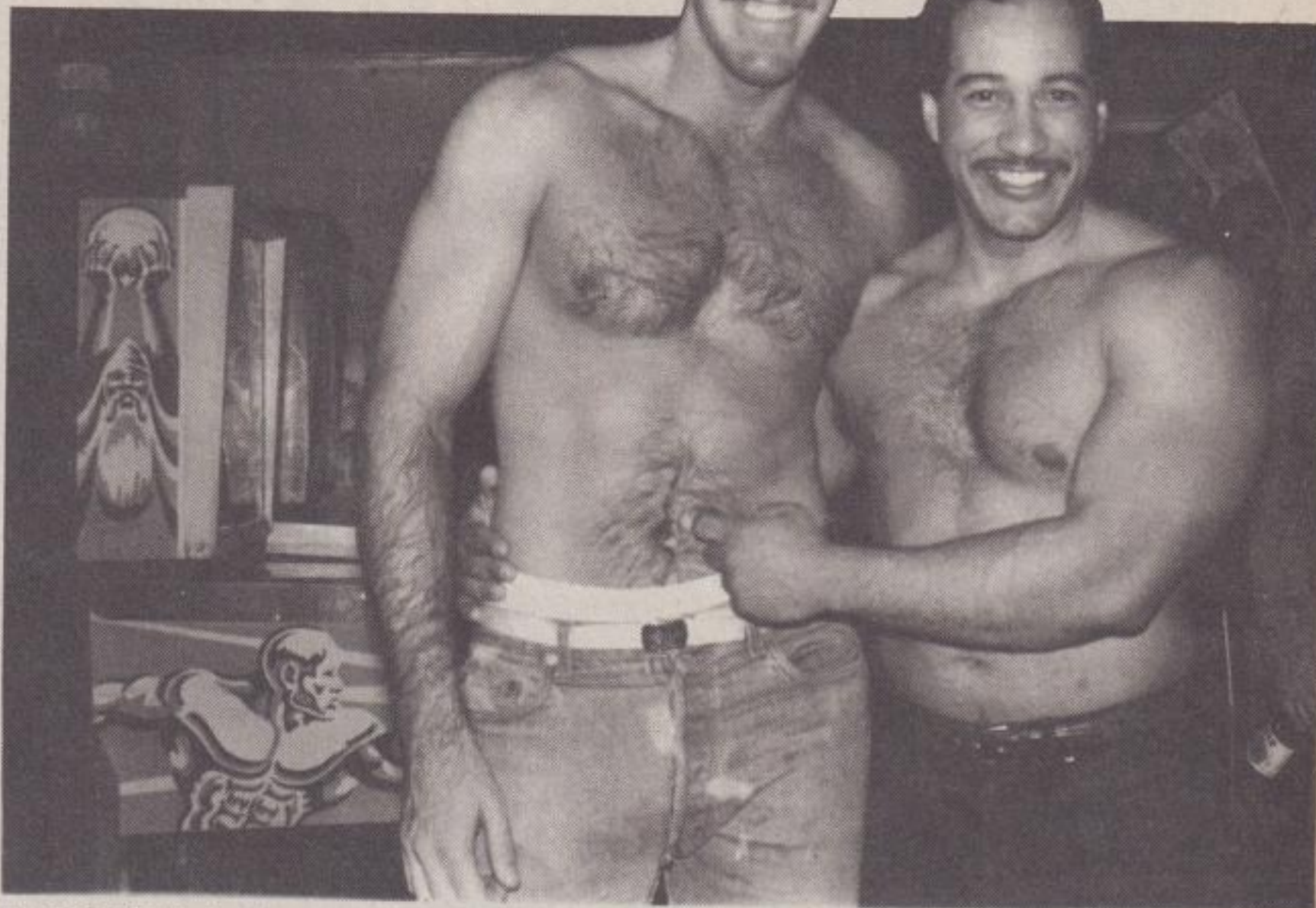
FOLSOM FLUX

Is San Francisco's Folsom Street/South of Market area in danger of losing its reputation as one of the world's leather capitals? No—but big changes are taking place in the district, and its image as a nocturnal gathering spot for gay leathermen is being diluted as straight clubs and mixed venues move into the area, according to a story by reporter Jesse Hamlin in the Feb. 18 edition of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

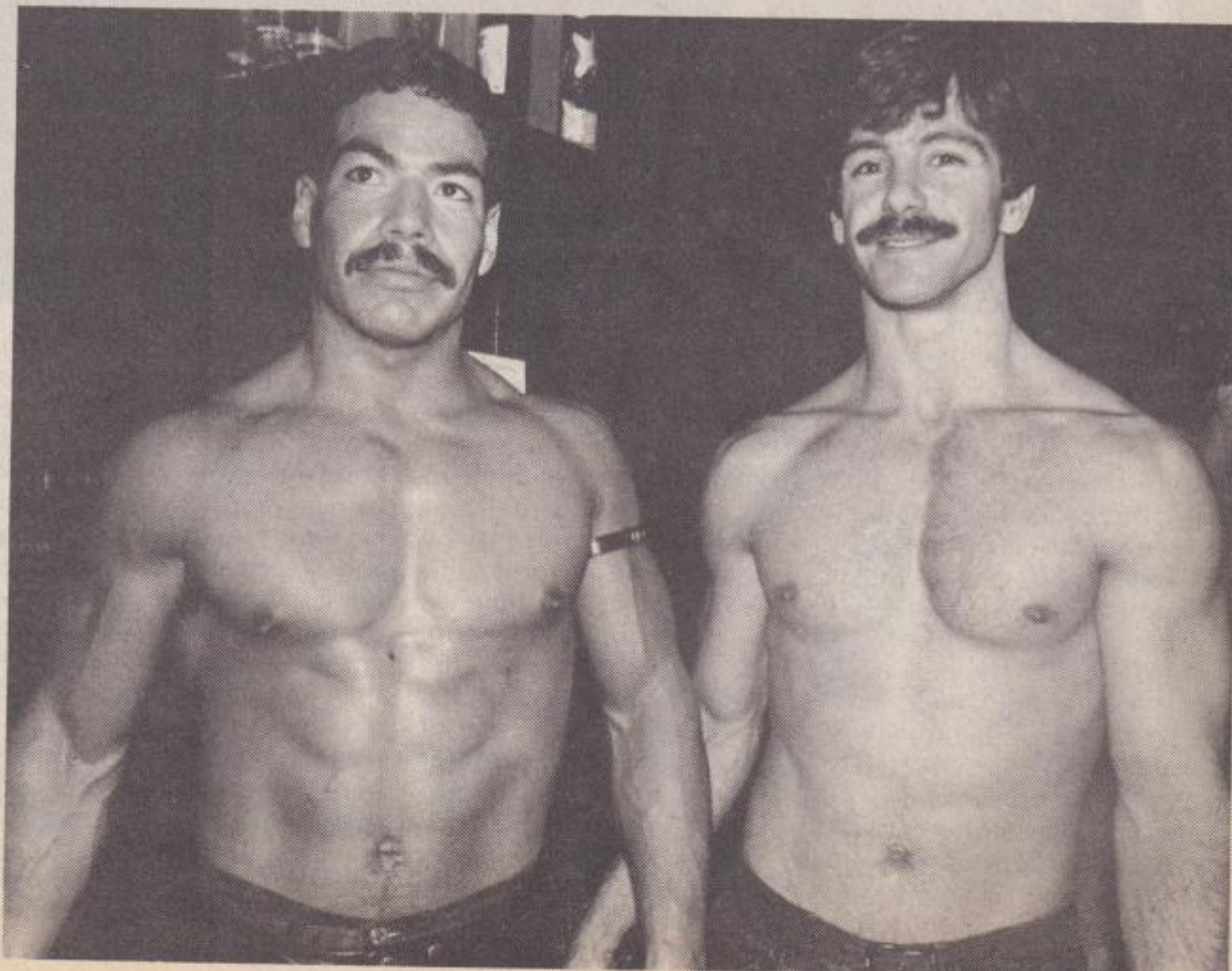
It's called gentrification—escalating property values, increasing rents and changes in a neighborhood's character and population as new money and new occupants move in. Gay gentrification in once low-rent areas of San Francisco is an old story; in the case of South of Market, it's an influx of up-scale clubs into an area long famous for its leather nightlife.

The focus of the *Chronicle* article was the recent transformation of The Oasis, once a gay bar, into a dance club "packed with yuppies, college kids, blue-collar beer guzzlers and a new waver or three." At the same time, the closed Sutro Baths, which catered to an omnisexual crowd, is being turned into a giant dance hall and restaurant, a new jazz club is opening in the area, and there's word of a forthcoming Studio 54-type after-hours establishment.

"In leather bars like Fe-Be's and The Brig," says the article, "customers couldn't help noticing that Folsom Street was starting to draw a different crowd" following the opening of the new Oasis. According to Randy Schell of Community United Against Violence, there were "relatively minor" incidents of gay men being harassed by the newcomers when The Oasis first opened, "and there was a lot of name-calling. But it seems to have died down. It's still an area of concern, though."



BARE CHEST II: For the second year running, The Arena of San Francisco launched its series of Bare Chest contests, with the winners scheduled to bare their tops again at year's end for a page apiece in a scheduled beefcake calendar. The 1985 line-up so far has big Rog Thornton (last year's Mr. Midwest Drummer) taking the January honors (above right, with fellow contestant); February followed with the honors going to the impeccable pecs of Michael Rose (below right, with runner-up Roy Rodriguez). 1985 could be a very good year. (Photos by Robert Pruzan.)





And The Oasis didn't exactly receive a welcome mat. According to one of the owners, "We had to paint over the graffiti scrawled on our walls. It said things like 'Straights Get Out' and 'Oasis is Anti-Gay.' We never said gays weren't welcome here. It's open to everybody. The city's mixed, so why shouldn't the clubs be? Some people think we're invading their area, but it's everybody's city."

As the *Chronicle* story points out, "The mixing of sexual cultures South of Market isn't new—the clientele of Hamburger Mary's and the Stud bar... has been a bouilla-

baisse of sexual styles for years... An attitude of live and let live seems to be taking over these days on Folsom Street.

Whatever people think of the changes, South of Market's growing mix may be inevitable, and for some, ultimately positive. "It's time we came out of our gay ghetto. This scene had to change," the *Chronicle* quotes Sam LaBelle, manager of The Brig, one of the area's most popular leather bars. "Some of my customers don't want their private little world to change, they don't want straights incorporated into their gay sexual life. But it's too late,"

LaBelle continued with some comments bound to spark controversy. "I think the mixing of gay and straight is good for everybody. We get women and straight men in here—some come slumming and are voyeurs, of course—but it's a good thing. The people who don't want it to change are generally the uptight Republican fags who find it easier to fabricate and realize their sexual fantasies down here. But it's all changing and they'll have to accept that."

GROWING STUBBLE

Back in *Drummer* 78, we featured a brief item on a

group called WES (We Enjoy Shaving) and its newsletter *Stubble*. Unlike many special interest newsletters, which appear, founder and fail, *Stubble* appears to be going strong, with nine monthly issues out and more on the way. *Stubble's* anonymous editor, who had originally planned to publish the newsletter for only a year, now foresees a long and steady future, after gaining a readership of over 200 WES members in 31 states and seven foreign countries.

Stubble is made up entirely of contributions from its readers, which range from true-life shaving tales to newspaper



THE KISS: No, not as Rodin or even Hitchcock captured it, but as witnessed on San Francisco's Folsom Street outside The Brig (above). The latest in safe-sex paraphernalia, or just the latest kink? (Photo by Robert Pruzan.)

FRAGILE SOUVENIRS: A couple of issues back, in an item titled "Good Taste" (Drummer 80), we noted the upcoming China Run, celebrating the 20th Anniversary of the Sixty-Nine Motorcycle Club (SNC) of London, May 24-27. Advance publicity flaunts this graphic design (above right); whether it's for a genuine china plate, or just a feast for the eyes, we're not certain—but take a good look at the intricate details. The curious may contact Box Number SNC, London WC1 3XX, England.

THE NEWEST GLADIATOR: Hunky Brent Huff (right) certainly caught our attention in the recently-released *Perils of Gwendoline in the Land of the Yik Yak*. The action's strictly straight (well, there's a bit of lesbian innuendo) and strictly softcore, but we haven't seen this much bondage and bizarre leather since the last *Inferno*. *Perils* starts out as an Indiana Jones spoof, but ends up looking like *Ladies Night at the Mineshaft*; Huff manages to supply plenty of male interest all by himself. If you missed it at your local drive-in, prime your VCR for the inevitable video release.



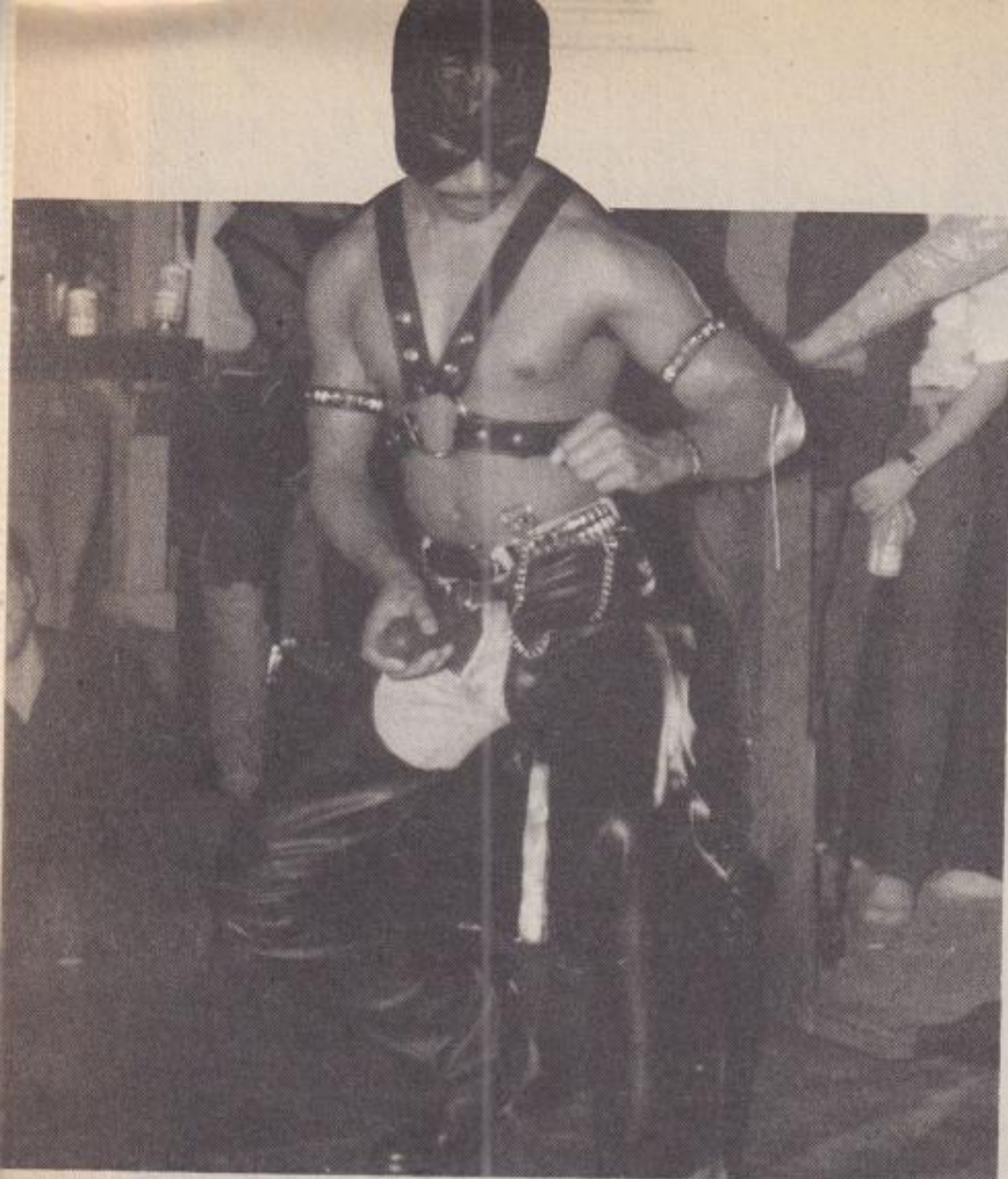


photo clippings of athletes with shaved heads and Mohawks. Issue 9 featured several photos of shaved crotches, with a plea for more; under the headline "Shaved Crotches Popular as Many Ask for More," the item bemoaned the fact that "there has not been much dealing with shaved crotches submitted," and noted that "unless Associates send in items, large or small, there cannot be information about shaved crotches."

For information on membership in WES (which includes a subscription to *Stubble*), write: WES, PO Box 6316, Reno, NV 89513.

FRANNY IN BOSTON

If this keeps up, John Preston may soon be better known as the author of *Franny: The Queen of Provincetown*, than as the creator of *Mr. Benson*. Preston's *Franny*, a novel about an audacious American queen, was given a successful theatrical production last year by New York's Meridian Theater (see T.R. Witomski's review in *Drummer* 79); now it's set to open this April in Boston, with a new production and a new adaptation and script by writer Robert Pitman. *Franny*, the play, may be having a bit of an identity crisis, but she does get around.

Meanwhile, word is out that Preston's SM anthology *I Once Had A Master* is the #1 gay bestseller in Great Britain, which proves that not all British queens have atrocious taste.

THE NEW ROMANCE

Is SM between gay men "the new romance?" So claims writer Michael Bronski in a recent article in Boston's *Gay Community News* (Feb. 16) titled "SM Fiction: Isn't It Romantic?"

Bronski, author of the recently published book *Culture Clash*, writes: "Since the dawning of the age of AIDS, there has been a plethora of articles in the gay press claiming that the very fear of death has signaled a resurgence of the long-forgotten idea of

'romance' in gay life...Romance may be back, but if a rash of gay fiction titles indicate anything, the old 'moon and June,' candlelight dinners, and tinkling pianos have been replaced with whips and chains, hot wax, black leather and piss-soiled jock straps. The new romance is SM."

More a literary essay than a sociological examination, Bronski's article traces the etymology of the word "romance" to its original use defining a genre of medieval literature "concerned with love (sacred and profane) and all of the details and problems which attended that love." His review of romantic/SM themes in gay writing begins with the Victorian novel *Teleny* (attributed to Oscar Wilde), where a "pre-SM, yet torturous, pattern is beginning to emerge...the love in *Teleny* is clearly bound up with the suffering."

Bronski's essay keeps returning, as a central motif, to the lyrics of Lorenz Hart's song "Isn't It Romantic?"—"If dreams are made of imagination/I'm not afraid of my own creation," and "Isn't it romantic?/He'll be strong and tall and yet a slave to me." But the meat is his review of a number of fiction titles, some recent, some reprints, by authors Phil Andros, John Preston, Mason Powell and Jack Fritscher.

The Andros books stand apart; "they no longer seem as adventurous or shocking as they did in the late 1960s...we have become used to the books' milieu, to the original boldness of their outlaw sexuality. But whatever the loss, there is also a gain. What once may have seemed shocking now seems somewhat sweet...Like the poetry of Walt Whitman, they looked to the open road to hear America singing of the body electric. It is a world of 'moving shadows' and 'breezes playing in the trees,' of romantic possibilities and the promise of endless, as well as better and better, sex."

It's with the newer SM anthologies and novels—Preston's *Mr. Benson* and *I*

TEXAS LEATHER: Who says it's not hot in Texas in the middle of January? The stage was steaming at Tex's Ranch in Dallas during the first annual contest for Tex's Leatherman title. Second Runner-up Obie Stagg (above left) shocked the crowd—nudity on stage is illegal in Texas, but the dildo was very real. Winner Steve Wolford (left) provided a dynamite fantasy complete with fawning slave. (Photos: Mimoso Studio.)

Once Had A Master, Powell's *The Brig*, Fritscher's *Corporal In Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley* and *Leather Blues*—that Bronski stakes his thesis: "What all of these books have in common is not just that they are filled with graphic, explicit descriptions of SM activity, but that they are unabashedly romantic in a truer sense than are most other books aimed at gay audiences...because the sex here is almost always connected with violence, it falls into the category of 'earned' love or eroticism. Like the medieval romances, it has had to overcome a great deal in order to finally bloom and flourish."

The plots in these books, says Bronski, "are essentially the same, the plot of all romances: the endless quest. Each book is the story of a seeker, a young man on a quest who must overcome the trials and tribulations to prove himself worthy. Sometimes this proof is meant for himself, other times for someone else. In either case it is about earning self-respect and love."

GOLDEN FLEECE

That venerable and always popular Daddy of gay motorcycle runs, the Golden Fleece Run—this year's is numbered XIV—kicks off July 3 in Denver. Bikers from all over the country will gather for a break-the-ice beer bust at Triangle Denver before heading off the next morning for a run site located in a secluded mountain campsite in the Pike National Forest. The five-day gathering will end with a chuckwagon feed back in Denver at BJ's Carousel.

Scheduled highlights and events: motorcycle competition, buddy biker events, people events, enduro run, scavenger hunt, Golden Fleece hunt, a slave auction, great food, hot days and cool nights (we're sure the guys will find some way to keep warm in the high altitude). Golden Fleece Run XIV is a completely outdoor run—tent and sleeping bag required. All gay motorcycle enthusiasts are welcome.

BOTTOMS UP: If they look familiar, it may be because you saw them in *Drummer*—but Zeus men Rocco de Vega and Cord Briggs get really familiar in the latest Zeus magazines. Rocco shares his magazine with fellow *Drummer* centerfold Cory Gunn; Briggs turns up (literally) in the 1984 Zeus Contest Issue. A couple of assholes? And how! (Both magazines from The Zeus Collection, Box 64250, Los Angeles, CA 90064; each title \$10 plus \$1.50 first-class shipping.)

Interested parties who register by April 1 get the special bonus of paying last year's rate (\$85)—so get in touch quick with the Rocky Mountaineers MC, PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201.

PMC IS ONE

From the Northeast comes word of the first birthday of the Pittsburgh MC: "We were born January 29, 1984, the brainchild of seven like-minded Leather/Levi guys who could see a real need for a Leather/Levi club in this great city of ours, a club that would tempt the hidden Leather/Levi guys out and show them that such a club is not purely a sex club—the message we were, are, and will be punching over is *Brotherhood*."

The Pittsburgh MC makes its home at the Pittsburgh Trucking Company, with club meetings the first Friday of each month (all visitors welcome). Over the last year, the club has doubled its membership and gained 30 associates in five states, the District of Columbia and Canada. PMC has also worked out its logo, colors and constitution, as well as a very detailed uniform: Nickel-gray police shirt, black leather vest, leather MC cap, black boots, black pants or chaps over Levi's, black leather Sam Browne belt and black tie.

Pittsburgh MC plans to follow an aggressive out-of-town bar night schedule in 1985—"If your city is not on our itinerary this year, be assured, you will be invaded by us in the near future!" Contact address: Pittsburgh MC, PO Box 14122, Pittsburgh, PA 15239.

SUBMIT!

The Reporter section is our effort to keep *Drummer* readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the US, Canada, Europe, Australia and elsewhere.

Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Send press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to: Reporter, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. □



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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

SUCKER FOR DETAILS

I really enjoyed "Houseboy" in *Drummer* 77. After reading it several times and staring at the pictures for a long time, several questions come up.

Just how much heavy yard work is involved when living in an apartment? How did the zipper-fly Levis on page 10 change to button-fly Levis on page 12? Why the socks on page 12?

I find the combination of the Air Force jacket and Levis a real turn-on. What about a few more on the same boy? I would like full views front and three-quarter at attention, front and back at parade rest (hands above the belt line) and front, three-quarters, side and back braced.

Please convey my congratulations to the model.

George F. Hawk
Los Angeles, CA

REQUEST LINE

I was totally surprised, almost flabbergasted, when I opened my copy of *Drummer* 80. There in the *Drummer* Daddies section was my story! Typed up in the moments following my reading of *Drummer Daddies* 3, I honestly never expected to see it published in your great magazine! My cup runneth over, or should I say...Thanks for your great magazine, the hot photos, relevant facts and all-important fantasy crammed into every issue. *Drummer* is the best.

Since I'm at the typewriter, I'll take this opportunity to make a few requests: How about a Part Two to "Sweatsox" by Art Muench (I know, this was in *Mach* 5). That was a fabulous fiction which still sends me whenever I read it! It reminded me of a similar situation I had in college with a roommate who was on the track team. He would beg me to massage his aching feet and legs and I always "gave in." One night I gave his cock a massage, and it wasn't long before we both enjoyed "69ing" it frequently. Art Muench's article hit home, so how about it?

Finally, whatever happened to "Seventeen," the Trainee in "The Quarters Becomes the Compound" by Robert Payne, *Drummer* 63? (Those tits, and Jim-Ed's ropes, were amazing!) Also, the slender son in *Drummer Daddies* 2 ("A Son's Submission"), and finally, the hunky Italian in "Houseboy" (*Drummer* 77)—any possibilities of these sons/ bottoms showing up in future photo spreads?

Well, enough—I hope I have not overdone it. What I'm getting at, in a roundabout way, is my interest and devotion to

your great magazine. Regardless of the outcome of my horny requests, I will continue to buy and enjoy *Drummer*.

J.D.
Boston, MA

IN A POKE

Sir, please Sir, may this pig-boy state that in regards to your article "Self-Abuse" in *Drummer* 80, the use of a ball-stretcher to hold a prick up against the belly by wrapping the stretcher around a harness strap, chain or rope is quite effective. In misery—

pig shit
address unknown

CALLED TO ORDER

On behalf of BOARD—Brothers of Adherence to Rigid Discipline—I would like to thank you for the terrific "Hot Licks" letter you printed in the *Drummer* Daddies section of your fine publication (*Drummer* 80). That letter's got us, and I'll bet a lot of other guys, pretty excited. You'd be surprised at how many guys are into licks, and it's rare to find a good piece written about strong, woodshed-type discipline.

We are a very small club in the early stages of forming. Soon, through ads in publications such as yours, we hope to expand. Until then, we are content with a small handful of members, each of whom is totally dedicated to the paddle as a form of discipline, and yet another means of sexual arousal between two men.

Unique to our organization is a strong emphasis on severity. We are not a club of spankers. Rather, we are a group of guys who depend on each other to expand the limits of our own endurance. It's strength, and it's power. Just as it takes strength and power to pick up a board and use it, it takes strength, power and a hell of a lot of guts to bend over and take it. To feel the power and the full strength of a man through a board, to feel its impact, to feel its fire—is what this club is all about. A rigid initiation will insure that we add only those men fully committed to this level to our ranks.

Finally, in your many years and issues, you've presented almost every possible situation that can exist between two men. You've given us pictorials between everything from Masters and slaves to Fathers and sons. You've shoved dicks up our asses and down our throats. Through your pages we've poked our dicks into just about everything, and it just keeps getting better.

In some future issue, why not haul our butts into the woodshed and give it to us

good and hard? There are plenty of guys out here that could sure use it.

Thanks again, and keep up the good work!

Scott and the BOARD
Houston, TX

(Editor's note: Thanks for the encouraging words—and keep your eyes on the *Drummer* Daddies section; we recently received another classic letter about woodshed discipline that'll be scheduled for an upcoming issue, and it's guaranteed to give you blisters by osmosis!)

NAKED THREATS

In the letters section of *Drummer* 81, A. Orange says there is a "difference between gay and straight pornography" and Brenda Howard says that gay men should know better than "to echo the...claim that feminism and sexually explicit material are mutually incompatible." But Andrea Dworkin, the reigning high priestess of the anti-porno movement, whose fascist views are now being seriously considered in many communities as the bases for laws, maintains just the contrary.

In Dworkin's book, *Pornography: Men Possessing Women*, which is the major theoretical text for the "new censorship" (that justification of the violation of the First Amendment on the grounds that pornography, defined however anyone chooses to define it—Dworkin herself has at least a dozen different and contradictory definitions of pornography—violates the civil rights of women), she writes, "In pornography, the homosexual male, like the heterosexual male, is encouraged to experience and enjoy his sexual superiority over women." This "moral bankruptcy is not in any sense unique to homosexual men; rather, it is part of what they have in common with all men."

And in a lecture to a feminist convention (reprinted in *Take Back the Night: Women On Pornography*—a classic feminist tome), Dworkin was quite exact about what she wanted to do to all sexually explicit materials: "And yes, one wants to take it from them, to burn it, to rip it up, bomb it, raze their theaters and publishing houses to the ground."

T.R. Witomski
Toms River, NJ

CREDIT DUE

Editor's note: In *Drummer* 81, the credit line for the artwork on page 25 accompanying "Smuggler's Moon" did not appear; the illustration was by Chuck Arnett. Also, the spandex body suit photo on page 92 was from John Floyd Productions.

DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of OLDER MEN



RAMROD

I wanted to share with you and your readers the excitement and contentment I have found in having a Daddy. We have been lovers for almost five years, and although it did not begin that way, our relationship seems to have evolved into a Daddy-son relationship. It seems to suit

both our needs quite well.

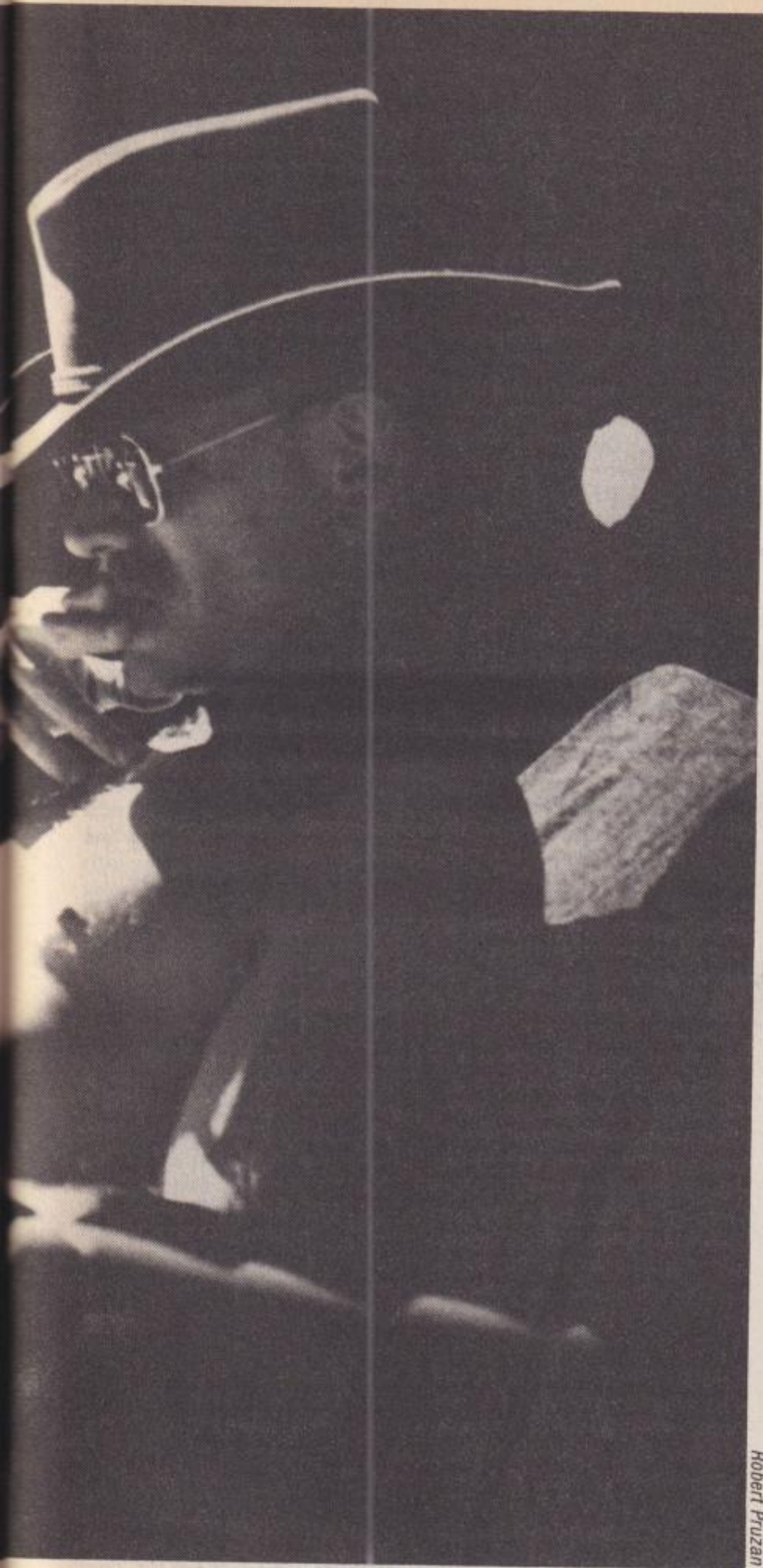
My Daddy is a few years older than I am, a few inches taller, a few pounds heavier. He has a stocky build and a hairy chest. His looks and attitude are very masculine. He has an air of authority about him, and although he is good to the people he cares about, he is a very dominating man.

In short—a man's man!

I had had a few relationships before I met my Daddy, but none of them came close to what I have with him, both sexually and emotionally. Most of the men in the bars in my town never interested me sexually because of their feminine mannerisms. We all have our own preferences, but I

like my man to act like a man, which Daddy fits perfectly. From the way he dresses to the way he touches me, I'm constantly aware of his maleness. He has fulfilled all my fantasies—even a few I didn't know I had!

Sometimes we have what we call "sessions" where we role-play. He can be a Con-



Robert Pruzan

struction Worker, Business Executive, Master, or any other role he chooses, and he always manages to excite the hell out of me!

But the role that suits him best is that of a Daddy! And being his boy is just about the best thing that has ever happened to me. I enjoy giving myself to a man, worshipping

his body and giving him pleasure, belonging to him and him alone. The minute he gets home at night, I'm ready and eager to drop to my knees and do whatever he wishes. Sometimes he just sits down and relaxes while I remove his shoes and rub his feet. He knows I enjoy doing things for him, so he takes advantage of the si-

tuation, sits back and enjoys himself!

When we watch fuck films together, I usually stroke or suck his cock while he watches. I get him a beer when he's empty and drink his recycled beer when he's full. It's not unusual for him to wake up in the morning and just roll me over and fuck me, without saying a word. We both know he can have me any time he wants. We both like it that way.

Sometimes my Daddy allows me to wear his shirts, socks and underwear after he's worn them. This is a big treat for me, because I get extremely aroused when I smell his man-scents on my own flesh.

I could go on and on about the many things my Daddy does that excite me sexually. But the main purpose of this letter isn't really to talk about the great sex life between a Daddy and his son. The best part is the love, trust, faith and security we give each other. He's my mentor, but he's also my best friend. I think we've both taught each other what real happiness is. And because of this happiness, I dedicate this letter to my Daddy, whom I have nicknamed "Ramrod," with love from his son.

Ramrod's boy
Toledo, OH

SON WORSHIPPER

Dad and Mom separated when I was about ten. Mom didn't want the responsibility of raising me, so I stayed with Dad. I didn't mind, because I was very close to him and we had a great relationship.

Dad was always into physical fitness and bodybuilding—he'd written a couple of books on the subject—so he made sure I developed a massive, muscular body, for which I am forever grateful. We worked out daily in our basement. I had always admired his strong body and handsome features, but I was in awe of the enormous bulge that showed in his gym trunks, and how it grew larger the longer we worked out.

I didn't understand at first that working out turned him on. Along with the sweat he'd worked up, there was always a wet area in the crotch of his gym shorts as well. I think he

would actually cum while pumping iron. This really had an effect on me—it reached a point where I couldn't keep my eyes off him for the whole time we worked out.

Over the years I developed a classically muscular physique, with massive shoulders even bigger than my Dad's, huge pecs, big arms and thighs, deep cuts and a tight 29" waist. I was also fortunate to inherit his blond good looks as well as his large endowment, although my cock—as I've discovered—is a good two inches longer than his and much thicker.

As I grew older, I realized that I wasn't the only one doing the watching during our daily workouts. I began to notice Dad's eyes on me, especially on my bulge—just quick glances at first, then longer ones, like he couldn't help it. I have to laugh when I look back, because I wore only skimpy swim trunks during those sessions, and whenever I got hard it must have looked almost grotesque, like something in one of those Tom of Finland drawings.

I was even more turned on to realize that Dad's bulge got larger from watching me. I felt great, knowing I could have such an effect on him. That was when I decided to put my plan into action.

I'd started having sex with a guy at school about a year before, then with this guy's older brother, who was in college. They both got off on watching me pump my muscles and getting down on their knees to suck my cock. The older one, Terry, even started talking about wanting to be my sex slave. He was a rich kid with a wild imagination. He started taking me to motels (he'd pay the bill) and have me work him over. He liked having me lay into him with a belt, make him crawl, slap him around, make him beg to lick my body. One time Terry took me to a leather shop and bought me a full outfit, so he could worship me in it, he said. I really got into that routine, and I dug having a sexslave. But I'd outgrown having a skinny rich kid for a slave. I intended to have my Dad down on his knees in front of me, calling me Master and begging to suck my cock.

I knew that my Dad would never make the first move, but that was alright with me. I wanted to be the one to take charge and call the shots.

The day I decided to put my plan into action, I got home before Dad. I spent about an hour pumping up, then got into my leathers: boots, chaps, a black jockstrap, harness, and a studded armband. I oiled my pecs and arms, and got hot looking in the mirror, and threw a hard-on that filled up the pouch of my jockstrap.

"I descended the steps real slow, letting the bulge in my jockstrap lead the way. I kept saying to myself: Today, Dad, you become my slave!"

Then I went up to my bedroom and waited till Dad came home. I heard him showering, and waited until he was in the basement, working out and waiting for me to join him. I checked myself in the mirror one more time, and picked up my belt.

I opened the basement door. I could hear the weights clanging down below, then heard them stop. I stepped through the door and looked down at him.

Dad had a dumbbell in each hand. When he looked up and saw me he dropped both of them, and didn't even jump when they crashed against the floor. I'll remember that look on his face forever.

I descended the steps real slow, letting the bulge in my jockstrap lead the way. I kept saying to myself: *Today, Dad, you become my slave!*

Looking back, I'm kind of shocked at how easy it was. Dad never took his eyes off me. When I reached the bottom step, I saw his mouth move and heard him whisper my name, but there was a question in it, like he wasn't even quite sure it was really me. We stood there staring at each other for a long time. His eyes sort of glazed over and he pressed his hand against his crotch.

"Get your hand off that!" I barked at him—and he

obeyed automatically. I pulled my cock out the side of my jock and held it in my fist, waving it back and forth and watching his eyes follow it and his mouth drop and start to drool. I'd seen that look before, on Terry's face, and I knew I had him.

"Bigger than yours, ain't it?" I said, real low. He just nodded, and kept staring at it. "And you've been wanting it a long time, ain't that right?" He nodded again. "Then come and get it."

He started walking toward me, but I cracked the belt against the stair rail and he stopped cold, looking confused. "Crawl," I said. I felt the blood pounding in my ears, in time with the throbbing in my cock, wondering if he was going to do it—and he did! He dropped down on his hands and knees and crawled like a good slave, staring at my cock like he was hypnotized by it.

When he reached me, his hand went for my cock, but I knocked it away. "Not yet," I said. "First, you lick me. Start with my feet and work your way up." He bent real low and kissed my foot, then started working his tongue over the top of my foot and up my ankle. He instantly got into it, licking and kissing and worshipping the body he'd helped create, running his hands over my calves and thighs. He was whispering something, and I told him to speak up. He did, but his voice caught. "Louder!" I growled. "You're a god" he said, and he was sobbing all of a sudden. He went for my cock then, wrapping his hands around the base and taking as much as he could into his mouth. He was hunching my leg though his gym shorts, and all of a sudden he started cumming.

I pushed him back and looked down. His cock was sticking out the bottom of his

shorts and still spurting and his mouth was wide open, nothing but empty air where my cock had been. I did just what I would have done with Terry—I slapped him hard across the face and spat at him. "You stupid cunt! I didn't tell you to cum!"

"I'm sorry!" he moaned.

I slapped him again. "You call me Sir!"

He hung his head, and for all his big muscles he looked like a deflated doll, like the cumming and slapping had taken everything out of him. I thought maybe I'd gone too far, and then he said it, in a low, dreamy kind of whisper: "I'm sorry, Sir."

Then I knew for certain that he would become my slave, just as I had hoped and planned. I didn't let him suck my cock that time, as a punishment. I made him hold his face up and slapped him with it while he looked up and worshipped the muscles of my chest and arms with his eyes, and I came in his face. Afterwards, I put him through a long sweaty workout, and that night I used the belt on him, fucked his face and made him give up his cherry to me.

A lot has happened since then. Dad's become my devoted sex slave, and I've gone into pro bodybuilding. I haven't won any big titles yet, but I'm getting there, and I've met a lot of hunky muscle slaves along the way. Dad's officially my trainer, but we both know where the real training takes place, and who's the boss.

His favorite thing, other than pleasing my cock, is shaving me and oiling me up before the contest. He says he could run his hands over my body for hours. I always let him give me a quick blow-job before I go on stage, so I won't accidentally throw a boner in front of the judges. Once a couple of the guys caught us doing that backstage—they were pretty weirded out until I offered them the same service. You could say my Dad's getting a reputation as the semi-official backstage bodybuilder cocksucker from coast to coast—but he says he'll always like my cock the best, because it's like sucking his own cock, only bigger.

Anonymous
in Venice, CA

BRINGING OUT DAD

When I came out in gay life at the age of 18, I lived with my Mom and Dad. My Dad and me were pretty tight buddies and I needed someone to talk to about my new life. I got him alone one night and confessed all to him. I didn't know how he would react to what I told him, but thank God he was very understanding. That confession was the best thing I ever did. Being the great guy he is, he said he saw nothing wrong with being gay as long as I was happy. Then he told me that when he was in the Navy and stationed in Long Beach, he would occasionally get picked up at night by a gay guy and get a terrific blow job. And some of his shipmates would stay with a gay guy for the weekend when they had a three-day liberty. But I was never to say anything to my Mom, as she would go bananas.

I decided to move out and get my own place so I could have guys over to spend the night. At that time I was into vanilla sex and knew nothing about leather or SM. When I met Daddy Dan, I was 21. My Mom died of cancer that same year and my Dad was alone for a long time, until he met a lady and they lived together for a while, but it didn't work out. My Daddy/Master Dan and I moved together shortly after I met him and I introduced my real Dad, Bill, to him and they hit it off just fine. My Dad Bill is one year younger than my Daddy Dan and he knows that we are lovers, but he didn't know anything about our relationship into SM. We have taken him to a couple of gay bars at times and he seemed to enjoy them. And guys did cruise him, but he was with us so nothing happened. My Dad Bill is one hot number, I'll tell you. He always shows a good-size bulge in his levis, and although I had seen his cock when I was a little boy, I didn't remember how big it was.

One evening Daddy Dan and I were getting ready to go to a party when my Dad Bill stopped in. Daddy Dan was dressed in his leather and looking fine. My Dad Bill made comments on how much he liked the leather vest. We invited him to go with us

since he had nothing to do and the party would be mixed with guys wearing leather, levis, cowboy and other attire, just drinks and good fun.

Somehow during the evening, with 30 or so guys, we lost track of my Dad Bill. I decided to go look for him to make sure he wasn't sick or something. I looked all around and finally went into the kitchen and opened the door that led to the service porch, and there stood my Dad Bill being serviced! He had his cock and balls out of his levis and some young guy was on his knees taking all my Dad's big rod. My Dad Bill looked at me and grinned. "You want to be next, Jym? This kid is great!" I told him Daddy Dan might not approve of me getting blowed, and just to enjoy himself. The kid on his knees never missed a stroke. After the party broke up, I told Daddy Dan about it and he laughed his ass off, saying, "I knew your old man had it in him."

That Christmas my Daddy Dan and I exchanged presents and he bought my Dad Bill a leather vest like his own. What a great guy. My Dad Bill wears it every time he comes over to watch the ball games with us and drink beer. There is a real cute little bottom that we know named Terry who doesn't have a Daddy (although we don't know why; he certainly is hot enough). We tried to fix him up with his own Daddy, but all the guys we know who are into it are paired off. But he does love to have three and four-ways. My Daddy invited Terry over one Saturday afternoon for a scene as Daddy Dan likes to beat his ass and then fuck him while I suck Terry or he sucks me. We were just getting ready for some action when my Dad Bill drops in. I had noticed that every time my Dad Bill came over, he was wearing tighter fitting levis, his boots were now black leather, he wasn't wearing any jockey shorts as usual, and now he wore his keys on the left side. And always the leather vest. I'm sure my Dad Bill had picked up on the kind of scenes Daddy Dan and me were into a long time ago. He was by no means dumb, and he was looking

sexier all the time.

Little Terry went ape-shit when he saw him. Daddy Dan had to drag Terry by the tits off into the kitchen and explain that Bill was not into our scene and that he was just straight trade. We watched the game on TV and drank beer for a while, then little Terry got up from his chair, groped my Dad Bill and asked him if he wanted a blow job. My Dad Bill said, "Sure, sounds good, as long as no one else minds." No one else minded, believe me! Terry stripped down raw and my Dad Bill pulled off just his levis. That's when I really saw how big my Dad Bill's cock was, hard, thick and magnificent. Terry got on his knees between his legs and went to town on that meat and balls. Daddy Dan was hot for Terry's ass, so he stripped down, greased up and plowed into him.

After my Dad Bill blew his nuts in Terry's mouth, he said, "Go over there and take care of Jym's cock, he looks hot." I stood up and fucked Terry's head, came, and then he rimmed out my asshole while Daddy Dan and my Dad Bill watched from the couch. My Dad Bill never batted an eyelash. I wanted to suck Terry's cock like crazy, but I figured it would be too much for my Dad Bill to see his own flesh-and-blood son sucking a cock. There were enough doors opened for one day.

We all got our pants back on and sat around drinking beer and watching the game. Daddy Dan had to piss and ordered Terry over to take his limp cock in his mouth. Terry got on his knees, took Daddy Dan's cock out of his levis and went down on it and stayed there. I knew Daddy Dan was pissing in his throat, but at this point I don't think that my Dad Bill knew what he was doing as he was watching the game. He probably thought Terry was going to suck him hard for a blow job. I was wrong. My Dad Bill didn't miss a thing, even though not one drop was shown, as Terry is a first-class piss drinker.

After the game was over, my Dad Bill had to split, but not before getting Daddy Dan in the kitchen for a little talk. My Dad Bill (I later found out)

said, "Did that kid drink your piss, or was I imagining things?" Daddy Dan said yes, and that Terry liked to have his ass whipped, too.

My Dad Bill thought that over and said, "I'd sure like to piss in his mouth, and take my belt to his ass, too. It sounds like a real turn-on. Do you and Jym do that with each other?"

Daddy Dan, being the champ that he is, explained to my Dad that I was the bottom and he was the Top, how he beats my ass and I love it. He

jumped when Dan wanted another beer, and other little things. And some of our friends at the bar and at the party, the remarks that were dropped to him. The guy who was blowing him on the service porch wanted him to go home with him and take a cat-o'-nine-tails to his ass and back and then fist him. My Dad Bill laughed at this, but he wasn't upset and took it in stride. He said he told the guy "Maybe one of these days, if I see you around."

"I wanted to suck Terry's cock like crazy, but I figured it would be too much for my Dad Bill to see his own flesh-and-blood son sucking cock."

told most of the details, sparing just a few. My Dad Bill was definitely interested in a scene, but at another time, as he had to go. He said he'd call before he came over again, to give us time to make sure that little Terry would be here.

Then he said something that surprised Daddy Dan. "I wouldn't mind taking a few swipes at Jym's ass with my belt, if it's okay with you, Dan." Daddy Dan assured him that it would be fine for him to do anything he wanted with my ass, and that I had no say in the matter. He also said that we should take things slow for now, and just play it by ear. My Dad Bill came out and said goodbye to us and kissed me on the forehead, something he hasn't done since I was a little boy.

My Dad Bill called me a couple of days later to say that he would be over next Sunday and to be sure that little Terry was there. I had to ask him if it upset him to learn that I was the bottom in an SM relationship and not just a "regular" gay guy. He said not at all, and that he thought that Dan was a hell of a great guy and that he was good for me. He also said that he suspected it for a while from flipping through a copy of *Drummer* on the coffee table, seeing the leather paddle and riding crop, along with a can of grease on the dresser in the bedroom, the way I

Well, that's the story, so far. I sure am looking forward to next Sunday and so is Daddy Dan. Wouldn't it be great if little Terry and my Dad Bill would hit it off and get together as Daddy and son? Even if they don't, as Terry likes a lot of variety, Daddy Dan said if things work out right and my Dad Bill feels that this is something that he would like to get into permanently, he could move in here with us, since he lives alone. That way I would have two Daddies to serve and he would have a son and a new brother-in-law. Now, I think I would like that even better than having Terry as a new baby brother, after I saw the size of my Dad Bill's cock.

I'll keep you informed on how it turns out, either way. I have to go now. Daddy Dan said I've talked too much, and he's getting pissed at me again. And you know what that means. Whipped-ass city!

Jym C.
Huntington Park, CA

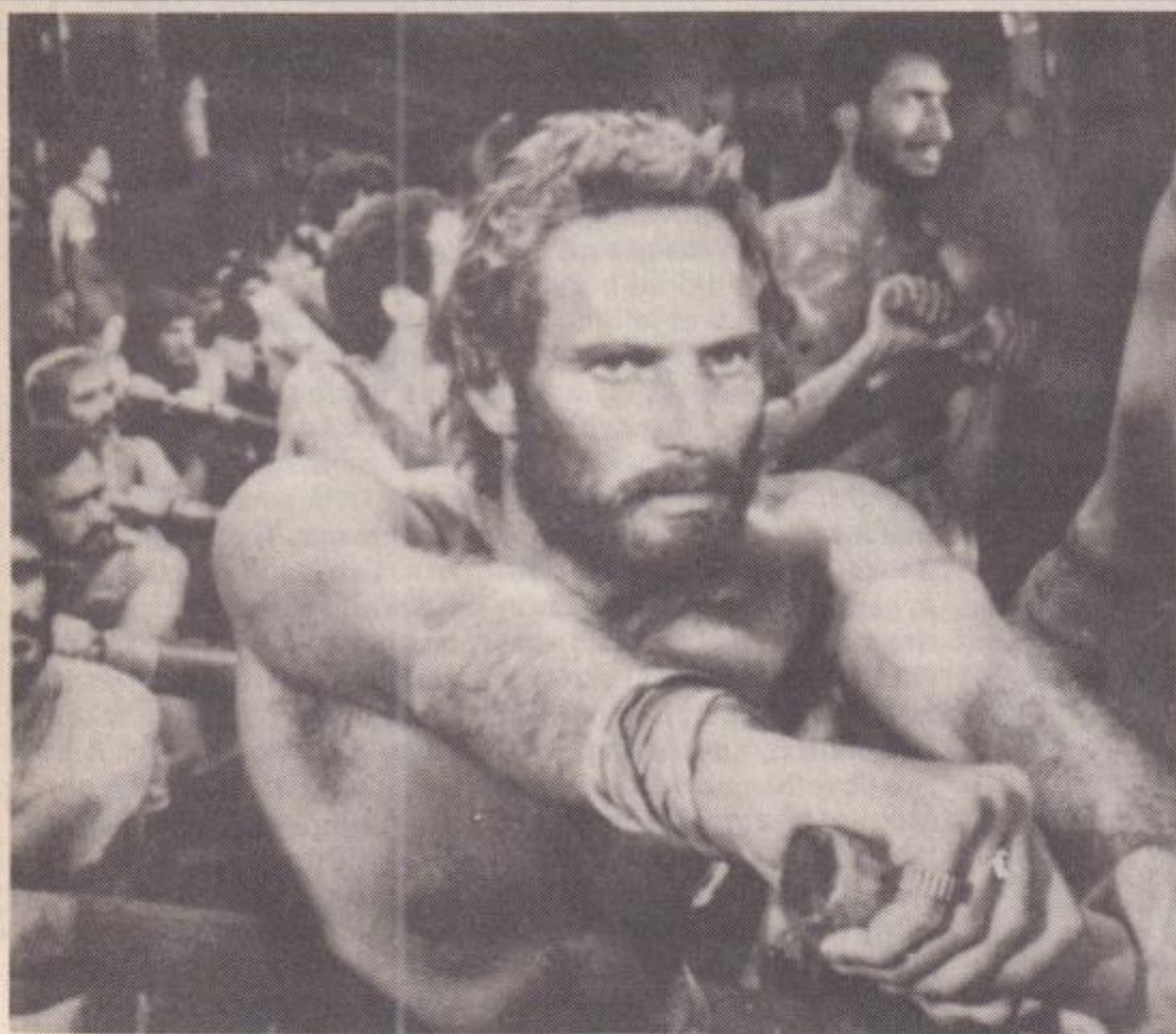
Do you have a Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off—get off your ass and write it out (or better yet, type it and save us the eye-strain). You'll get off when you see your story in print—and so will a lot of other Daddies and sons! Send to: *Drummer Daddies*, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.

DRUMSTICKS

Big Boys Don't Cry

Single pain tear appears.
Cold shivers after shaving.
Wince with every clamp snap.
Low moans of pleasure/pain.
A short appearance by pre-cum.
Warm piss gurgles in your throat.
Watery eyes reveal inside.
Several enthusiastic lashes
to remind you, boy, that
"Big boys don't cry."

—Auggie Camelli



"And I, like a fool, had to say, 'What a beautiful ship! Wonder what makes it go?'"

Picking A Pig

Damn, an unfettered pig.
Get off your barstool.
Get down on your knees,
And turn your cap around.
With your teeth, unzip it.
Chew on that sweaty bush.
Slowly, lick the slit.
tongue-caress the growing head.
Want it?
Want it bad?
(smirk)
With your teeth, zip it up.
Pig eyes plead.
You'll earn it.
Smell the warm leather collar
around your pig neck.
I can pick out a pig
in a herd of hot men.
Pig eyes oink.

—Auggie Camelli

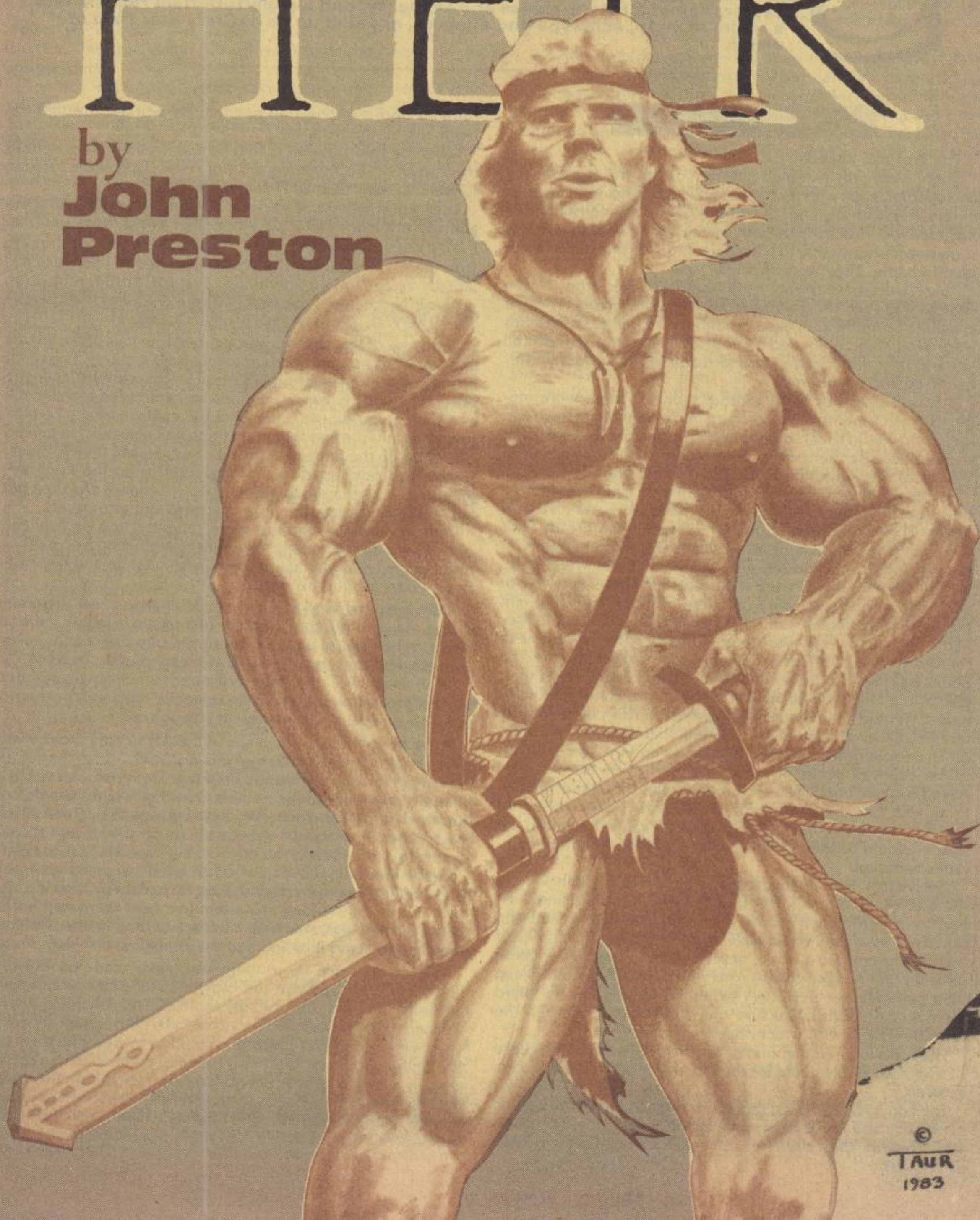


*"You bet yer ass I want you on yer knees showin' it some respect—
What the hell you think I painted it Red, White an' Blue for?!"*

THE HEIR

BOOK
D30210310313
BONUS

by
**John
Preston**



©
TAUR
1983

S

ix years ago—with the modest table of contents description “Premiere episode of choice j/o fiction”—*Drummer* began its serialization of a work that would eventually become the most widely heralded SM novel of the '80s: John Preston's *Mr. Benson*. Since that time, Preston has continued to write and speak out on SM in numerous forums; the latest culmination of those works appeared last year with his anthology *I Once Had a Master*. At the same time, the author of *Mr. Benson* branched into unexpected genres with *Franny: The Queen of Provincetown* and his current series of action/adventure novels about a gay hero named Alex Kane.

Presented here in its entirety, “The Heir” is a major new work from John Preston. It marks both a return and a fresh departure—a return to the serious exploration of Masters, slaves and sexuality, and a departure from realism into a realm of myth, archetype and allegory, opening up an entirely new field of vision.

I

The War had ended.

There were only five men left from one of the armies. They lay together, each with his hands and feet bound. They were in misery, not from any injuries—no one who had been wounded had survived—but from the very fact that they were alive. It was somehow dishonorable to have been the only ones to have not died in battle. They were shamed.

There were over twenty men from the other army. In the strange way such things work, they were the victors. They sat around a campfire and, even though their families and friends were dead, they celebrated their victory. There were spirits still left and they drank and sang and thanked their god that they had lived and conquered.

It wasn't that they were without sadness. There were moments when a memory would creep into one of their words and the group would sober. But there was hope. And they were not shamed because there were more of them. They had captured the last of the vanquished army, they could go on.

In the morning the twenty and more men from the winning side woke. They went to the lake and splashed water on themselves. They regathered and they relighted the fire in their campsite. They drank a beverage made from water heated on the fire and they talked seriously about what they were to do.

They were young, as were their captives. There were few of either group who was even over sixteen. Their army had taught them to fight, but they now had to decide what other skills they had among them. How were they to organize? There was one of them who was an officer in the army. They agreed they had no better way to pick a leader. He accepted and he took over their discussion. He asked each of them questions about his knowledge. He told them about the weather in this place. And he said what they already had expected. There possibly were no other people remaining but themselves and the five captives.

The captives could not understand this discussion. They stayed in their bondage and waited to die; they expected nothing else to be the outcome of The War. They whispered among themselves that the quicker death came the better, the shorter would be their shame for having lived when their comrades had died.

The victors had discovered a wide range of skills among themselves. One man knew how to be a blacksmith and even had some rudimentary tools with him. The men talked and discussed what they could have made by the smith, and one of the ideas presented a whole new concept to them. They could have the smith make chains. And with chains they could keep their prisoners securely, they would no longer have to guard them so closely to make sure they didn't break through the rawhide thongs with which they were tied.

They also learned that one of the victors knew the language of the captives. He could be their overseer until one language evolved.

The conversation about these new developments took much of the day and there were many agreements made. The smith went to work soon after and scavenged through some nearby

ruins to find the things he needed. He worked through the night and all the next day.

When he told the victors that he was finished, they went to the captives. The five men did not resist. They were looking forward to their deaths. Their shame would end.

They stood listlessly while their clothing was ripped off them and did not even try to run when their bonds were undone. Even if the victors hadn't been standing there with weapons to stop them, the captives would not have tried to flee. They had already agreed among themselves that the truth was obvious, just as it had been to the victors. There were no other people after The War. There was no place to escape to.

Then one of the captives was grabbed by a pair of the victors and taken to the smith. His arms were held securely. The smith brought a piece of painfully hot metal first to one wrist, then the other. With quick, expert motions he hammered at the metal and then, ignoring the screams of the captive, he ducked the hot metal and the hands into a waiting pail of water. He moved quickly to do the same with the man's ankles and then his neck. Chains had been made or else salvaged from the ruins and lengths of it were used to join the two wristbands and then the two anklebands together. The captives were astonished.

One by one, the motions were repeated and each of the captives was soon standing naked with painful burns on parts of his body and heavy metal restraints on his ankles and his wrists and a collar around his neck.

They were led away by the one victor who knew their language. He used still another piece of long chain to link them to one another and to an enormous tree, one they could never damage with their hands, the only weapons they had left.

“You are to live,” the victor explained in their language. “But you are to be slaves. There is no reason to fight and there is no place to escape. You must resign yourselves.”

After he left, the captives spoke quickly among themselves. What were they to do? They did not notice that they were already speaking in whispers, already anxious not to draw their masters' attentions to themselves. One finally said, “We do not know what this life will be. We have no idea. We cannot all kill each other. Perhaps we are meant to do this as part of our shame for losing The War. Let's wait. Let's see what this means.”

In the morning, the man who had been assigned to oversee them woke them with rough shakes. He had them stand in a line and he looped the long chain that had held them to the tree between their legs, attaching it to each of their handcuffs. Now they had to stand in a line and they could not lift their arms.

The victors came up to them and newly-made packs were hung from the backs of the captives. The packs were heavy burdens. But not one of the captives said anything; there seemed to be no cause. The victors also carried heavy packs. They were taking everything that could be moved with them on a long, long journey. The victors formed themselves in a circle, actually a long oval line, around the captives and on the order of their officer they began to march. The overseer had found himself a long switch of subtle birch and now used it to flick at the backs of the captives to tell them to move forward.

At first it was all very difficult and awkward. The chains between their feet were a limitation that the captives had never experienced before. Nor had they ever had to move in such a limited line. But by the end of the day they had learned to calibrate their steps so they never had to fight against their restraints, and they learned to move in a fashion that never brought the links up too sharply on any one man's groin.

The victors sang songs as they all marched. The captives were silent and wondered at the end of The War that had left them living and in this horrible position.

They all, captives and victims, fell to an exhausted sleep at the end of the first day. They woke at dawn and started walking as soon as they had eaten a small meal from their stores in the victors' packs.

So they continued for six days, eating only twice a day, marching until they could march no more. The victors sang their songs and the captives pondered their fate in silence. On the seventh day, which someone thought he remembered was a feast day, the victors stopped their caravan at noon. Even warriors must rest at some time, they told one another to excuse their pausing.

They were lucky to have come to a beautiful river, one with sweet water and many fish which they were able to catch with their spears. They built a huge fire in the middle of their makeshift camp. There were still some spirits left over in their packs and they began to drink them.

The overseer took some small pity on his charges. Their bodies were caked with filth and sweat. He led the five to the river and into the water that was cool and refreshing. As much as their predicament had weighed on them, they were delighted by the sensation of the water. They became playful, as much as they could in their chains, and they splashed handfuls of the river over each other, and even laughed.

They were led back to their place just outside the circle of the campfire. Their long chain was once again lopped around the trunk of a mighty tree and they relaxed. Their overseer brought cooked fish for them. He left it in one large bowl and the five men shared it. They luxuriated in their overseer's largesse and they talked more than they had before.

"They treat us strangely," said one. "The birch switch has only been used once, in the beginning. They feed us as well as they feed themselves."

"Better," corrected one. "I've noticed, I paid particular attention the time they hunted the boar on the third day. I saw the proportions. There were too many men to feed well off one boar. But first they cut large pieces for us and only then did they themselves eat."

Another added, "And the way they march in an oval around us is strange. They needn't guard us so closely, we can't escape with these heavy chains."

They thought of these things for a while. "They are protecting us," one of them finally said. "They don't want a wild boar or a stag to attack us. And they feed us to keep us strong. Everyone has to carry a large pack, but ours are the heaviest and as they go along they take food and provisions from their own packs, not ours, to make them lighter while ours remain heavy."

"They protect us?" another said. "Us? You would think that they would be willing to have a boar attack us rather than one of their own."

"But we have value for them. We can carry the heaviest of packs for them. They want us to make their own burden lighter."

Silence descended as they thought of this. And then one said, "It is our price to pay for living. It is our shame made real."

"We do not have to accept it. We can find a way to die."

"It is the price to pay for living. We will live and pay the price." One of them said those words with sudden conviction and they were silent for a long, long time.

The victors had begun to grow rowdy. They sang more fervently as they drank more spirits and enjoyed their feast day. Lewd jokes were told. It seemed that each man had a story to tell about his feats of great lustfulness before The War. But now

there were no more women. They did not talk about that. They repeated their jokes and drank more spirits. Slowly they went to the outskirts of the circle and most fell asleep.

But three had been assigned to guard the captives. They stood with their spears and laughed at their lewdness long after their comrades slept.

One of them in particular looked longingly at the naked bodies of the youths who slept in chains so close to him. He finally succumbed to his drink and told the others what he would do to those five captives. The other two joked at first, to make the first one seem foolish. But then one of them said in a serious tone, "They are slaves."

No other words were needed. They moved to the first three captives and shook them awake. They held knives to the captives' throats and told them they were to open their mouths and take the needing cocks of the victors for pleasure. All three protested and one even claimed to wish himself dead first. But their chains had more weight than that of metal and their resignation was more intense than that of men who had lost a war. Their mouths opened. The three guards used them roughly and quickly and then let the captives fall back to sleep.

"We will tell no one," said the first guard, being the one most used to guilt and the need to be secret.

"No one," the other two agreed.

The party continued its march. The overseer had let his charges know that they were going southward. There might be, very far from the arena of The War, other people. In any case, there was more warmth, less need of shelter and more likelihood of fruit and game. That was the reason the officer of the victors has told them they must go such a great distance.

The idea of the feast day had become something the victors looked forward to. The officer recognized this. So long as there would be that half-day of rest, he could convince his men to push themselves the rest of the time. At the next seventh day the group found a lake. It was wide and a deep, beautiful blue. There was a slight plateau not far from it, and this was the camp the officer chose. Again there were fish to be caught and there was game in the forest nearby. The overseer had his charges wash once more and, as he had before, he attached them to a great tree where they could rest under watchful eyes.

There was a great meal and there were still plenty of spirits for the victors. When most of the victors had gone to sleep and it came time to change the guard on the slaves, there were now six guards, not three; for each one of them had confessed the secret of sexual release to a best friend during the week.

The captives had never talked about the new shame among themselves, nor to the overseer had any of them mentioned it. But as soon as they saw the six men, each with a hand on his crotch, the slaves knew what was to happen. They made the same protests and they received the same threats. One by one they submitted to this additional use and one or two of them cried in deeper shame than he had ever known before. But it was their fate to live and they had to do this to live.

The overseer became suspicious the next day as he led the five captives on their march. They were more silent and brooding than before.

That night at camp he discovered the truth; for once there were six men who had used the slaves, it became something that was talked about by more and more of them. The overseer went to the officer that night and explained his dilemma. What was to be done?

The officer thought long and hard. "It is best to make it part of the feast day celebration. There is no use in hiding it. It is stupid and potentially dangerous to leave it to drunken guards. The six will be reprimanded for their actions. Their punishment," the officer smiled, "is that they will not be able to use the prisoners for two more feast days. But the rest of the men can take their pleasure at will."

"This may be useful," the officer went on thoughtfully. "It may help us with the captives. Their memories go back to before The War, and they may yet harbor thoughts of freedom. If our plan is to work, they must be made subservient and

compliant to our goal. This is better than pain."

The next feast day the troop found itself at the foot of a large waterfall. The campsite was small, and the victors made their resting place closer to the water than was their usual practice.

The overseer took his charges and led them under the fall. The victors could see their naked bodies as the sparkling water fell on them. Men who had never noticed the captives as anything but enemies or beasts of burden saw these figures anew in the closing hours of the day. They experienced new thoughts and desires and probably would have become upset and confused if the officer hadn't called them together.

He announced a tribunal. The men's backs stiffened. Discipline, to their knowledge, hadn't been a problem. They didn't know why there should be a trial. The officer told them the truth about the six guards and what they had done on the last feast day. A wave of tension surged through the victors as they listened. Only minutes before they had each watched the bodies of the slaves under the fall, and now their fellows were to be judged for having done just what they had thought of doing. Shame was a new experience for the victors.

But the officer explained that the actions of the guards had not necessarily been bad. What was evil came from the way that the guards had gone about it, in the dark, under the influence of spirits and selfishly, secretly keeping this pleasure to themselves when it belonged to everyone.

"It belongs to us?" one man said aloud.

"They are slaves. Their bodies are for our use. They carry our packs and they are manacled with our chains. Why shouldn't we use them that way as well? It should be done every feast day. It is not right that they should look forward to this day of rest as much as we do. They should still be laboring. But on feast days they shall labor for our pleasure."

Applause went up among the crowd. The overseer turned to the captives. He told them what the officer had told him to say. "Your bodies are for the use of the victors every feast day. You must resign yourself to this. You will be chained after you are bathed and they will come to you as they please. You will give them service as they request it. You will not complain. I have been good to you. Not once have I used a whip or have I abused your bodies. If you do not give service, I shall, and you will never, ever hesitate again. This I promise you."

The five sat, chained once again to a tree. Finally, one said aloud, "It is the price we must pay to live." They were all resigned.

They had, in fact, been resigned since the previous feast day. Once there had been six guards using them, they knew there would be more. The marchers had had to cross a wide river at one point in their journey. If they had chosen to, the captives could have drowned themselves. They had discussed it and dismissed it. They would live.

All night, even before they got drunk, the victors began to come and use the slaves. The officer was the first, to make sure none of his men hesitated out of shame. He came to the line of freshly-bathed slaves and saw that one was much more beautiful than the rest. The officer undid his uniform pants. He let them drop to the earth. The handsome slave looked up at the officer's erect manhood. There were tears in his eyes. He leaned forward, not waiting for a command, not needing one, and he took the officer's cock in his mouth. Perhaps it was because there was still daylight, perhaps it was because the slave knew this was an officer, perhaps it was because this was now the third of the victors to use him, but the slave did not just open his mouth and allow it to be used, he didn't just rest on his haunches and wait to have the cock gag him and ram his throat. Instead he made the movements himself, he ran his tongue on the cock and caressed it with his chained hands as he did so. When the officer came and yelled his pleasure, the slave did not move, but let the fluid run into his stomach.

The officer redid his trousers and his hand rested on the handsome slave's head for the briefest of moments. The officer left the slave there. The handsome young captive felt more

shame than ever before and he could not look his fellows in the eye. But there were other emotions as well.

So did all the victors, except the six to be punished, use all the slaves that feast day.

II

After five feast days' travel the officer announced that this would be their place.

The victors looked around and were not excited. There was a small lake, and they had passed the river that entered it a few miles back. The forest was imposing, though, and stood all around it. There were no plains, no fields.

"We will have to create them. The slaves will do the work while we use our skills to hunt for food and to build our village for ourselves."

The slaves were worked horribly. They labored from dawn to dusk cutting down trees and clearing the brush to make a place for the village. They had to drag huge tree trunks great distances. Those that were straight and tall were brought to those victors who knew how to make them into lumber. The rest had to be cut into firewood or removed far from the village.

While the victors found game or fished in the lake for food, the slaves worked always. They were fed well and their bodies became larger and more muscled. For even if they only moved, with their heavy chains they were always laboring, and the diet the victors fed them was to make them stronger.

It came to be that even the slaves looked forward to the feast day. For, after they became used to the weekly service they had to perform, their shame dissipated and their relief at a half-day without labor grew. As the village was built and all the men, victors and captives, understood that this was to become their home, there was a slow and slight change in how things were done.

The officer understood what was happening and he let it come about; in fact, he would encourage it in any way he could. The celebration of the feast day was looked forward to by all, and it became the most important event in their week.

First, the cleaning of the slaves became more of a ritual. It began when the overseer was no longer the only one to take the slaves to the water for their bath. The slaves no longer washed themselves. Instead, groups of victors would do that. One of them had known how to make soap. The first use they put it to was to clean the slaves to make them ready for their service on the feast day.

Since they were anxious that the slaves be cleaned properly, the victors would take the soap and wash the slaves themselves. Their fellows began to give this importance and would stand on the banks, voicing encouragement and giving thoughtful advice.

So much did the men think of this that they would have fallen to fighting among themselves if the officer hadn't declared that the washing of the slaves was an honor and would be assigned to those ten men who had given the community the most value during the week. So every night before the feast day, the victors would gather and the officer would announce who would be privileged to wash the slaves.

Very soon after that, it was decided that the slaves shouldn't take part in the cleaning in any way. Their hands were attached to their collars with short chains and they were not able to touch their own bodies. Their hands were kept in that position for the rest of the day.

The next alteration was that the slaves were not just washed. There were aromatic oils that one of the victors knew how to make from some of the plants in the forest. He brought a bowl of the oil down to the water one day and each of the slaves was washed and then rubbed with the sweet smelling oil which made his skin shiny in the daylight and glistening in the reflection of the campfire later in the evening.

The oil meant something else, too. Now the slaves were also fucked. The men who had learned to wash them in the water had obviously explored more of their bodies and had found the

warmth of their holes to be exotic and inviting. When the men who applied the oil made the same discovery, they also saw how easily their fingers could slip into those holes.

The slaves had no choice. They had to let all these things happen if they wanted to live.

So now, on this one day, the slaves were given all the attention of the victors. They were cleaned and oiled and brought to the village. Mats were laid around the fire and each slave was placed on one. The men would eat and drink around them and they would move to the slaves as they wished, fucking them or having them suck their cocks until they found pleasure.

They even began to make necklaces of stones and jewels for the slaves to wear on these days. They had no need to buy the slaves, nor did they have to bribe them, but each victor would leave something of his own on each slave he used.

The slaves lived in silence for the most part. Their labor was too difficult and their sleep too deep to allow them the luxury of much conversation. But each was ashamed of what he thought was a deep, deep secret. Each of the slaves began to look forward to the feast day because of the attention he would receive. He secretly would count how many men would choose him and he would have a great deal of joy if he collected many of the gifts the victors left to mark their choices.

It was the most handsome of the slaves—the one who had submitted to the officer that first time when sex was open—who took everything much, much further.

One day after he had been washed and oiled with the others and led to the mats around the campfire, this slave did not wait passively to be used by the men. He had thought long and hard about the officer and the experience of his first open service.

It happened that the officer walked by this handsome slave's mat. The slave knelt in front of the officer. With sublime motions he kissed the officer's booted feet. "I wish you would use me," the slave said.

The officer did not know the slave's language. He turned to the overseer and asked for a translation. Then he said, "Ask him why."

The overseer spoke to the slave whose lips still rested near the officer's boot. "He says that he is honored by your attention. But more, that the last time you fucked him made him feel better than any other time with any other of the men."

"Tell him to lift up and spread so I can see better what he offers me."

The overseer spoke and the slave immediately complied, raising his buttocks into the air and spreading his cheeks as much as his ankle restraints allowed. There, for the officer to see, was the entrance to the hole. He had never stopped to think of the pleasure the slaves might be getting from this use. He had never experienced it before The War and the idea that it was a reward, rather than another means of the slaves' submission, had never occurred to him. He was slightly distressed by this idea and had to think about it.

He also wanted to think about the strong reaction he was experiencing to the offered hole, so small and appealing did it look on the growing body of this handsome slave. The officer said, "Tell him his offering is insolent, but I will consider it."

The overseer translated and the slave fervently kissed the officer's boot once more.

The officer told the overseer and a couple of his other trusted aides that he must talk to them at once. "What does this mean?" he asked them when they had gathered. They talked for the rest of the afternoon. Only after many hours did they agree.

The officer took the overseer back to the who was the most beautiful of the slaves. He had been used by some of the men already, but the slave again kissed the officer's boots. Again he complied when he was told to lift up his gift and display it. Then the officer undid his pants and took the slave. It was a new experience, building on the first one. The officer was more attuned to the slave's body, felt the response he could get if he manipulated the slave, and for the very first time the officer paid attention to just what made the slave's own cock hard and

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excited.

The next day when the slaves were brought in from their labor they were taken to the officer before they were allowed to eat.

"It is appropriate that you all act towards all the warriors as this slave did. You should be honored to receive the attention of a warrior, for that is what we are, warriors, while you are slaves. It will become part of the ritual of the feast day that you must each ask for those attentions and that you must display what you would have a warrior use."

The slaves were furious with the handsome one who had brought this about. They claimed it was too much for them to be expected to ask this humiliation be performed on them. They spoke sharply and angrily at him and shame threatened him once more. They would labor and be used for the sake of life, but they would not be part of his shame. They would not admit their pleasure.

But the officer and his aides had anticipated it. They had a scheme planned to overcome this dishonesty. The slaves were not just attached to their tree at night. Instead, each one was staked out, his hands high above him and his legs spread as far as his chains would allow.

It became the duty of the guards to touch the slaves' cocks each night and each morning until they became hard and erect with need. This was again done during the day. The slaves would be allowed to stop working and one guard would go among them and lewdly bring each of their cocks to a stiff erection.

The overseer, who hadn't mistreated the slaves before, now carried a menacing whip and warned them that it would be used viciously if they touched their painful cocks.

By the next feast day, each of the slaves had been brought to tears at least once by the frustration of these devices. And when they were taken by the honored warriors to the lake they were all in tears from the soothing touch of the cleansing hands. If that had been torture, the application of the oil was much worse, it was so soft and the scent so closely tied to the erotic by previous experience.

All five were desperate for release when they were taken to their mats, and not one of them failed to kiss a warrior's foot and lift his ass and spread it in authentic desire for attention. The officer was very pleased and was happy to use the most handsome of the slaves in gratitude.

III

The officer had chosen his location for the village well. The soil made rich and fertile fields once the trees had been cleared. The river that emptied into and drained the small lake provided abundant fish. There was much game. The weather was as mild as any in the world. It encouraged their agriculture, kept them from needing much shelter, and their lives became satisfying and easy.

The slaves worked constantly. Once they had cleared the forest they were set to work to cultivate the land. They were purposely given the most menial of tools. There could have been better; the smith knew how to make them. But the officer insisted that the slaves be made to labor.

Life evolved. After a full year at the site there were changes in the warriors' clothing. Their uniforms had slowly disintegrated. But one of them knew how to cure hides and sew. In this fine climate they needed little, and were given coverings for their feet and pouches to protect their cocks and hides to cover their buttocks. They decorated their biceps with bands of leather and they also adorned other parts of their bodies.

There had been sadness among them after The War. But it went away. Their memories faded and their needs were so wonderfully met by the slaves and the rich game and fertile soil.

The officer was pleased with all this but also concerned. He explained to the men that there might still be other people. They must be ready for combat if they were to encounter any other survivors.

So the warriors practiced their skills, learning and inventing new ones. They kept in good exercise, and valued speed above all and ran constantly. They learned to throw spears the smith made and to make their own bows. They discovered new ways to make and use slingshots with great accuracy and force.

There began to be an astonishing difference between the bodies of the warriors and the slaves. It became increasingly pronounced. And, even though people usually do not notice slow changes, this one could not be ignored. The slaves had built up huge muscles from their labor; pulling and pushing and carrying heavy loads had developed them far, far beyond the warriors' lean physique.

The men—all the warriors and all the slaves—were in excellent health. Their constant activity and good diet gave them ever stronger drives for sexual release. The officer knew this and knew that it would not be good to have that release denied. But he was entranced with how the slaves and warriors were developing in such different ways. So he made new rules.

First, the slaves and warriors must be more clearly differentiated. He decreed that henceforth all the slaves would have their faces and chests shaved while they were cleansed on feast days, and also their hair would be trimmed each week till it was very short. Then he decreed that all the warriors must grow beards if they had not already done so, and they must let the hair from their heads grow till it reached their shoulders. Thus could no one ever mistake a warrior for a slave.

Then he made more rules. Slaves' mouths must be always ready for warriors' needs. Forevermore would slaves be shackled every night with their hands to a post in the center of a building that would be reserved for them. Any warrior might use any slaves' mouth in the fields or by the campfire, or he might go into the slaves' house and present his cock to be serviced any time of the night.

But fucking was to stay a part of the ritual of the feast day and it could only be done when a slave's body had been cleaned and oiled.

All this was agreed to.

By the end of the year the slaves had all learned to speak the warriors' language. The overseer, who still held a position of high respect in the community, was no longer necessary for communication between slave and warrior. "This might be a problem," the officer thought, "but if it is, I shall be the first one to know it."

The officer thought this because of what was happening between himself and the slave who was the most beautiful. He had made the new laws because of the way his men were acting. Their promulation was not for his own sake or to meet his personal desires. But once it was so, the officer found himself acting very, very differently.

He found that he waited till fairly late in the evening and then he would go to the slaves' house. The five bodies, each now layered with thick muscles, would be laid out as spokes of a wheel, their wrists attached to a center post.

He would find the slave who was the most beautiful and the officer would lay beside him. Often the slave had fallen into a deep sleep, but he would wake when the officer's knowing hand moved on his body. He would always smile at the familiar face.

It gave the officer great pleasure to bring this slave to constant excitement. He would manipulate his cock until it was hard and the slave's breathing was so rapid that the officer knew he was close to release. Then the officer would let go of the blood-filled organ and the slave would wince and let out a cry of subtle dismay.

Over and over again the slave would be brought to the edge of climax. But the officer would not give him satisfaction. Instead, he would only kiss him on the lips. The slave came to desire those kisses greatly, his only contact in this moment of physical tension. And so did the officer teach the young slave to value the sensations of his mouth. Only when the officer knew that the slave's lips were tender with sensation would he put his cock between those lips and reward the slave with his essence.

Sometimes the officer would use his hand to give the slave release, but not always. It was better, he decided, that the slave not count on such things, but always work harder to earn them.

The officer was truly entranced with this slave's body. Even with the short trimmed hair on the head and chest, the officer knew how whitely blond the slave was. His skin had been constantly exposed to the sun and had turned a deep and luxurious brown. His muscles were larger than any of the others.

On feast nights the officer would wait until the evening was nearly over. Only then would he go to the slave's mat. He would insist on the most humble of entreaties from the slave, and only when he had been convinced of their honesty and only after the slave had exposed his need in the most obvious and unguarded way would he lay with him and enter him.

The officer knew he treated this slave differently. Most of the warriors would take the slaves quickly and efficiently. They would then go and drink and probably come back one or two more times to the slaves' circle. They treated the slaves well and usually left them presents as signs of appreciation or as totems of their skill. But the officer would find his blond slave and would force the slave to verbally and physically offer himself. Then the officer would fuck the slave, but gently and almost romantically with long strokes and great care. He liked nothing more than the idea of bringing his slave to places of great need and hearing the need verbalized. He knew what he was doing. He was making this slave perceive him not as the person who created the agony through manipulation, but as the one who could, in moments that were seen as generous, satisfy the need.

There seemed no limit to the need the officer could create in this slave. Nor was there any limit to the gratefulness the slave would express. "How strange," thought the officer. But he knew it was even stranger that such things gave him even greater pleasure than did the fact he was a leader of warriors or the lawmaker for men.

IV

It came about at the end of this first year that there finally appeared new people.

The village went into a state near panic when the first runner announced their approach. The slaves were quickly brought in from the fields and the warriors gathered their weapons.

The officer led a group of them to the edge of the forest and waited.

There were eleven of them. They were all women. The warriors stared at them. They stared back. One of them, a woman of dark skin much darker than the slaves' had tanned from the fields, stepped forward. She yelled across the clearing. It was a language the officer knew. He responded. She wanted to speak to the leader alone. He agreed.

The two moved toward one another warily. Both the women and the warriors were on alert for anything out of the ordinary. It was clear that the officer and the dark woman did not trust one another. There was great tension and anxiety.

At first they spoke in low tones that no one could hear. Occasionally one or the other would yell in anger and his or her group would tense, ready to move to protect the speaker. Then there was a moment when the woman laughed out loud. And then another when the officer screamed with laughter. Now the two groups stared in confusion at their leaders.

When they were done, the officer and the woman with dark skin stood, laughing and howling so loudly that tears came down their cheeks. They parted and the officer led his men back to camp.

He called together all the warriors. "This is what has been agreed. This is what I have discovered." They listened in rapt attention. All were silent. But there was a noise that distracted the officer. "What is that?" he asked.

The overseer answered sheepishly. "It is the slaves. I cannot convince them that you are not going to kill them now that there are women."

The officer found this beyond amusement and laughed so hard his warriors wondered if he could ever stop for breath. Finally he said, "Our slaves are even more valued and more desired. The only women in the world will have nothing to do with us, ever again, except for one thing."

The officer became serious. "The women have wandered far, nearly as far as we have, possibly even more, but they did not force march nor did they come in a straight line to this place as we did. They searched for a year to find people left from before The War. There are, they say, absolutely none."

"But they do not want us. They are glad to be freed of men and they are glad to not need men. However, we talked, and we know that certain things are necessary. There must be children." The warriors sighed loudly in sudden recognition. "We need children to have more warriors and to carry on our line." The men agreed readily. "And we need children to give our children slaves." This made sense. "They need children for their own reasons. So we shall make a treaty with them."

The officer told them what this treaty would be. Once every year the women would meet the men and they would mate. They would make very strict rules for how and where this would happen and the men would agree. After the children were old enough, the boys would come to the warriors or join them to be slaves. The girls would stay with the mothers. This would be done—and the women would not argue this point—only once a year at a place they determined. There would be an annual tribute from the men, food, which would be their payment for the services the women provided in carrying the children.

Every year five slaves and five warriors would be used. The women would tell the men whose offspring were which. So would the children of warriors become warriors and the children of slaves, slaves.

The women would make their own village on the other side of the valley, near the foot of the largest mountain. There would be a boundary. If any man ever tried to cross it without permission, the women would leave.

"We could make them slaves," said one of the warriors.

"But why?" asked the officer. "They will take care of making the children and they will feed themselves. The food they want is the game we capture, not the produce of our fields. We have our own world here. Why not have it grow and prosper with the happiness we have found? Listen, even the slaves cry in fear of changing it."

And it was true. So it became.

V

At the end of four years' time the men came to the place where the women had told them to be. They were to mate for the fifth time. The men never knew with whom. The five slaves were brought in their chains by five warriors. The women would be in a tent. They covered their heads and bodies and spread their legs wide, only their center parts exposed. They did not want to know who the fathers of their children were for fear it would create a need that could not be met.

It was always done on specific dates that the women declared. It was at their insistence that the ten men and the ten women mated three times in three days. "We know of such things," the dark woman had said when the men questioned this timing.

It was a rare holiday for the slaves. It meant they had no labor for three days, but could be with the five warriors and do what they were told they must with the women.

It had become increasingly hard for the men to mate. The women refused to do anything but be available and to expose the necessary parts of their bodies. By the time of this mating it was known by all that the five slaves would mate the first five women, then the warriors the next five, since then could each man have another man to create the necessary excitement.

When the third day was over, the dark woman appeared and called to the officer. He came close and shyly corrected her. "I am now known as the Prince, not just as their officer."

The woman laughed. "And they have made me a Queen. I never expected that this is how it would be after The War."

"Nor did I ever expect this," confessed the Prince. "But it fascinates me."

"I have so many questions I would someday ask you," the Queen said. "But now I do not want to know you well. I do wonder one thing too much to wait: Why is it that the men you call slaves are so much larger than you? Before The War size would make a man the possessor, not the possessed."

"It is the way it has happened," answered the Prince. "We are all the same height, but the labor of the slaves creates larger muscles. Though they cannot move so quickly as we. It has happened. My men were very young during The War. They have very few memories. Or, if they do, they choose to forget them."

"So must we all to go on," understood the Queen.

"So my men and I work with what we have. That is why it was so easy to make our treaty with you. It leaves us with what we know and we can build on that."

"What strange things in this world," said the Queen. "But enough of that. I do not want my women to see me too friendly with you."

The Prince understood.

"We have the first boychild for you."

The Prince beamed. "We have looked forward to this. A great feast awaits to greet them. How many?"

"Four. They are all very healthy. I have not told my women about your need to separate the slaves' children from the warriors'. They would hate that. But I kept careful track myself. There are two of each." She called out and four young boys were brought forth and presented to the Prince.

"The two with blond hair are your slaves'. The two dark children," she smiled, "are warriors."

The Prince thought the boys beautiful and called out for his men to come forward. He picked up one dark boy himself and handed the other to the smith, who had become his most trusted friend. Then he told his favorite among the slaves, who was still the most handsome, to take the two blond boys.

The Prince led his men back to camp.

So it was that Kan the slave boy and Antol the warrior child became part of the village.

VI

The Prince's village prospered greatly. Every year there were more boychildren from the women. One year, much to the Queen's obvious dismay, eight of the children were male. Never were there fewer than four.

While the Prince's warriors and the slaves lived for the moment, satisfied with the good food from the fields and the game from the forest, the Prince and the overseer and the smith spent much time talking and thinking and planning. They were also the oldest of men, if only by a few years. They had the most memories of before The War.

They also had the most imagination. When certain things were obvious, they made them into rituals. Just as the weekly feast day and the sexual release it provided worked well for the village, so was there an annual feast of great delight when the boychildren were claimed from the women and another mating was accomplished.

"There will be more feast days," said the Prince, "when they are called for."

The three men were acknowledged to be the wise men of the village. It was clear that all men are not leaders. That insight had led the men to force the officer to become the Prince. Some of them would have fought for the honor, but strength was the mark of a slave, not a warrior. Or so the others had pointed out. A warrior was known for his speed and agility and the care with which he hunted; not his ability to wrestle a bear, but to shoot a pigeon was the mark of a great man. The Prince was obviously their leader. It did no good for warriors to fight with one another over such things. That led to The War and that was evil.

Warriors were needed to hunt, to oversee the slaves and to protect the fields if needed.

The Prince and his wise men were constantly talking about the slaves and the warriors and how they came to be each. The boychildren, from the beginning, were separated. The slave children were to be naked always. They were not encouraged to play and develop skills of motion and movement. They were put to tasks as soon as they were old enough. They were sent to the fields when they were very young.

The warrior children were treated totally differently. They were dressed in leather garments like their fathers and were encouraged to play and to enjoy the forests and the lake. They were watched carefully, closely, to see how they saw themselves and the slave children.

By the time the first four boys were ten years of age, certain things were becoming clear. The Prince brought his wise men together and talked about them. They were astonished by how easily certain things happened. They realized too that their other warriors did not see these things since they did not look closely, but let things develop day to day and accepted them as they evolved.

The boys had quickly learned to imitate their fathers, whichever group they belonged to. The warrior boys were quick and fast and they had a proud bearing. The slave boys worked quietly at their chores, and even though they could see the warrior boys at play they never tried to join them, but kept to the fathers at whatever work they performed.

By now there was a wheel to crush the grain that was grown in the fields. It was enormous. It was set up in such a way that it had to be pushed around and around on a flat surface. The labor was heavy and the most boring in the village. So difficult and so onerous was it that when the slaves were attached to it and told to push it on its endless circular journey, the overseer really did have to use the whip to threaten the slaves in order to get the task performed.

Yet, when the slave boys had seen their fathers at this most hated of tasks, the first thing they tried to do was join them.

The warriors did not like to have sex in front of the children. They had come to value the enormous muscle of the slaves as things highly erotic and they had no interest in the boys. But neither did they want youngsters around while they tormented the slaves.

So, each night, on a rotating basis, the overseer took one slave and put him in a cottage with the boys to watch over them. The Prince and the others quickly learned that if they ever looked into the cottage they were likely to see the boys laughing and playing with the slave there, the only time they ever saw the children so happy. If it was late, they would look in and the children would be piled high on the slave's body as they slept.

"People find pleasure no matter what their position," the Prince said. "And if you give them pleasure, they are thankful and continue working. How peculiar."

And the Prince watched as the slaves gloated over their sons. Especially did his favorite slave take great pride in the boys. Even as they toiled in the fields, the boys were told stories and taught songs. One of the first told of the great love of the Prince's favorite and how he had thrown his body at the Prince and kissed his feet and received the great honor of the Prince's attention by doing so.

"He even sings songs about this!" exclaimed the Prince.

But most astonishing and most interesting was how quickly the boys understood how they were to treat one another. Only the longer hair on their heads and small leather garments separated the warrior boys from the slave boys. But they unquestioningly accepted all the social differences they saw between their fathers.

You could see it in their games. One favorite among the warrior children was for each to choose a slave boy his own age. Each would brag about the strength and power of his slave, his choice. Then the slave boys would be attached to great weights and made to race against each other. But the winner was the warrior who choose the stronger slave, not the slave who pulled

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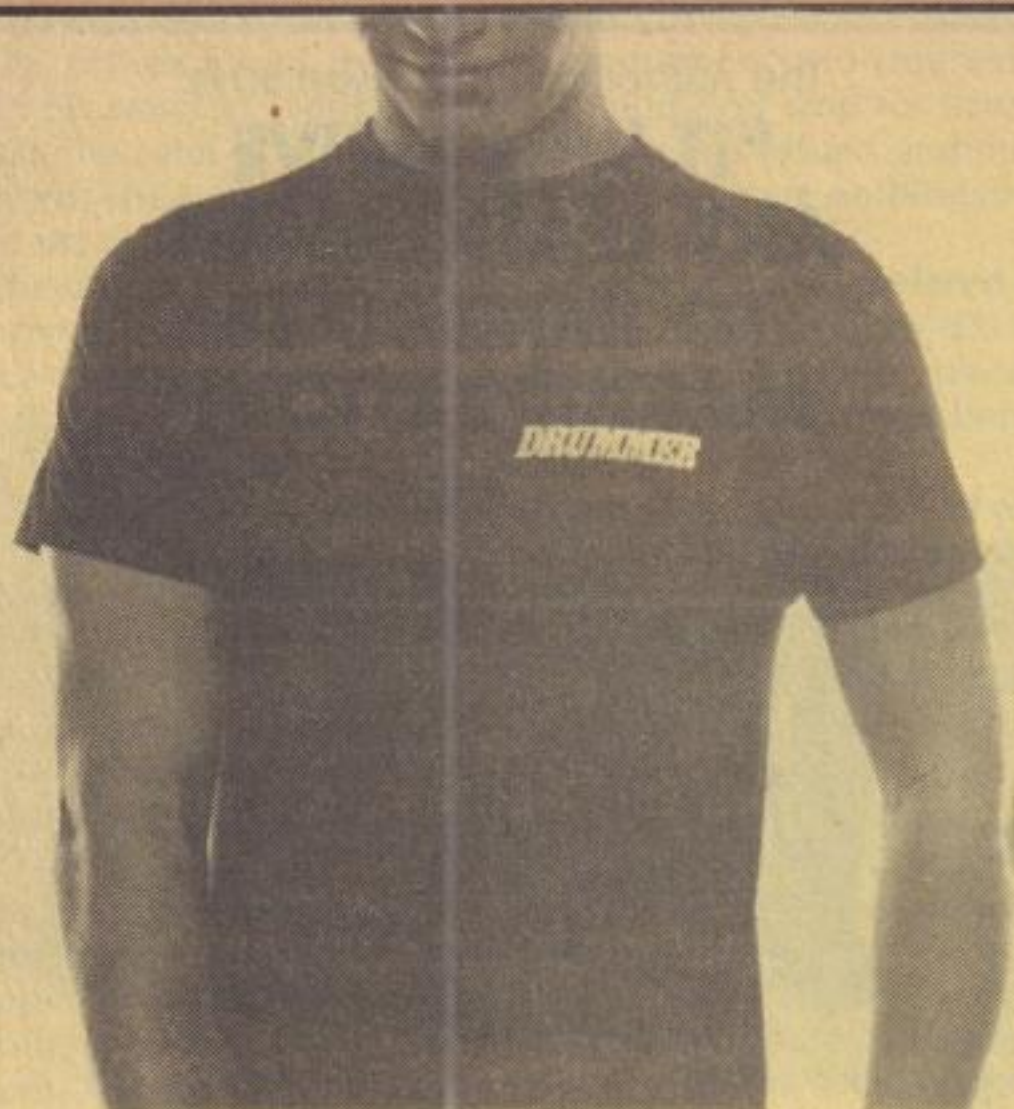
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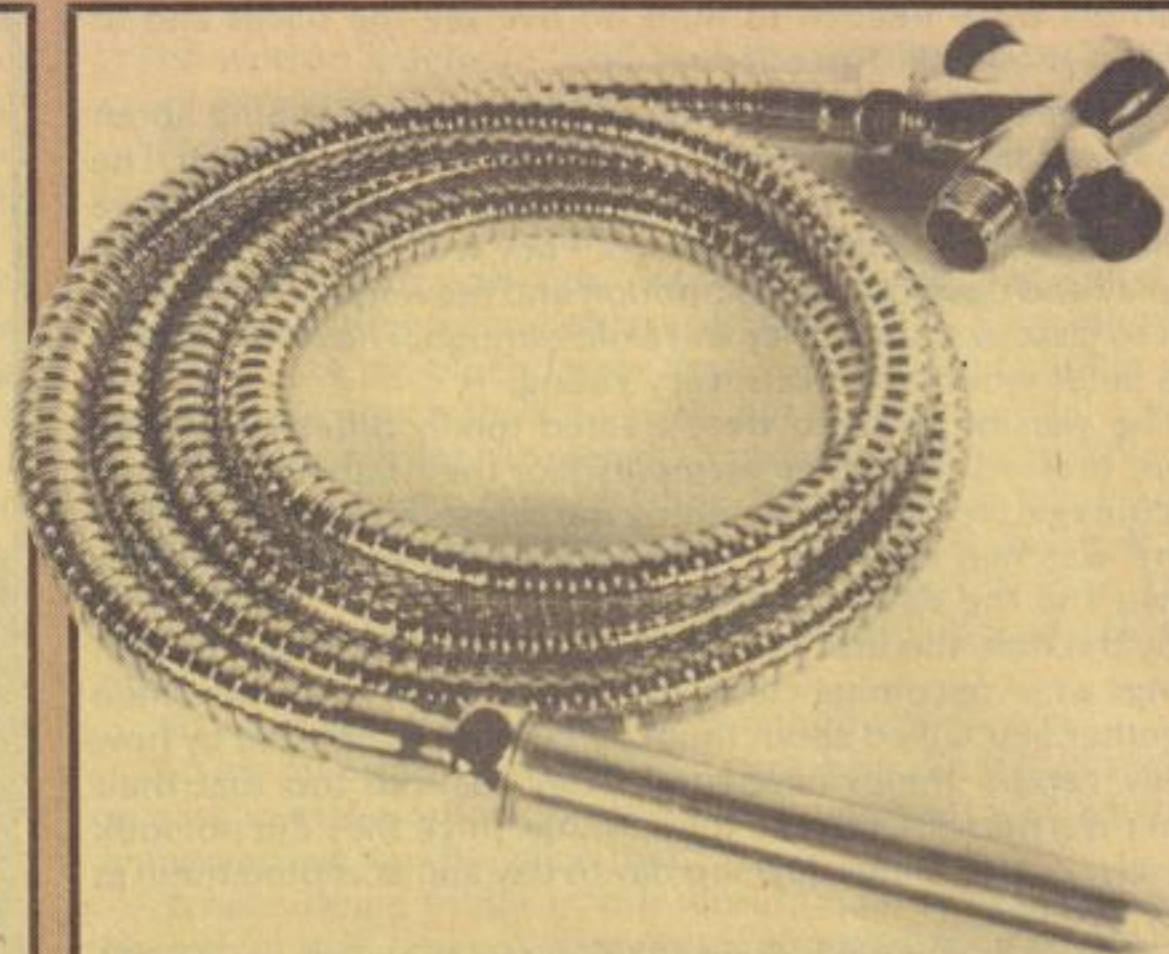
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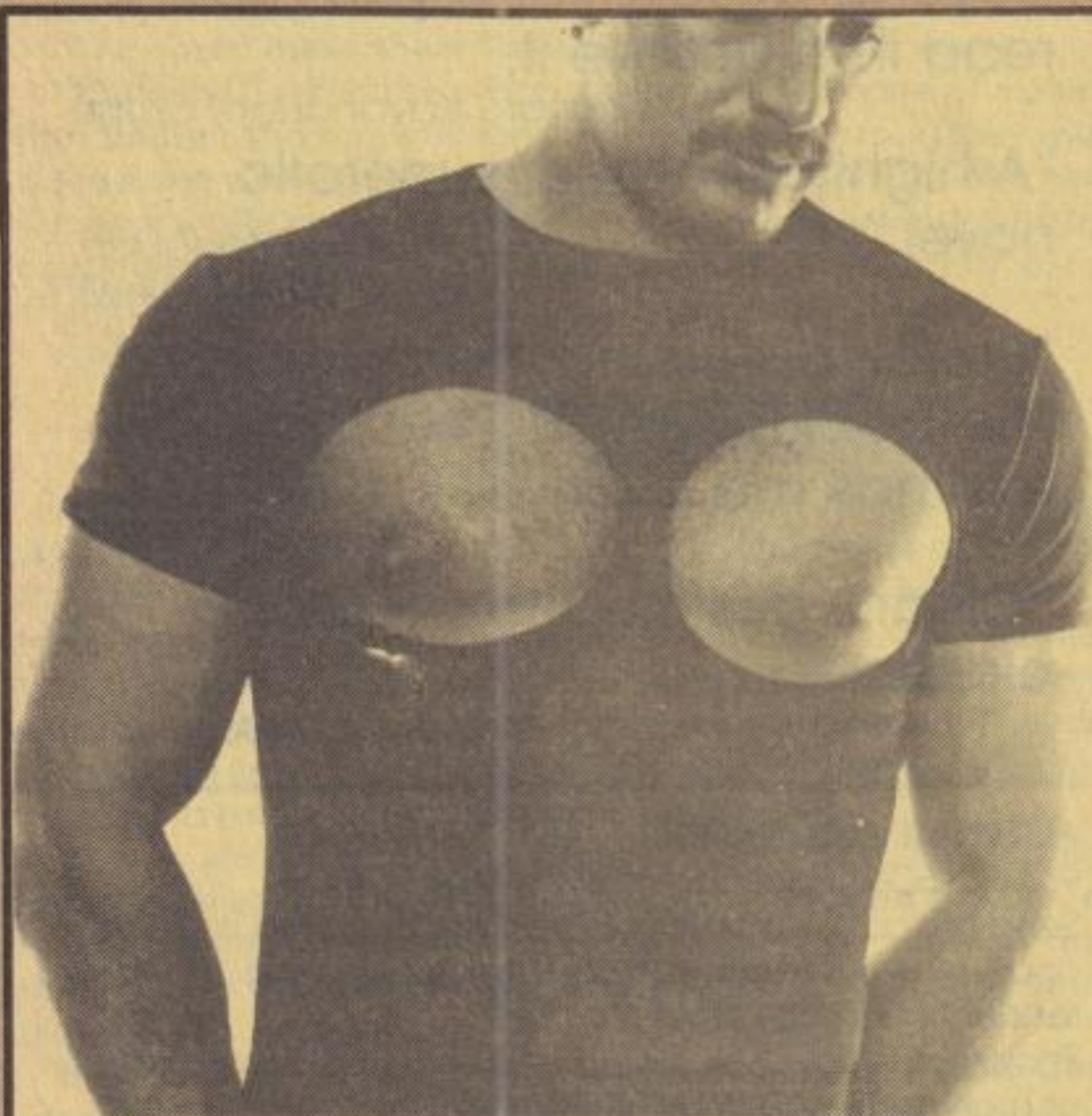
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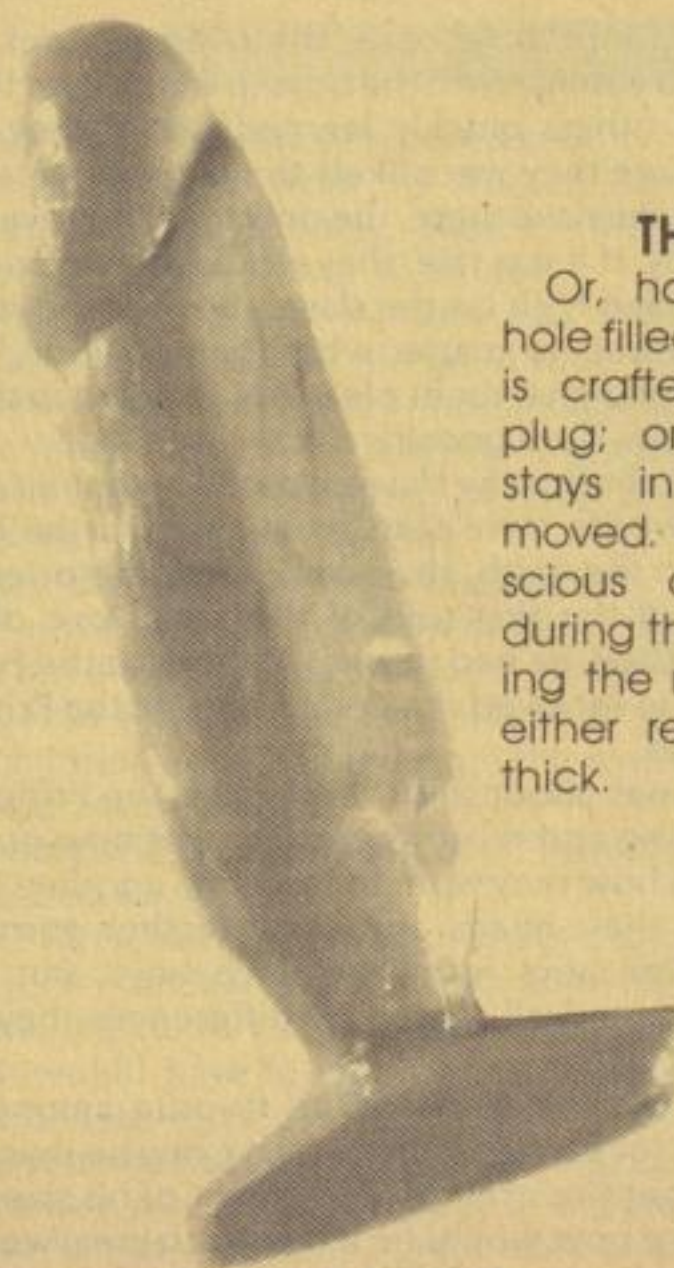
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They soon went further. They had a game where two warrior boys would take two slave boys and would put them naked over their laps. The winner was the first whose choice cried out in pain from spanking. But that was too easy, for the slave boys quickly learned how to end that game. So the warriors changed the rules. The slave boy who held out longer would be allowed to go free. But the one who cried out would be matched against a new boy and have to stay over his young master's knee and be spanked again and again until he won.

The Prince let all these things happen. He made one rule. No warrior boy could play with a slave boy who was more than one year younger. Age must never be a part of the game.

Most interesting and most promising of all were the other ways that the boys mimicked their fathers. These the Prince encouraged greatly.

The warrior boys had seen the slaves taken to the lake and cleaned for the feast day. They quickly started to do the same with the slave boys. "A warrior must learn to care for the slaves," the Prince announced. "This is the best training. From now on, every warrior child will take a slave boy to the lake every evening and wash him. It will become a duty, not a game." And so it was.

When there were many children running through the village, more than there were adults, one of the two oldest warrior children came to the Prince and asked to talk.

"Prince, every night I take the slave boy Kan to the lake as you have told me to. He is utterly complacent in this. He expects it every night; though there is another warrior boy his own age who sometimes takes him. I know that Kan waits expectantly for me. I sometimes take one of the others, but I always want to take Kan, I admit this.

"When I take Kan to the water he does as he's been taught. He stands in the lake up to his knees. He puts his hands behind his neck as though he were bound as the old slaves are, and he

spreads his legs wide apart.

"This is all as it should be. I know that. I take the soap and I stand beside him and I splash water all over him. Sometimes we play at it and I splash from far away; sometimes, especially when I'm tired, I just scoop water in my hands and let it fall on his shoulders. Then I lather him. He stays with his stance as it should be and I do as I should. Then, when I'm done, he swims in the lake just long enough to let the soap disappear."

"Why does this bother you?" asked the Prince.

"Because, since Kan and I have grown hair on our bodies something happens every time I wash him. I know it happens to me and I know it happens to him. It is as though we were adults. Our cocks get hard and I have a great longing."

The boys had grown up amongst naked adult male slaves and warriors who never hesitated to take off their leather garments to swim or during feast day. While the warriors did not like slave boys in the cottage while they took pleasure from the slave's mouths, they all knew that the boys were accustomed to their nakedness. There was no reason for them not to see erections, and they thought that probably boys of both kinds would sneak to get a look at the happenings during feast days. So would they have done as boys. There was no great mystery about sex. Why did this warrior child react this way then?

The Prince thought he understood. He told the boy whom he loved greatly all he knew about warriors and slaves and what would happen in the future.

At almost the same time, certainly on the same day, the slave boy Kan talked to the slave who was the Prince's favorite. This slave had always told Kan that he was his father. He was sure of it because of the white blond hair on the boy and the eyes that were deeply blue as his own.

It was that slave's turn to sleep with the children. He loved doing so. The youngest ran up to him when he entered the cottage and he grabbed hold of them, lifting their small bodies high into the air, an easy task for someone of his great strength,

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even with metal on his wrists and ankles. The boys played with his collar and kissed his cheeks. They loved the warmth and affection of his huge body and all gathered round him.

As usual, he told them long stories about the journey the adults had take after the evil war, how the warriors had protected the slaves from great danger and horrid beasts. For this would the slaves be ever thankful, since they could not have survived in the cold climate from which they came.

And the man told the children stories of the great work that had gone into the creation of the village and the fields where the food now grew. If the warriors did not protect the slaves, surely evil things would happen to those beautiful fields where green plants gave them all good food.

But most of all, with teasing jokes, the man told them about the emotions that a slave could feel for a warrior and how the warrior, for all their posing as cruel and mean masters, longed for the bodies of slaves as much as slaves longed for the bodies of masters. For this is how the slaves had come to see things.

When the youngest were asleep, Kan went to the man and asked to speak. The big man moved aside some of the small bodies that crowded him with their youthful warmth and made a space for the boy he thought his son to lay beside him. With the great comfort he had always found there, Kan put his head on his father's shoulder and threw an arm across his father's chest.

"Are you troubled, Kan?"

"Yes, father. It's Antol."

"Has he done you an injustice?"

"No, it's not that. It's the washing in the lake that he gives me so often. Father, I don't know what it means, but I wait every day for that moment. If he chooses to clean another boy, and he does sometimes, it makes me hurt with great pain even though I am not injured by his hand, only by his actions. And when he does take me to the lake and wash me I want it never, ever to end. The touch of him is so good and it makes me long for him so very much."

The father knew those feelings. And he knew it was time to tell his son things that were only hinted at in the stories.

VII

The Prince had decided that the village should be rebuilt with stone and brick structures to replace the original ones of wood. This involved great work in mining a quarry of fine granite that had been discovered, and in the tedious and hard work of making bricks. There was little to be done in the fields, and so the slaves were put to it.

Kan joined his father in the quarry the next day, even though he did not need to do so. The youths were not made to perform these hard labors. Still, just as they had joined in the turning of the wheel, they worked here with the older slaves as well. They did it to hear songs and to be near their fathers.

When Kan returned to the village that evening he was sore from his labor and his body was covered with stone dust mingled with his sweat. He was tired and hungry but when he saw Antol waiting for him he went directly to the young warrior.

"Do you expect me to clean you?" Antol said mockingly.

Kan was hurt by the tone. "Only if you choose to."

"You are lucky, then, that the sight of you so filthy makes me unhappy. Just so long as you do not expect it to be your due, I'll take you to the lake."

They went to the water and Kan took his position. Antol had soap and he lathered it. He rubbed Kan's arms and felt the large bicep there, bloated by the heavy lifting in the quarry that day. He washed the hair under Kan's arms and caressed that part of the slave boy gently.

His hands moved to the front and rubbed the lather onto the rounded chest muscles, lingering on Kan's nipples till that attention made Kan hiss with response and Antol could see the other youth's cock grow hard from the sensation. "You torment me so very much," Kan said finally. "Does it really give you so much pleasure?"

"Indeed, it does," Antol smiled. "I always am moved by what you would offer me and what you do for me. I stood and watched you come towards the village today and thought of you toiling in the quarry for me. I was very pleased."

"Then why did you tease me about the washing?"

"So you would never assume that rewards are here, for I doubt you could ever do enough to give me total pleasure."

"That's a cruel thing to say."

Antol ignored that. He was lathering Kan's groin now. The touch brought the slightest of moans. Then Antol used the soap to give his finger slippery access into Kan's body and the moans grew and became almost a yell.

Antol knelt slightly. He removed his finger and left Kan near tears in frustration. Now he began to wash the muscular legs. He paid close attention to the heavy thighs that had already developed on the youth. He lingered as long and as caressingly on the rounded calves. When he was done he stood. "Rinse yourself."

Kan dove into the lake and let the suds diminish. He had never learned to swim, only warrior children had. So he only went as far as he needed to clean his body. He stood then and walked back to Antol.

"Wait for me." Antol stripped off his leather garments and threw them onto the shores. He too dove into the water, but he went far out into the lake, so far Kan was frightened. Having never learned to swim it always amazed him that Antol could do this thing and he never really trusted that Antol could always come back to the shore with such ease.

But, of course, Antol was well trained and he did come back to shore. His breath wasn't even short. He walked to his garments and replaced them.

"Come walk with me."

Kan followed the warrior away from the village and to a nearby field that had been allowed to fallow. The grass had grown high here and there were many flowers. The earth was soft and only occasional bees and other insects in the air broke the calm and beauty of the place.

Antol spread out on his back and threw his legs far apart. Kan stood over him. Antol held out his arms in silent command and Kan came to him, laying his much larger body in the protection of Antol's arms. He reached over and used his mouth to suck the water from the lake that still remained in Antol's beard, which was full-grown already and as dark as his skin. Kan had always found it handsome. He loved the touch of it and the fact he didn't have one only made it more erotic.

"You torment me when you say that I would not do everything for you," Kan finally said.

"You would?"

"Always."

"Then gather flowers for me." Kan stood and went among the field and picked many of the largest and most colorful blossoms. He brought them back and offered them to Antol. "Use them to decorate my body." Kan knelt again and arranged the petals all over Antol, some resting between the warrior's legs and standing against the leather pouch that was covering the ultimate source of both their pleasure. Other flowers he arranged on Antol's narrow, hard chest and stomach.

"You are now as handsome as the fields," Kan said.

Antol smiled. "How handsome do you really think I am?"

"You are the most handsome of the warriors, even more than the Prince. You are so handsome that I would be enslaved to you no matter how I came to be born. I would labor in the fields for you forever and mine granite for your house. I would gather flowers to adorn your body and I would give up all the rest and sleep to be able to touch it."

Antol raised a hand and let it glide on Kan's strong shoulders. He used it to draw the other youth to him and he made their lips touch in a slight and tender kiss. "I would spend the rest of my life guarding you against danger and I would wash your body every night. I would oil your flesh and sooth any pain you had. I would have you on my mat always and have your muscles give me warmth on cold nights and your breath to pleasure me in

the heat."

Antol had said these words while looking directly in Kan's eyes. He had said them with a soft but real passion. Again he kissed Kan's lips. The other youth asked him, "Do you say these things to torment me?"

"No," Antol shook his head. "I torment you only to create our passion, to make it more real and less like animals than the other mens'. No, Kan, you are always in my mind and you are the most beautiful of the slaves with the most wonderful body and the sweetest disposition. I would have you always."

"Such things can never be in this village. All slaves belong to all men."

"I have talked to the Prince. He has said it might be different. If you and I are to act always and always as we do right now, then would the other warriors respect your special place with me. And if you are always and always to me as you are now, I will never look to another slave for pleasure, nor will I ever wash another slave in the lake. This the Prince has said we may do."

Kan bent over and kissed each of Antol's nipples in quiet supplication.

"But there is more," Antol said, a sadness in his voice.

"What?" asked Kan with sudden panic.

"These deep longings we have. The Prince says they are the feelings of men, not boys. And we have had hair on our bodies for years now. It is time for the two of us to join our elders. I am to be given a special feast, tonight. It will not only proclaim me a man, it will be the time when the Prince tells the men I am Heir to his position and will one day be the lawmaker."

Kan smiled, "That is wonderful!"

"I am honored. He told me many things last night. I cannot tell you all of them. But he says I am noble and that my feelings for you are only proof of that. But, Kan, there is more. If I am to be a man and to become Heir, then you, who are the same age, must also take your place as an adult. You must now wear chains."

Kan was silent for a while. "I've always known this. It has always been my fate. But, lord, will they be your chains?"

"In both our minds, always."

"Then I will bear them gladly."

Wordlessly, Antol unattached the bindings on his garment and let his naked need be cared for by Kan.

VIII

So now there was another feast day for all the men to look forward to. The Prince had decreed that this day of the year would be the one when warrior children were proclaimed men and slave boys would receive the chains that marked them as adults.

As much feasting as there was on that day, it still did not match the celebration of the three days when the men went to mate and claim their children.

Every year it seemed the celebration had grown. There was some new element added each time. It was not just the men who did this, but also the women.

Now the Queen appeared in flowing robes of fabulous colors and the women must have found gold on their land, for she wore much jewelry. When she met the Prince she sat on a large throne with many exquisite feathers on it. The women sang songs and gave her obvious, great honor.

The Prince was always amused. "Are you like me?" he asked her one feast day. "Do you simply let these things happen?"

"To make my people happy," the Queen smiled. "I don't need these things. Do you need all your symbols and rules?"

"No. But they make the men happier, so I allow them to simplify life."

"Is your life simple?" the Queen asked.

"In most ways. This climate is easy and fine. Our crops are good and plentiful, as is game and fish. We have, really, few rules and the men accept them, since they came from their needs."

"But you have slaves," the Queen said. "Surely they would

rebel?"

"You should not assume that," said the Prince. "It is the most astonishing thing, but there has never been a time when any slave has rebelled. Never."

"This is strange," the Queen said. "All types of people rebelled before The War, all categories of men and women hated their constraints."

"I don't remember clearly. I don't know if that is true. But here the slaves sing songs thanking the warriors for guarding them and they have reseen all of life to justify what has become of them. So, also, do the warriors write songs."

The Queen thought. "You have changed some things. The ways you choose who is a slave and who not are unlike the old ones. I know you did some things, my Prince, which must have been the results of real decisions. They were decisions that were unlike those a man would have made before The War. I saw you purposely make the first warrior children the sons of dark skinned women. Then, only later, did I see that you changed even that."

"My women have done similar things, removing so many barriers, only to construct new ones, some real, some symbolic. Like this fence of bamboo that marks the border between our lands. It is not strong enough that your powerful slaves could not tear it down nor tall enough that your limber warriors could not leap over it. But they have built it to separate themselves, almost to make life more simple for them."

"Do your women also have slaves?"

"No," but the Queen frowned, "not as you do, with chains and without clothing. But there are some who would serve and some who would receive attention. This puzzles me. I did not think it would be so."

"Is it to make life easy?"

"It is to make sense of life in some ways. Though in others it only seems to ask more questions."

They were served and they looked around at the men who drank and sang and celebrated the anticipation of the children. The Prince explained those songs to the Queen. She then told the Prince that the women, who sang on the other side of the bamboo wall, had other words and hopes, for they were singing of the joys of becoming mothers and praying to a goddess that their bodies and those of the men they would mate with all be fertile to produce many, many girl children.

"You dislike boys so much?"

"No," the Queen said quickly. "Not that, but we know the boys will leave us and there is so little to soothe the hurt of losing children."

"It must be easier on my men," the Prince replied, "since they never have to see their daughters and so can be happy with the sons they are so pleased with."

The Queen was suddenly very sad. "Prince, I want to ask you for something I shouldn't want. I expose myself to pain that is unnecessary."

"What is that?"

"The first year there were two dark skinned boys. One of them was my own child. I would see him, how he has grown, what he looks like."

"I know which one he is, I suspect it in any case. He is the most noble of the children, now an adult warrior. I have chosen him to be my Heir. But, my Lady, would you really see him? To what end?"

"I would. I know not why I should look at what I must never have, but I would. He is noble you say?"

"The men sing songs of his pure heart and the great feelings that go between him and his slave. Would you see both of them? Because, dear Lady, I have my own secret. Antol, who is your son and my Heir, is the lord of my own favorite's child."

"Yes, let me see."

The Prince called over Antol and Kan. When they reached the Queen's throne, Antol knelt, the sign of a warrior's deepest respect. Kan, though, spread his entire body on the ground, his arms outspread and his legs as far apart as his chains would allow.

The two young men could not understand the language the Queen and Prince spoke.

"I loathe the sight of this slave."

"Look closely, my Queen, and see what is truly there."

While the two leaders sat and Kan and Antol gave them full respect, Antol also kept a hand on Kan's body, lightly running a tender finger up and down the deep cleft of Kan's large back. It was a movement of great grace and obvious affection.

The Queen looked at Antol. "I cannot help but be proud of him," she said. "He is handsome. His beard and carriage proclaim him a man of decency and even, as you said, nobility. But this other youth? Does my son mistreat him?"

"Never," said the Prince. "I told you, they are sung about and their lives together are held in their greatest esteem by all the others. They are models of what the men would aspire to become, a hard working slave and an always loving and protective master."

"These things will not last," the Queen said. "There will be dissension and there will be anger and rebellion and it will lead to war."

"I don't know that. Not at all. There is not any of that yet, I assure you. We are here and we will keep our treaty. There will be no war unless there are other people and we need to protect this valley. We have never attacked you nor violated your boundary. Nor will we."

"Do you know, my Lady, what I hold as the greatest penalty? The thing that makes discipline easiest?"

"To turn a warrior into a slave?"

"No. No. That would threaten it all, that would demean the slaves in ways that are not necessary. It would change how they view themselves and the warriors. The one threat in our law that has the most meaning is that a man—a slave or a warrior—would be sent out of this valley never to return. He could not then experience the great longing that slaves and masters have for one another, nor could he be protected or given the honor of protecting."

"Look at these two bodies, Queen, look at the muscles on Kan and imagine what strength they hold. It is true that Antol has more training and that he has much greater speed. But surely you must be able to see that Kan could easily overpower him and take what he might and change that whole of their relationship."

"But he never has and he never will. Because his life—though it might be full of labor—is full of feelings and because Antol is the center of them."

The Queen looked at Antol and held out a hand. He reached over and kissed it with reverence. She then stroked his chin slightly. "He is so handsome," she repeated.

She looked at the undeniable beauty of Kan's outstretched figure. "Why should such a noble youth be denied anything?"

IX

It came to happen one evening that Antol took Kan to the field where they spent so many times after the day was over. He had Kan collect flowers and they took their release. They each fell asleep afterwards. Antol did not wake till the next morning, and had not returned the young slave to the place he should have been.

The Prince discovered this. He immediately called the guards responsible for protecting the slaves and berated them greatly.

"But, Lord," they defended themselves, "we knew where they were. They often go there; everyone knows it. We checked and saw them sleeping and they were so peaceful we chose not to disturb them. They were so beautiful, Lord, with Kan's head resting on Antol's chest and Antol's warrior's arms wrapped protectively around the one for whom he has such great feelings. It seemed so unnecessary and so unkind to disturb such beauty."

When the Prince had told his Heir that he might be able to take Kan for his own, he had warned Antol that he must always measure the others' jealousy. Only with perfect nobility

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between the two, Antol and Kan, could the other men be kept away.

This incident made the Prince most upset. When the men saw Antol and Kan together, they had never tried to interfere. But Kan was also kept with the other slaves and always took a mat on feast days. That Antol would go to it immediately and stay there had not bothered the rest. But if he were to keep Kan from even the possibility of the other men, what would happen then?

The Prince called the smith to him and asked what he thought of it. After all, the smith was one of the most lustful warriors who had always delighted in leaving many totems of appreciation on a single feast night.

"Lord, if there wasn't much food here, we would fight over what existed. If there weren't many slaves, and more to come as they gained manhood, then, too, would we fight over them. But why should we fight over Kan or, indeed, over your own favorite? It would make no sense. There are others with handsome muscles and willing dispositions, and there is no need for each warrior to use all the slaves.

"I suppose there is something else," the smith pondered. "We all know that you have many responsibilities and you constantly prove yourself noble to us in your lawmaking. We assume that you have privileges to go with your office. And, since Antol is your Heir, so does he have privileges."

The Prince pondered all this and finally reached a fearful decision. He called together all the men as soon as the slaves had returned from the fields.

"Antol is Heir to the place of Prince in the village. That does not give him more rights than others have, but more responsibilities. Truly, the most important responsibility of any warrior is the protection of the slaves. Yet Antol would let Kan sleep undefended in an open field. This is unforgivable. This is cause for great shame—something none of you have felt for many years because you are so used to giving each other honor in protecting and in receiving protection.

"So, Antol must have his shame demonstrated to you all. I have thought long about how to do this. But he, like all the young warriors, is proud and competent and able. Shame would be hard to impose on him. So I will attach shame to him in the manner which leaves him most vulnerable.

"Antol," the Prince turned to his own Heir and spoke very sternly, "I will punish you in two ways. One is simple and you should expect it: I decree that you are to leave this village for four feast days and that you are to live alone in the forests and catch and cook your own food.

"To shame you, I decree this. Kan shall work as always. But he shall not be washed ever while you are gone. No warrior is to take him to the lake, nor is any warrior to give him release. He is to labor in filth and disgrace. On feast days he is to be tied to a post in the middle of the camp and he will be seen by all in his misery and he will watch all of their celebrations without hope of pleasure himself.

"Now, this very evening, go. To the woods. As you leave, cast your eyes on Kan and realize that he will suffer because of your laxness. Go."

All the men were shocked by the severity of the Prince's decree and watched in agony as the noble Heir stood. Antol looked at Kan with his mouth open, as though he would apologize or argue, perhaps. But he did neither. He picked up a spear and then, without saying a word, he ran from the village into the forest.

All around the camp slaves and warriors grasped hold of one another, as though in silent vows that his should never happen to them.

X

After the moon had waxed and waned, and the fourth feast day was gone, Antol returned. He stood remorsefully at the edge of the village as he waited for Kan to come back from the fields. When he did, Antol let out a loud cry of despair.

His favorite was covered with grime and his body had grown much hair. His beard was stubbled, longer than ever before. A

stench came from his flesh. No other slave, not even the one who said he was Kan's father, walked near him. They acted with deep embarrassment, always looking away from him as though they did not want to view his disgrace.

Antol ran to him and threw his arms around his chest. He sobbed loudly and plaintively. Kan began to speak, but Antol covered his lips with his own and silenced him. Still with tears in his eyes, he led Kan to the lake.

There, with more care than ever before, he washed Kan. He lathered his body for a long, long time, taking great care to deliver soothing and gentle sensations to those parts of Kan's body that made him respond with hisses of delight and anticipation.

He took metal and shaved Kan's face and chest, and his legs and all of him that had hair on it.

Then he led Kan further into the water and lowered him carefully. When the soap was gone, Antol took Kan to the shore and applied oil evenly and carefully over all Kan's body till the smooth and once again hairless flesh shone in the light of the setting sun.

All the time Antol had tears in his eyes from the sight of Kan's disgrace, and there was as much shame in his own heart as the Prince had known there would be. For, while he thought about Kan all the time he had been in the forest, never had he expected that this beautiful slave would be so completely filthy and that even his own father would have stayed far away from him.

As Antol applied the last of the oil, Kan spoke. "I am deeply frightened, Lord Heir."

"Of what? You will never be frightened again. Ever. I promise that. Why should this be your concern?"

"I am frightened that you are angry with me for sleeping in the field, or that you are angry with the Prince for his punishment of us. I cannot bear to think what would happen if these things are so. If you blame me for your disgrace, then I have thought this whole time that you would turn against me, leaving me alone on a mat by the fire and never again giving me release or letting me serve you."

Antol laughed aloud through his tears. "Nothing that has happened is your responsibility. And to have been without you all this time had only made you more dear to me. Though I warn you, it has led me to want even more complete service from you, for not having you has led to many dreams of what you might do for me. I will have them all."

Kan slipped to the ground and spread his body as far as his chains would allow and kissed the Heir's feet. "There is no service you could ask that I would not provide. Being apart from you has only made me know that more. I have longed for your touch and even for your torments all the time we have been separated."

"You shall see how much I will demand of you. But first, dismiss all your concerns about the Prince. I did—I will admit this—think violent thoughts about him and the things he would do to you. But I know, now, that he was right and, if anything, too kind."

He used a hand to guide Kan back to his feet. He let their lips meet with great gentleness. The two went back to the village.

Antol led Kan to the campfire where many warriors had already gathered. He ordered Kan to supplicate himself before the men and then he himself fell to his knees. Never had the warriors received this action from the Heir. They had only seen him grant it to the Prince and the Queen.

"Warriors, I have committed a great disservice and I have paid dearly for it. The Prince was correct in what he did. He could not have been too harsh in his sentence to me because there could not have been a greater crime.

"I took Kan to a field full of flowers and I used him and gave myself release. We slept there unprotected. There may still be people abroad who are not good. There certainly are dangerous animals in the forest who still come quite near that field. But I left Kan there in his chains. If we had been attacked he could not have run, as I could, nor could he have fought, as I have

been trained to do.

"And, more, I had taken from him thoughts of the danger. I had filled his heart with longings that night and distracted him with ideas of feelings and service so that he slept with dreams and emotions, not with the alertness of a warrior.

"So I received the worst of punishments. A warrior can be made to sustain all things. We have been taught this. We run until our lungs burn and then run more. We can march all day without resting. We have been taught the importance of a constant vigilance that allows us to spend long hours alone without terror. But I have a weakness and our Prince knew it. Whatever I can sustain, whatever I can endure, I cannot bear the idea of this man for whom I have such deep emotions being disgraced.

"Tonight I wish to sleep with Kan. But I have been the one to violate him. His sleep has been deep and his service has been complete because I have always promised to protect him. I need to rebuild that trust in him. I beg you, let me take Kan to a mat tonight, and would you guard us so that he knows the warriors of the village, not just this one who is so unworthy, but all of them, will stand over him with spears and keep away all evil things?"

The warriors had never heard such a speech. But they were moved by it. They did not respond with words. First, one went to get a fine mat and to place it by the campfire. Another sent away all the children. Then the rest placed themselves in the traditional oval around the mat, with their backs to it, as though to give it privacy as well as protection.

Only then did Antol lead Kan to that place and allow himself to view the great beauty of the wonderful body he had missed for so very long.

Antol went to the stores that remained from his exile and took from them game he had caught in the wild. He took it to the fire and cooked it over a spit. He brought the rich-smelling meat to Kan and fed the slave with his own hands. Piece by piece he placed it on Kan's lips, not only bringing pleasure from the taste of the food, but fueling Kan's needs, so long denied by the Prince's decree; for the touch of the lips was the most sensitive the warriors used on the slaves.

So Antol brought Kan to a passion, and by the end he was begging to feel Antol himself in his mouth, with loud and unashamed words that all guards would hear and each would desperately desire to receive himself from a slave.

XI

The men sang new songs after that night, songs of great honor for Antol who would do so much for Kan. It made every warrior look anew at every slave. Never had they perceived the great vulnerability of these men, or so it seemed. Their chains kept them from movement and their labor had made them heavy with the muscles of workers, or so the warriors saw it.

The slaves were guarded more carefully than ever before and their baths became more important still. The oils were chosen with great care and they were applied with great delicacy.

The Prince was amused that he could be so constantly astonished by his men and how they acted. "Is it so," he asked the smith, "that if you give men all the food they need and promise them children and a future, they will go about life doing nothing but creating these great emotions in one another? My warriors now enslave themselves to men they call slaves. They spend their time working hard only for the release of washing and what comes afterwards. They take as much effort in learning new ways to create passions as they do anything else."

The smith could only smile, since his answer was honest: "It makes my life worthwhile. How can I judge the others?"

The Prince still spent every evening with his favorite, as well as every feast day. It had happened, without any thought, that the favorite's name fell into disuse and was discarded for a new title: "The Most Beautiful." The Prince talked with this slave as often as with any of his aides, but in a different way, asking questions and trying to discover the ways Most Beautiful

thought, hoping he would understand all slaves, and perhaps all men, by this.

The passion between Most Beautiful and the Prince was enormous, as great as that between Antol and Kan. They would share a mat at night. The Prince would take great pleasure in running his fingertips over Most Beautiful's lips, with long elegant strokes. He had done this for so long, always in anticipation of using this lovely mouth, that Most Beautiful had grown to feel it with almost as much sensation as the release itself.

As the Prince did this to him, Most Beautiful would groan in the most wonderful agony. Delighting in this torment he would lift his hips and his needing erection, and when the Prince finally delivered his own cock to Most Beautiful's lips it was often enough to force the slave's release.

Most Beautiful had been in chains as long as any man in the world. He had labored as long and had as long been the object of a warrior's torment. But his life seemed happy. He delighted in the children and played with them often, very often giving up sleep to do so. Since the other warriors no longer used him, he would go to the children as soon as the Prince was done with him and tell them stories and sing them songs.

All the labor and the heavy weight of the ever-present chains had left Most Beautiful with a body beyond the imagination of people before The War. He was enormous, more than huge, more than powerful. When he tormented Most Beautiful's lips and made him strain against the chains he wore, the Prince sometimes wondered if those mammoth muscles would break the metal.

One night, after they had both found release, he asked his favorite, "What would you do if your restraints broke? Would you run into the forest and escape this life? Would you challenge me?"

The slave was horrified. "Never, not one of those things." And even though he had just been given release he threw himself onto his knees and raised his midsection as he had been told to do to show his submission. His mouth traveled quickly and passionately over the Prince's firm belly and left a train of honest kisses. He stopped his movement only when he came to the Prince's cock, which he had been warned never to touch without permission.

"Then perhaps I should end your bondage. I should break the chains myself and you could walk through the village without their weight. You could carry children more easily and you could embrace me with more freedom."

Most Beautiful looked at him with a puzzled expression. "Don't I please you as I am? The children already love me and take my caresses even if there is metal that goes with them."

The Prince smiled. "Don't you remember before The War when you, too, were a warrior? You were a soldier when I found you. You even had a uniform."

Most Beautiful looked at the Prince blankly. "There is nothing from The War, but that I am and that I escaped. You are now my Prince. You treat me well; even your torments end with my release. There are laughing children and plenty of food. Nothing threatens me. Would you ever let the sins of Antol be repeated and leave me unprotected as Kan was? No. We all know that.

"The War is such a distant memory. All that has come since has no sense in relation to it. Think back, Prince, to who we were and what we have become. Think of the horrible death and the limited passion that was there, so long, long ago.

"I remember more of it than I want to. Much, much more. But my labor makes me sleep and I have learned many things from this new life. 'I would rather children grew up here,' he looked around at the men circling the campfire, 'than in the world before The War.'

"So you would keep your chains?"

Most Beautiful answered, "These chains are nothing. They come with the rising sun and they are a part of my feelings for you. Know this, Prince, I remember very well the first time I kissed your feet. I never would have done that before The War. But I have not regretted having done it. Not once." □

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The "Falconhead" myth continues in the new film "Maneaters" by award winning filmmaker Michael Zen. Zeus production stills from "Maneaters" makes for a hot magazine.

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Artist Cavelo's latest and most erotic illustrated muscle/bondage effort. We're not talking historical fact here... only non-stop hard-on fantasy.

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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Mr. Townsend,

I have a problem which I'm sure is pretty common, and I'm sure a lot of guys would be happy if you would address it in your column. Although I'm into SM action, where I function most satisfactorily as a Top—the role I prefer—I am very self-conscious about my voice. I know I sound “nelly,” and sometimes in the middle of a scene I am almost paralyzed at the sound of my own voice. This is a problem, of course, that haunts me outside my gay relationships as well, because I'm sure I come across as “fag-goty” when I'd just as soon be innocuous as to my sexual preference. I don't think the rest of my appearance is especially effeminate, so if I could just control my voice, I would lead a much more comfortable existence.

Tom, Montana

Dear Tom,

This is a problem you share with many guys, although I think you are probably more self-conscious than you need to be. Just the fact of your recognizing the situation is probably helping you, subconsciously, to correct it except in times

of heightened stress or emotion. If your voice is naturally high-pitched, it is going to be more difficult to modify than if it is only the tonal inflection. Still, you can go through the same basic exercises that many actors do when they practice facial expressions or posture in front of a mirror. In your case, dealing with sound, you could devise your own training program and work at it for a few minutes every day. Plug one ear when you do this, because that allows you to hear yourself better. Write yourself some short scripts and practice them. Use a tape recorder, if that's easier. To lower the pitch of your voice, you have to train yourself to speak more from the diaphragm. Since this is a vocal (singing) technique, you might want to check the library for some books by the better known vocal coaches. A friend of mine who had the same problem actually started taking singing lessons in order to master these techniques, and it really helped to “butch up” his act.

Dear Larry,

I always read *Drummer*, and am intrigued by the Leather/SM scene; but despite a few excellent experimental experiences, I am reluctant to get further into it. I am chubby, and do pretty well with the chubby-chasers. But my reasoning on the leather scene goes this way: The chubby-chaser scene represents at most 1% of the gay world. If the leather world is 10% of the whole, then that doesn't leave me with a helluva lotta men to find. I see a group of chubby leathermen in one of our local bars, but they are scraggly-bearded, heavily tattooed, and look more like the villains in motorcycle movies than gay leathermen. They appear totally unapproachable, seem only into each other, and never come on to or leave with anybody else. I don't want to be like them. I was wondering whether you could shed some light on this. Are there more chubbies and chasers in the scene than I imagine?

S.B., Los Angeles

Dear S.B.,

Although you ask some well-framed questions, you left out a couple of important points, so I'll have to make a few assumptions. First, you are inexperienced, so you are probably looking to be a bottom, at least in the beginning. Second, you say you're “chubby.” This might mean you are 20 pounds overweight, or that you're mountainous. I'm going to assume that you are somewhere in between. I'm also going to assume that your age is something less than senior citizen. All this being the case, I'd have to say that your chances are going to be about the same in our scene as any other. Most guys are not turned on by fat, but there's a lot who don't seem repelled by it—especially if the chubby has a reasonably enticing personality. The “chubbies” you saw in the bar are fairly typical

throughout the leather scene, and they seem to do all right—functioning in a variety of roles and different scenes. Overweight Tops, of course, do better than overweight bottoms—for obvious reasons. If you want to try it, I don't see why you shouldn't. After all, it isn't a one-way street. If you can't find partners among the leather guys, you can always revert to the scene you know. I would strongly suggest that you not be too quick to reject the guys you describe in your local bar, however. They are probably much less formidable than they appear. If you talk to one or two of them it might serve to break the ice.

Dear Sir:

I have read in *Drummer* about the use of electrical torture. While you have mentioned that it should always be applied well away from the chest, and have mentioned devices such as the Relax-A-Cisor, I am still in the dark. No one I have ever talked to has heard of that device. I would probably be able to build an appropriate device, but don't know where to begin in the way of voltages, resistance, or safeguards—and something tells me that guessing wouldn't be a good idea. Do you have a source of plans? Would you be willing to publish them? If you can help me in any way, I would appreciate it. Thanks for your help and your great mag.

Brian, CT

Dear Brian,

Any of us who write on SM, knowing we'll be read by a general audience, are reluctant to encourage certain forms of experimentation. Electricity is one of these, because of its lethal potential. On the other hand, making too great a mystery of it can be an even greater stimulus to experiment. The machine you're asking about was taken off the market by the Feds in the '60s, because it was a device designed to electrically stimulate the large muscles that are more frequently exercised in a gym or calisthenics. It consisted of contact pads that were placed at either end of the muscle to be stimulated, then controlled through a “black box” for strength of current and frequency of impulses. Something similar has recently shown up in establishments offering “passive exercise.” Its application to an SM situation is obvious, but the potential for misuse and injury is also apparent. If you want one, you'll just have to hunt through flea markets and junk shops. Marketing such a machine, or reproducing its plans would—in my opinion—be unethical and probably illegal.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

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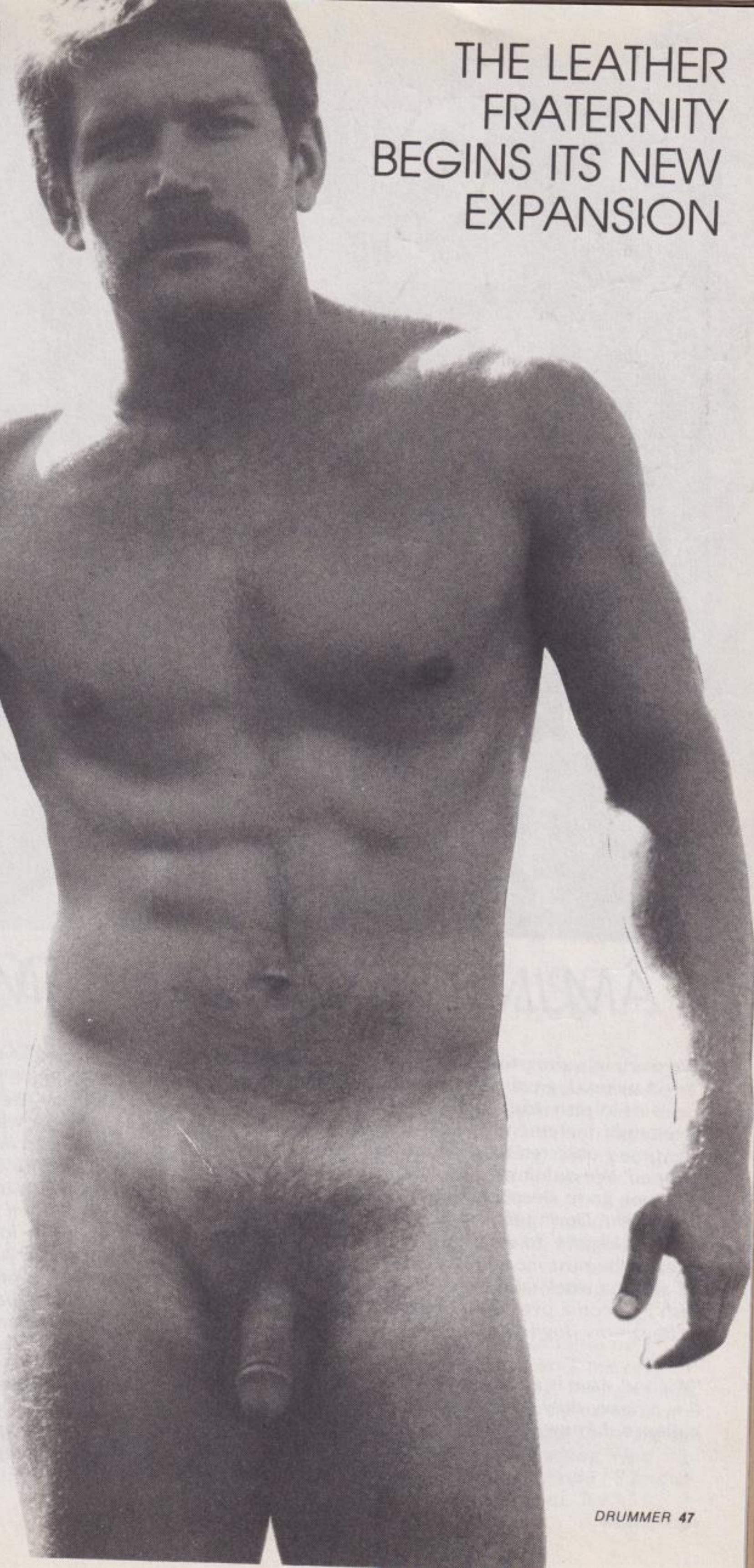
SOCIAL NOTES

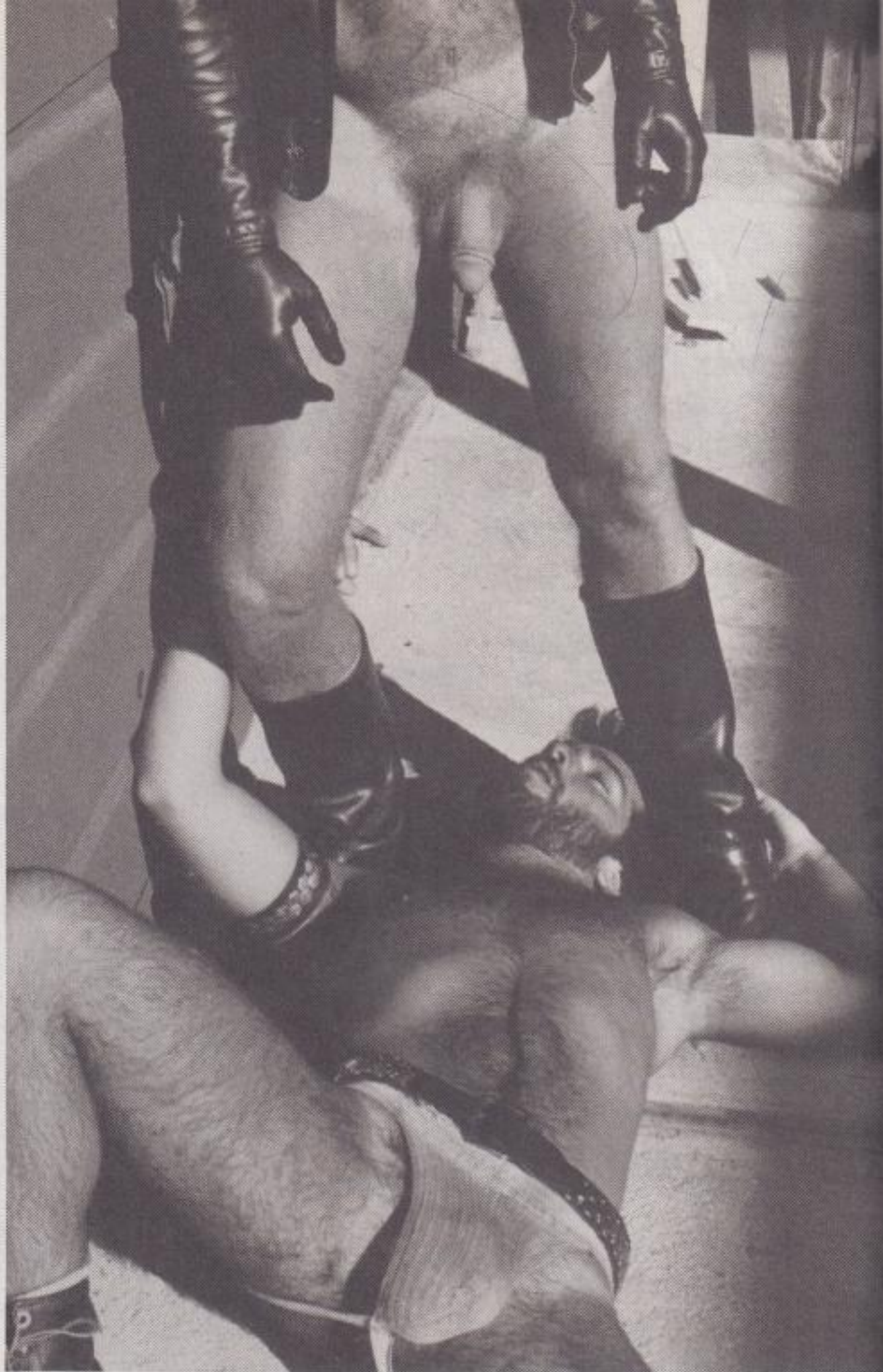
LEATHERMEN ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE MARCHED TO THE LEATHER FRATERNITY'S BEAT...

The Fraternity, whose newsletter evolved into DRUMMER Magazine has changed a lot in eleven years. But its reason for being has not. Men still want to find other leathermen to fulfill their fantasies or to seek out a man who speaks the same language. In its new recruitment drive, the Leather Fraternity hopes to add another thousand members to make it the biggest leather organization around.

The applications come in telling us about the member and about the man he is seeking. The requirements are as varied as the individuals sending them in. What turns one on or off doesn't necessarily have the same effect on everyone else. Not everyone is looking for someone tall, dark and handsome. Among the questions asked in the rude questionnaire is about the member's first S/M or leather experience. The answers vary from no answer to "when I was in college" to some details that are too good to pass over. Privacy is respected at all costs, of course, but the answers to the questions tell us with whom we are dealing and what they are in search of. Their ads in DRUMMER's classified section tells you much on those subjects but some of these experiences tell you a lot more. Perhaps they are very much like your own, either in fact or fantasy.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY BEGINS ITS NEW EXPANSION





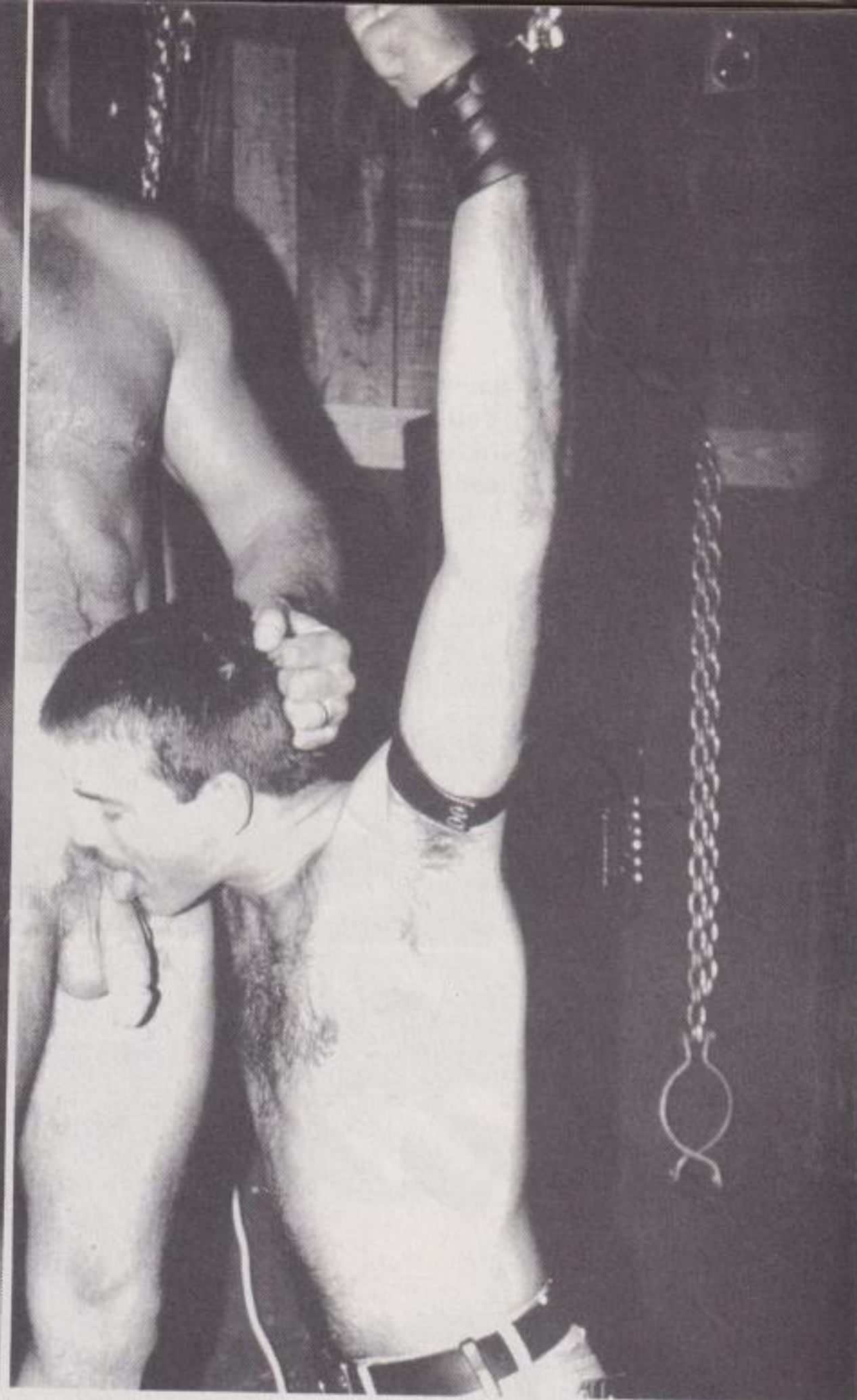
"I AM INTO MEN AND I AM NOT GOING

"We were in a drugstore and the guy I was with started trying dog collars on me. He made me buy one, plus a leash. Instead of going out that night we stayed in his basement and he worked me over. Everytime I objected to anything I got my ass whipped. We didn't stop for hours and by the time he let me go to sleep I was very polite and subservient. During the night he kept getting horny and making me do whatever he wanted. He told me to leave the next morning and he might call me. He did about a week later, told me to wear my collar and leash and come over right then. I ran all the way and he began my dog training."

"A good slave is a turn-on as well as a responsibility. It is a heavy duty relationship and takes a lot of patience. I know, I've been there."

"My lover at the time was being funny and pissed on my leg while we were cleaning out the garage. I got him down on the dirty, oily cement floor and started beating his ass with my hand. We discovered it turned us both on. I ripped his clothes off and used my belt on him. Then I did the pissing. I made him crawl back into the house when I was through and wouldn't let him get dressed for the whole weekend. I found out he loved to be dominated and I found I love to punish! I am stern, unyielding and demand that my orders are followed. I do not force anyone to do something that would endanger them, either physically or mentally. The pleasure derived has to be mutual."

"Many leathersmen are merely looking for someone to share their free time and/or their lives with. Not all seek the same type, the same age or personality as themselves. There is a rapport that is unusual even with run-of-the-mill gays."



TO SETTLE FOR ANYTHING ELSE..."

"A couple years ago at the Club Baths (NYC) I walked into a room and found a man in total leather. He soon had me on my knees with a collar around my neck. In the next few hours he taught me what sex was all about. I never saw him again, but I enjoy serving a macho man. I learn how to please very quickly and I hope I have never left anyone unsatisfied."

"My lover caught me messing around with someone else and he took me home and punished me. I knew I deserved it so I let him do anything he wanted. He whipped my ass and shaved my body so I would be too embarrassed to strip in front of anyone. Then he painted his name on my ass and made me suck him off while it dried. We have never gone back to vanilla sex since, and now when there is someone else, we both take them on. If the new man is a bottom, he lets me be a top as long as I do what I am told."

"Three years ago, a guy and I met a couple of army sergeants who invited me to play strip poker in his hotel room. After the losers lost their clothing, the game went on and we played for penalties. I ended up with my first titwork, ass-paddling, having to suck and losing my cherry. For a long time later, whenever either of the soldiers were on furlough, they would appear at my door and demand that I put them up and put out usually for the weekend. I had to say "sir" and they treated me like I was a yard bird. I really look forward to those times and am looking for someone to replace them."

"I am into men and I am not going to settle for anything less. Anyone who wants to work me over better know how and what he is doing. I will give him my respect along with my body when he earns it. It is not that I am a pushy bottom, just that there are so many guys out there who are all play-acting. I am looking for a long-time commitment. Hope I'll find it this way. Now can I get up off my knees, Sir?"



"At the baths while having sex, the man handcuffed me, then deftly tied my ankles. I panicked and said I wanted to go have a smoke first, he said if I go, don't bother coming back. There is the door. But if you stay, keep your fucking mouth shut. I stayed and it was the best scene I ever had. Five hours later, he let me go. We were drenched with sweat and I worked very hard to please him. I am looking for someone to please, now that I know a lot more about what is expected of me."



"I LOVE HAVING POWER OVER ANOTHER MALE"

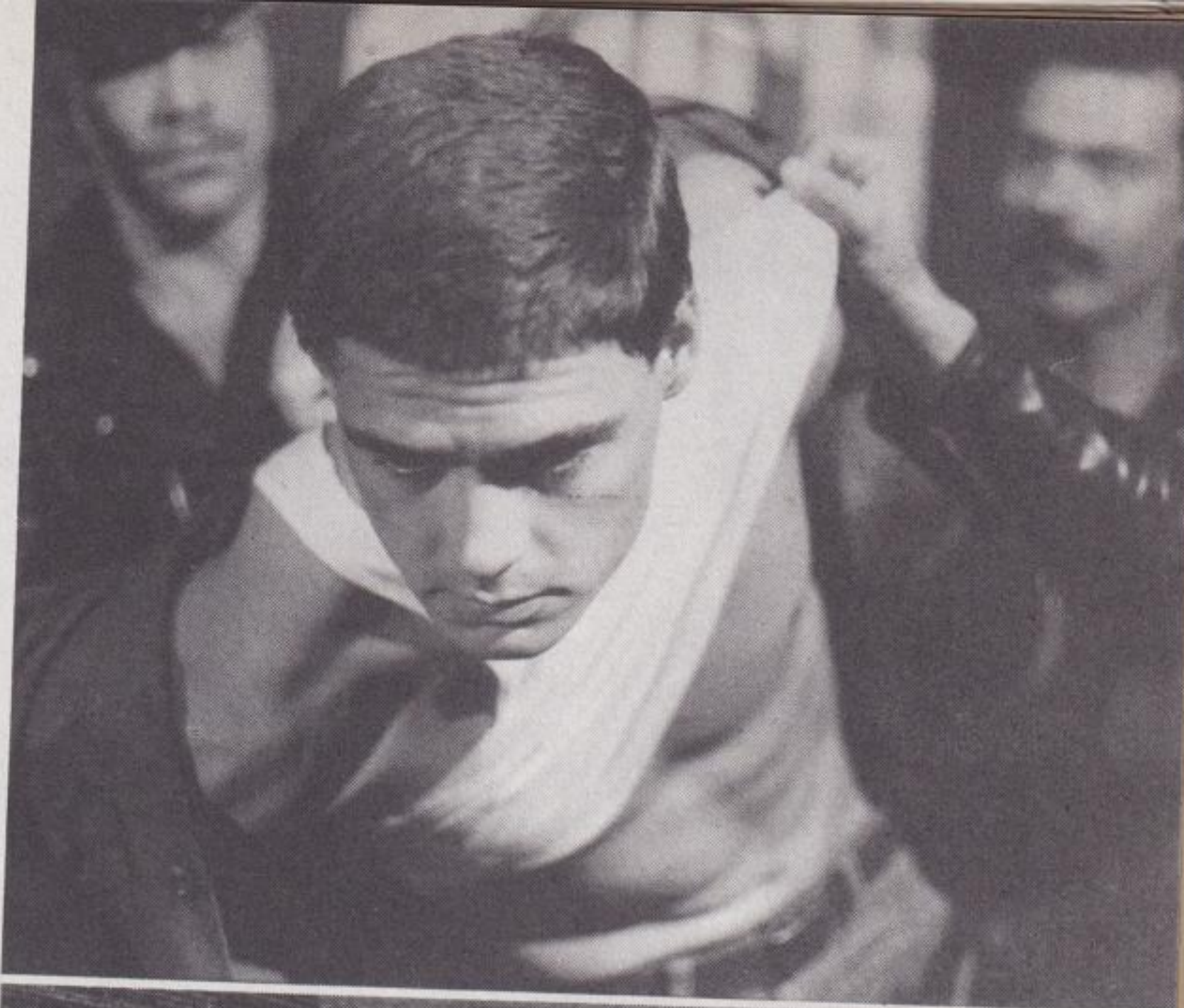
"I was at the beach when a guy on a motorcycle came by and asked me if I wanted to go for a ride. I got on and he went down into a canyon which was very isolated. He pulled off my trunks and made me go down on him, then he laid me over the bike and fucked me. He made me drink wine and do poppers. He was very rough and he wouldn't let me get off the bike, even after he came. He wouldn't let me touch myself, said I had to come naturally while he was fucking me. The second time I did just that and he wouldn't give me back my swim trunks until we got back to the beach. We got together many times after that and he had me doing anything he wanted. I even had to take care of his friends. Finally, he gave me to one of his friends and I never saw him again."



"I love having power over another male. I used to tie my roommate up. I would hogtie him and not let him go until I was through doing everything to him I wanted. I shaved him, whipped him, worked on his tits and his cock and balls. He loved it and I loved it. Any guy I find with too much body hair will get it taken off."

"I answered an ad for spanking and the fellow used a paddle on me. I couldn't sit down for several days, but I kept coming back for more. A good spanking makes me feel right again. I want the guy to pull down my pants in front of anybody or everybody and work my ass over. After he does that, I will do anything he wants."

"I got included at a leather party where they had a guy spread-eagled in the middle of the room and everyone gave him a belting whenever they wanted. In one of the bedrooms they had another guy tied to the bed and they were giving his tits and nuts a good going over. One guy sat on his face while he did it. I am a very good master as I am able to judge the limits of tolerance of the slave(s). I must have a total scene in a fantasy trip with both guys turning each other on by what they are wearing, thinking, doing and saying. And what they are."



"In college when, after months of sucking my roommate's cock, he insisted I start licking his ass. Then later, he demanded that I drink his piss and lick his feet. I had to run his errands and he would tie up my cock and balls when I left for class. I became his slave as he learned how to handle me. I never wanted to settle for anything else since."

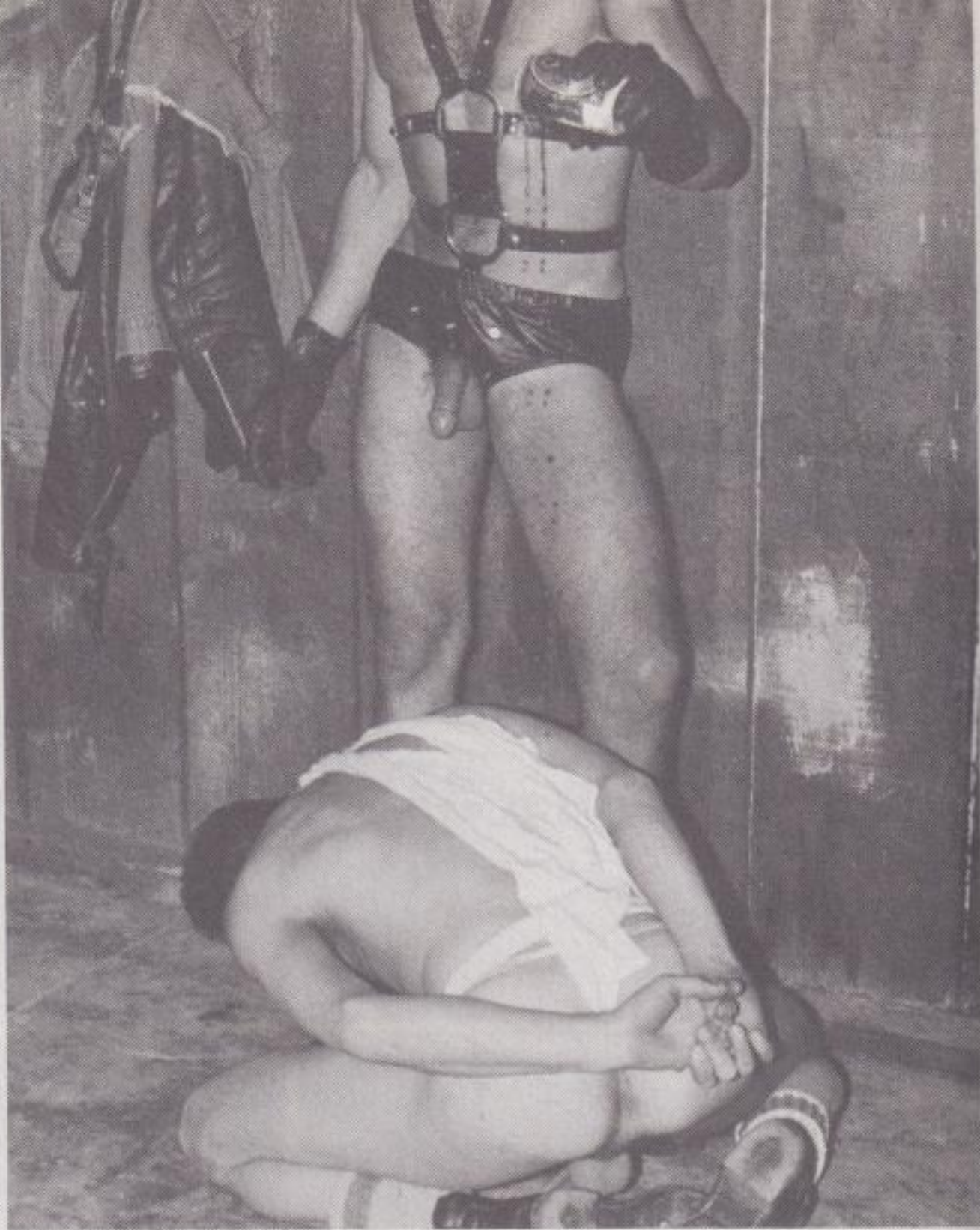
"My first master used to keep me in a closet, then in a cage. I liked the cage better since it was open and he could still use me whenever he wanted. He always knew where I was. It was a real pleasure to serve him and I hope to find someone else who can use me the way I should be."

**WHATTHEFUCK
IS THE LEATHER
FRATERNITY?!**





"I was at the SPCA trying to decide on a dog when it occurred to me that a human stray might serve a much more useful purpose. He could clean up the place, cook and be handy when I wanted him. Plus, he could do a lot of things a dog could. My watchdog has to guard the place be completely housebroken."



"I moved to the boonies from New York four months ago and I'm growing crazy trying to find a chum who's tuned into the same wavelength I'm on in my private life. I want a man that I can use and enjoy, one who is more interested in giving than getting. He doesn't have to worry. He'll get all he can use."

"A fraternity brother started hitting a ball and paddle toward my crotch. He told me to spread my legs and not to move. I came when he hit the jewels. I was embarrassed as hell, but he just laughed and did it to me whenever he wanted. One day he told me to pull down my pants and he did it to my ass. He held me from behind by my balls and I came. The sessions got heavier and heavier. He knew it turned me on and I couldn't say no. He told me anytime I came, I had to suck him off. I got to be a real cocksucker that year."





Many leathersmen are merely looking for someone to share their free time and/or their lives with. Not all seek the same type, the same age or personality as themselves. There is a rapport that is unusual even with run-of-the-mill gays.

"With the fear of disease, casual or organized groups get together to stimulate one another and relieve the pressure and frustration of being limited to safesex. A good old-fashioned meatbeating session with others of like interest beats prowling the alleys and bars for someone to 'get it off' (or on) with."

Rink Photo

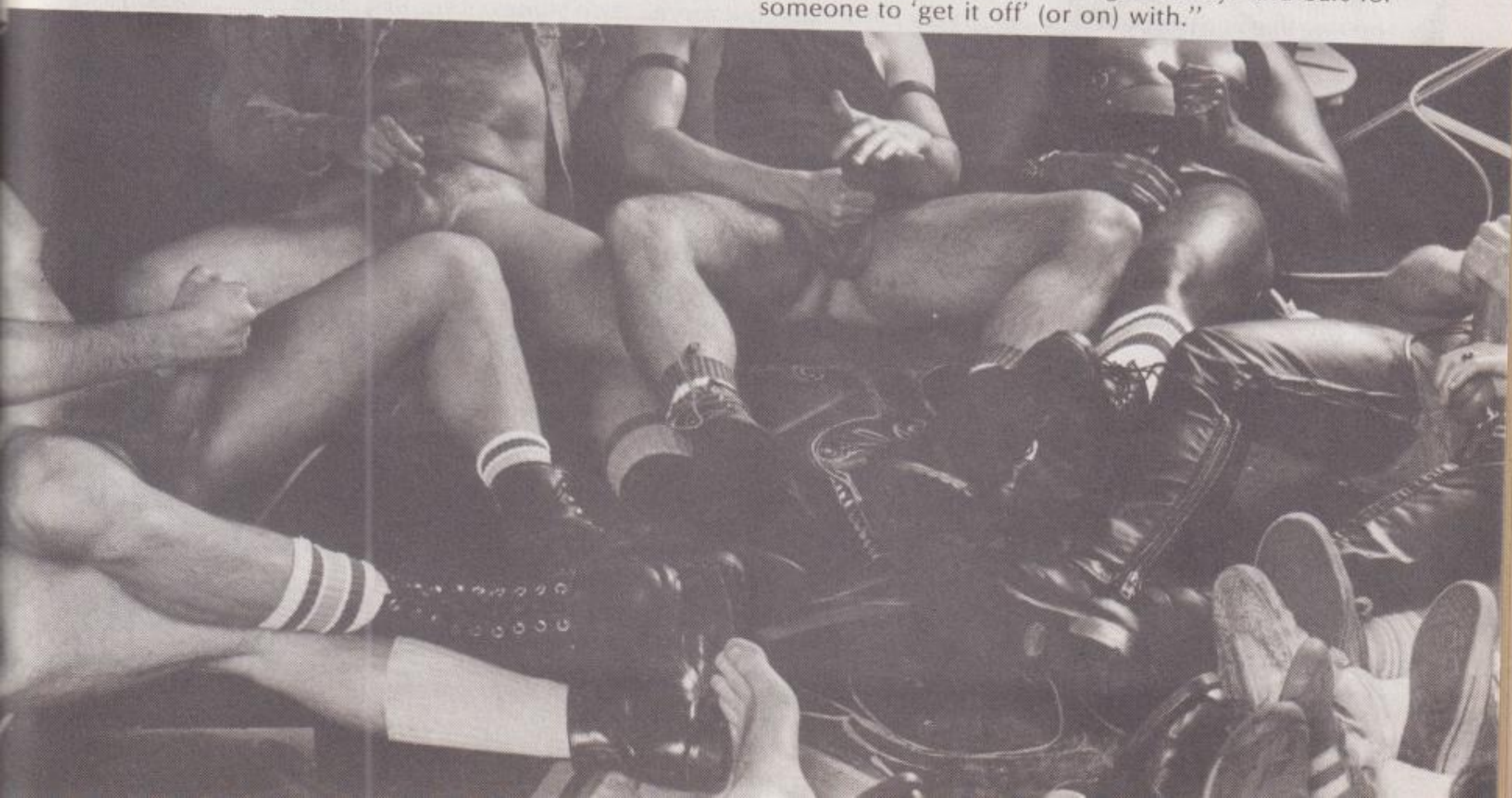




Photo by David Sparrow

"I've got a problem which has bothered me a long time. And as it has to do with the kind of men you glorify in DRUMMER, I am hoping that you will be able to answer my question and offer some ways to find an answer.

"I've been fucking around since I was 19 (I am now almost 25). Up until I was 21 I had a lot of vanilla sex, until I met Ron.

"Before I go into detail about Ron, I had better tell you that all of the experiences are true, and I did not exaggerate on any part of them, and that this description is a combination of things we did on the three nights we spent together. (Two consecutive and one a few months later.) He moved away soon after our last encounter, and I haven't been able to contact him since.

"He was tall, dark, ruggedly good-looking, slim, with short dark brown hair, brown eyes, a well-trimmed beard and moustache, and nicely-

muscular. He was 37 then and decently hung. (My cock is bigger.)

"He introduced me to "rough sex," very passionate, but more violent than I had ever imagined sex for pleasure could be.

"He slapped me, spanked me, force-fucked my face and ass, chewed my tits, made me eat out his asshole (no scat) and even punched me in the stomach. (It's been a turn-on for me ever since).

"Once, while resting from actively fucking me, he allowed me to sit on his cock (working on it with my ass, of course) while he smoked a cigarette. Being a non-smoker myself, watching a man who really knows now to smoke really turns me on. He soon had to tie my hands behind my back so I wouldn't jack myself off and cum before he wanted me to.

"Later we shared a joint and he added tit clamps and a dildo up my ass while I sucked him

off. He even allowed me to fuck him, after tying me spread-eagle on the bed and then sitting down on me. We did that two times, the first time he pulled off just before I came and caught most of my load in his hand (I usually have a big load) then he sat back down on me (I stay hard a long time after I shoot) and rode me some more and used my cum to lube his cock as he jerked off and finally shot his load all over me.

"The second time he allowed me to shoot up inside him. God, he was a hot man.

"I've met a few men who were similar to him in many ways, but none can compare to him.

"Did I just happen to be extremely lucky on my first time out, or are there more men out there like him?

"I figure with all your contacts around the world you might be able to help me.

"Please, Sir!" □



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Experienced Top is accepting applications from men interested in putting more excitement into their weekends. Spend two days as a slave in the clear, crisp desert air on my fully-equipped California ranch. You will be used and abused in ways you have always dreamed about. No FF, WS, scat, or anything harmful. Just good, clean, safe, old-fashioned S&M. But make no mistake, once you commit yourself, there is no turning back. You are my property for a full 48 hours. I will do anything I want with you and you will have

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GWM 30, 5'8", 6½" cut into eunuchs, geldings, dickless. Genital modification/removal. Fact/fiction. Drummer Box #4401

CAPTIVE FOR A MONTH

Slave seeks strict, imaginative Master to imprison him for a month of labor, training, bondage. Master should enjoy foiling escape after attempts by WM, 48, 5'10", 165 lbs. Serious! Spring or Summer 1985. Description of Master, conditions of servitude, fees to Drummer Box #4361.

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Bootlicking WM, 41, cut, 205, 6'2" into 501 button fly levis, military boots, BD, SM, whipping, Fr, Gr, and ball work (weights, vices, slapping, whipping). Also into Nautilus, duplicate, books, travel, computers. Not into FF, scat, WS, rimming, raunch, piercing, catheters, prods, damage. Travel a lot. Send phone #. Drummer Box #4344

STILL UNCUT?

Holding out for the right scene? Tell the Sarge all about it. Send description, photo (not necessary)

and circumcision fantasy. All get replies; the chosen get clipped. Drummer Box #3433.

WANTED-YOUNG MEN TO 35

For live-in work at motel. Job involves light maintenance & learning desk duties. Must like dogs & know how to or be willing to learn how to give good massage (to owners only). Reply with photo & address & phone # if possible to Gary Seitz—3945 W. Houser, Eloy, AZ 85231.

SLAVE WANTED

Two professional, caring, dominant GWM's mid-30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w/photo gets reply: MSTRS, P.O.B. 50286, WASH. D.C. 20004.

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 35, 5'11" slim, hairy slave into SM & BD & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leathermaster in 30's up with hairy chest hung. Please, Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation humiliation. I need to serve, respect, obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command, Sir. Can travel USA. Box 20648, Atlanta, GA 30320.

HOT HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, WS, rimming, SM, more. Am 29, 160

lbs., 5'10", brown hair/ eyes, beard. Bridwell, Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

BIG, HEAVY, HAIRY, TOPMAN NEEDED

Thirsty GWM, 30, 6', 230 lbs, wants large, hairy topman to service while you fatten this pig up. Drummer Box #3883.

THE AGONY & THE ECSTASY

of SM—applied by a "Master"—no fantasy—only reality. Apply to P.O. Box 148, NYC, NY 10016.

ANYTHING GOES!

WM, 30, 6'3", 7" bottom seeks top/daddy 35 to 50 plus to explore and expand my limits. C&BT, TT, B/D, exhibitionism, interrogation, WS. Into fantasies, uniforms, leather. Photo, please. Let's explore new roads. Drummer Box #LF4179.

ARE YOU READY

To live the piquant reality of hard driving, relentless servitude under two strong, horny, intense, stable, handsome, topmen? We've been together and into leather for years and know how to train and direct any slave, who is ready, to the total surrender of body and mind. You should apply only if you are serious and imaginative. No lazies, ego-heads or coldfeet. We expect you to be ready and wil-

DRUMMER

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BOLD HEADLINE (26 LETTERS & SPACES MAXIMUM)

AD COPY (PLEASE PRINT)

ling; we will make you able. Slave's ass must be prepared for intelligent, heavy S/M, boot shine, white glove perfection, long-term, no bullshit, relationship. We're both experienced topmen into bondage, beating, verbal abuse, enforced humiliation, and giving orders. It is now time for us to train and develop a slave for our care and pleasure. We're 6'2" 175 lbs. blue/blonde uncut with good body. And Interchain member # 879, 5'6" 145, blue/L. brown, with 9 1/2" log. Both 39 and in good shape. Your looks and body are unimportant. We will change them to fit our needs. Any race or age O.K. You must be masculine and healthy enough to be trained. If you are not ready for complete servitude don't waste our time. Address your humble resume with photo to MASTERS LARRY & MIKE, P.O. Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091. LF4088.

PROMISCUOUS?

Healthy? Group! Looking for masculine multiple outlets & sexuality? Need makes of all interests to take part in Private Group. Must be clean & healthy & be able to locate in Houston—so self & equipment are readily accessible. Have facilities available if you desire and are accepted. If your discreet, responsible and have some interest send confidential letter as to your preferences—active, passive, versatile, training needs and experiences, for additional details. Only mature (over 30), any race, but no drugs or drunks. Learn, experience and expand together. Beginners welcomed. Versatile W/M, 5'11", 180#. Drummer Box #LF3329.

GOOD HEAD

60, 6'2"; 190; blue eyes; white hair, reddish complexion. Handsome & excellent definition and Lg. nipples; talented hole; expert mouth. Desires Master who commands sexual servitude & S/M. Bald cigar smokers a + (not required.) SM groups OK. Can travel. P.O. Box 90110, West Station, Nashville, TN 37209 (LF3986).

BOOT WORSHIPPING SLAVE

Begs to serve and service a hot master. Slave is 35, tall, lean 'n hungry, and above all, serious. Thank you for your attention, Sir. Drummer Box #LF3755

BOOTS, BIKES, BONDAGE

If you dig the feel, smell, and creak of total leather, the helplessness of prolonged, yet total and tender bondage (top/bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

HEAD SHAVING

Complete head and body shaving videos available. It's the real thing! Hot and heavy. For more info: Drummer Box #4275

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

LOWLY GRUNT SLAVE WANTED!

Want to serve a former Marine? Not into bullshit or playing games and is serious about wanting to serve a good MASTER. This former MSgt is seeking a fulltime submissive male to serve as it is directed, instructed, ordered or commanded to. Bondage, discipline, C&BT, TT, or anything else this MASTER so chooses. Slave will lie in a strict disciplined military lifestyle. Send letter of application and appropriate photo for inspection to: Drummer Box #LF5002.

LEATHER IN THE COUNTRY

Hunky and attractive WM 5'10", 155, brown hair and eyes has 40 secluded acres of woods and comfortable home. I seek a nature lover into outdoor activities, fitness, good nutrition and travel. I have the freedom and time to explore nature and seek someone with the aesthetic sense to enjoy it. Seek permanent relationship with leather buddy or daddy's boy. Let's explore geographically and sexually. Photo mandatory. Bob, Box 938, Merlin, OR 97532

LEAN HOT LITTLE BROTHER

seeks big brother (biker or trucker a plus) 34, 6', 160 needs your strength and direction. Will bust ass to satisfy. Real men only. Photo please. Drummer Box #4331

—DOMINANTS— —TRUCKER— —CIGARS—

in/around Washington, DC. I need to service/worship your boots, biceps, bulges. Sit back, relax, and have satisfaction, Sir. WM, young, hung and hungry. I need clean dominant to call the shots. P.O. Box 882, College Park, MD 20740

BODYBUILDER

Dad & Son seek competition bodybuilder for live-in houseboy/s-lave. Must be able to cook & keep house, with daily workouts at local BB gym. Our interests: Rubber, leather, S&M, B&D, shavings; tit torture. No FF or scat. Dad & Son will provide financial security. Interested applicants: Send detailed letter about self, including stats and competition-style posed photo to: Sam Leatherman, P.O. Box 641, Palmer, MA 01057.

LEATHER TOP WANTED

Attractive docile dude, 36, seeks permanent relationship with leather top. Into boots, leather, levis, also marines, cops, construction workers. Fr/p, boot-licking, beer piss. No reply without photo. Can relocate. Small dick a plus. Drummer Box #4371

TORTURE TORTURE TORTURE

Heavy-hung 18-30 Chicano/White jock slave-boy sought by J/O Black sadist for torture ritual. Drummer Box #4370

WANTED: SLAVE BOY

Petite, slim, trim young man who must relocate—your Master-/Daddy demands that you be cute and intelligent and willing to be trained. Your input considered. You will live with and work for me. I am W/M, 46, 5'11", 165 lbs. Send photo(s) and what you would like in a permanent relationship. Great opportunity for the right boy. Drummer Box #4386

MASTER WANTED

GWM, 31, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, novice slave seeks hairy-chested masculine, dominant master for monogamous relationship. I can relocate. Sir, thank you, Sir! Jim, P.O. Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101

MASCULINE W/M WANTS SAME

Military—active/former (academy, ROTC, Aggies). Cops—cycle, mounted, trooper, RCMP, athletes, cowboys, trucker, airlines, pole/tree climbers, outdoorsmen. Any age, anywhere, penpals, friends, boots/uniforms. No rough, dirty. (803) 736-2213

NATIONWIDE PHONE-SEX CLUB

Join & receive montly lists & make as many calls as you want! For Membership Info Call: (213) 672-2121 or Write: P.S.C., 2554 Lincoln Blvd. #399 Marina Del Rey, CA 90291

ALABAMA

MUSCULAR YOUNG GUY

wants to meet older guy who needs a guy for hard labor stripped to the waist. Daily bare-back floggings with cat, whips. Farm experience. Mark, P.O. Box 322, Maridianville, AL 35759.

HELP WANTED

We are two men in our mid-30s who are stuck in the South among the peaches and similar fruits. We happen to like playing with men—real men! We are (1) 6'2", blonde/blue, bearded with 8" uncut tool; (2) 6'1", brown fur and 7 1/2" uncut protrusion. We are looking for men living in the South for mutual visits or visitors who would like to get it on while in the Mobile area. If you think you can handle two male-starved men, drop us a resume of what you have gotten into and would like to get into along with a recent picture (returnable) that shows your assets. We will get in touch with you for a very personal interview. Write: MCS, Box 16341, Mobile, AL 36616.

DRUMBEAT IT!

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 44, br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns, LF 4403. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907)283-4879.

ARIZONA

LEATHER WRESTLING

Looking for real, physical, active men into boxing, gear, heavy body punching workouts, long-lasting bouts, combat, contact, competition, combine sweaty leather, body slamming wrestling. (602) 834-7995

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35)

Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Boxholder, Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

RAUNCHY SOX WANTED

Handsome, passive W/M, 40 wants younger dominant types under 30 for forced sock and feet scenes. J/O only! Photo to Box 591014, San Francisco, CA 94159.

FORGET THE BEEF... HERE'S THE VEAL

WM, 21, 5'10", 145lbs. brn. hair, hazel/green eyes, versatile and safe. I enjoy all types of music, the outdoors, traveling, friends, dancing, or just cuddling in front of the TV (I'm fond of fireplaces, too) with "that someone special" that I'm looking for. If you are 25-40 (or thereabouts), mature, stable, sincere, honest, and interested in finding out more about me, send photo and some info. about yourself to Drummer Box #4469.

LEATHER/RUBBER SADIST

Harley-riding Devil seeks demons for black-leather or black-rubber connections in my Inner Sanctum. I'll shove a leather-crotch Fuck to your hooded-head. You are bound in a leather or rubber straight-jacket. Surrender your sensibility with application to Boxholder, P.O. Box 99033, San Francisco, CA 94109. Enclose photo. Video recording a possibility.

OLD-FASHIONED

Bend-over, pants-down spanking, give or take. Call Dad (415) 626-8705.

VERBAL ABUSE

WM, 28, 5'10", 155 lbs., wants trainees for TT, C&BT and most important, verbal abuse. You must crave someone to tell you exactly

what to do, and then be able to do it exactly as told. Must be excellent cocksucker and G/P, as my 8½" hot tool needs special attention. Drummer Box #3917.

WM, 37, 6', SLENDER

Good-looking, bottom, seeks heavily-muscled daddy 25-45. Into it. TT, B&D, WS. Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Ric, 1632 J #3, Eureka, CA 95501.

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Drummer Box #1536.

SAFE SEX

No fluid exchange sought by W/M, 5'11", 150 lbs., blue/brn, blonde moustache, "cute," personable. Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or C&B work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boy-friends—not one-nighters. Ron, P.O. Box 14413, S.F., CA 94114. LF4045.

VERSATILE WRITER

Into SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phonecalls. 861-3183.

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs., W/m needs verbal abuse and hot JO phone calls between 11 P.M.—6 A.M. only. Dick, (415) 626-1385.

WM, 45, 6', 275 LBS., 7½", UNCUT

Genuine, very exp. masochist seeks genuine exp. sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing, C&BT, TT, watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Poss. perm. relationship. Drummer Box #3875.

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W/M late-40 seeks gentle, hot top-man with hot rod. In only Alh Area. Drummer Box #3857.

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS

Age 35-50, wanted by W/Masculine Bottom, 34, 6'1", 195 lbs., into TT, C&BT, WS+. Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No fems. Drummer Box #3874.

W/M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one-niters. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anally oriented, 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits

self-respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756.

31, White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C&BT, TT, WS, FF. Picture appreciated. 584 Castro #279, S.F., CA 94114.

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32, 6', 215, serious weightlifter, handsome. YOU—Naturally masculine, attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phoneys, free-loaders. Photo, phone. Drummer Box #3886.

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs, 5'11". DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary, over the knee, etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to: David, Box 18891, San Jose, CA 95158.

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Masc., hairy B.B., 29-year-old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, backpacking and snow skiing & B.B. Also like bondage, C&BT and outdoor scenes. Write to: D.G.B., 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord, CA 94520. No fem, fats or fakes. Photo if possible.

ARE YOU MY MASTER, MY LOVER AND MY SLAVE?

White male, 40, 5'10", 165 lbs., bearded, into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. The accent is on mutually supportive, deep masculine love and loyalty with the knowledge that this will be strengthened and enforced with punishment, whipping, and pain when necessary. Are you man enough for a longterm, heavy-duty commitment? Must be able to be a real top and bottom. Are you ready for true responsibility of owning my body and soul and the humility required to become my property? If yes, write with detailed letter and photo to: Drummer Box #LF 4003.

S/M

PHONE SEX (415)346-8747

HOT PIG FIST HOLE

Seeks long, heavy, mutual FF with fun drugs. I'm hunky, hairy, 37, 5'10", 150 lbs., with double-wide deep hole. Come on buddy, let's feed our big sloppy butts and punch each others lights out! Hot letter & photo to: Drummer Box #4068.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Willing to train the right 21-35 husky, amenable man for complete service. All board, room, spending money taken care of. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to

make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline training. No phone-ies, no bullshit. (415)285-7018 eves. Call me Sir.

HOT LATINO BODY BUILDER

Looking for other bodybuilders and men with hard, defined bodies for man-to-man bondage games, tit work, C&B torture & slow masturbation. Phone (415) 569-7649.

BOSS MAN WANTS

Heavy-duty muscular macho boy wants to be a hot slave-animal. Your BOSS is into oil-sweat, interrogation-bondage, C/B-T/T, W/S, strainin' muscles, workouts in chains, and is 5'11", 175 lbs, 45, brown hair & eyes with moustache. So don't call till you're sure you got your shit together and then between 6 & 10 P.M. ONLY! I'm not into phone trips or bullshit callers. (415) 944-9984

CASTRO COUPLE

Separately or together. Looking for singles or couples for fun/rough safesex times. Both are GWM: 41, 5'4" & 32, 6'1". Most find us hot, but without attitude. 41 is top, 32 is mostly bottom. Let's check one another out and see what develops. Drummer Box #3937

HOT BODY—HOT MIND

Dynamic GWM executive of 33 seeks same for fantasy fulfillment. Previous experience unnecessary. Must be trim, bright, disease-free. Master/Master relationship preferred. Like titwork, poppers, VA, fucking. All fantasies considered. S.C. County studs answered first. Write PO Box 70952, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

PIERCED, TATOOED

GWM, 41, tatooed, pierced, adventurous. Seeks men. Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures. Photos exchanged. All answered. Drummer Box #LF4256

BLACK WANTED IN MONTEREY

White boy, 25 yrs., needs top black stud. Photo a must. Drummer Box #4387

ORAL SLAVE

Novice wouldbe slave, 36 needs cocksucking, W/S, V/B and humiliation training. Drummer Box #4381

W/M SLAVE AVAILABLE

for sadistic guys. No scat, please. Sir. I'm 31, slim, nice butt. Penpals also wanted. P.O. Box 4077, San Francisco, CA 94101

HEY, BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you! (916) 391-9755, or write to Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

WRESTLERS

GWM, 6', 175, good build and looks seeks wrestling matches, any style. Especially like no-holds barred to submission. Phone, pic

and scene to Box 208, 2124 Kitteridge, Berkeley, CA 94704.

MEN

Looking for masculine, short, handsome men under 35 who is intelligent, professional, and into safe sex, wrestling, C/B work, bondage. Write: Allen, 100 Valencia St., St. 242, San Francisco, CA 94103.

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER LOVER

35-year-old leatherman looking for young leatherman who wants safe sex in leather. All fantasies. Try it in leather—you'll like it. (415) 863-7384

HORNY BOTTOM MAN

into ass play, FF, dildos, fucking, light SM, toys, bondage, sucking cock. Not into heavy pain or scat. I'm 6', 180 lbs., 48. Interested top studs call Robert (415) 552-4809 evenings and weekends or write to Drummer Box #4398.

CONTINUOUS SLAVE POSITION

Modification method: Affection to brutality by extreme bondage, CBT, TT anal T. Master: 38, 6', 180, 42c, 32w, 14a-6b. Slave must be gym-type. Apply to Drummer Box #4400.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

FREEZE FAGGOT... 'ATTA BOY SCUMBAG... HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK...

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

Decidedly for...disorderly, dirty-mouthed, boot leather-tough, wildass White fuckup, disgustingly arrogant, insolently proud of his badass, raw, sexy goodlooks...audaciously defiant to get his rebellious, lawless white butt manhandled roughly 'n fucked by a lean, muscular Black Cop-Honcho. Into sex-maddened, Cop-scenarios, and police uniforms, sadistic Negro, 40, loves to handcuff an obstinant White sonofabitch, piss in his white face, and shove his black fuckmeat up sexy Whiteboy shithole. White fuck-head to be methodically humiliated, degraded and depredated of ALL human dignity; spread-eagled, chained by the balls for "forced interrogation" (C&BT). Undisciplined White boys 18-35 to be dog-collared and leashed, trained as police bowwow. Photo mandatory! Send letter to: PO Box 4672, Los Angeles, California 90051-2672.

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (818) 846-9486.

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS
Tony, in full leather or full C.H.i.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, goodlooking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service, GB, and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors, and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047.

STUD OFFERS HIS
Big Uncut Cock & Globes for C&B Torture. Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

LEATHER ACTION
Leatherman, 6', 175 lbs., good-looking, seeks same for hot, healthy leather/uniform action, discipline, SM, outdoor bike scenes. Drummer Box #4148.

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED
Daddy (White, 48, 6'2", 230 lbs.) and his boy (Black, 19, 5'11", 155 lbs.) are looking for a slave to train. Novice okay. Dad will teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time, live-in, long-term SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to: Drummer Box #4177.

WANTED:
Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35, must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all

means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully-subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His lifestyle. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad, P.O. Box #938, 29 Palms, Calif. 92277, include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE
Hot, hndsm W/m, 40, 6'1", 190#, sadistic, experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA., 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm).

PIERCED, TATTOOED LA TOP
Bearded, 6', 155#, W/m, mid-40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/ oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos. C/B/T/T, W/S,

shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/phone replies answered first. Drummer Box #3741.

HEY BOY!
Want a Daddy? I mean a real Daddy! A Daddy with lots of love in his heart and a big bulge in his crotch, and all just for you! A Daddy who won't abuse you, but still a Daddy who'll show you the ropes and then use them on you as he makes you his slave/boy and takes you as his son. DADDY: W/M, young-looking 45, 145 lbs, 5'8", moustache, all his hair, dominant, and butt-fucking topman. BOY: Quiet, trim, young, smooth-faced, boyish, totally-obedient, thoroughly-submissive, affectionate, loving, and completely bottom. Any nationality of boy and beginner OK. Short, slim, small boy welcome. So is tall and skinny or well-built. Size not important, but Boy's desire to really be Daddy's Boy is. Boy's photo get Daddy's photo and Daddy's phone number. Drummer Box #3862.

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?
LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY
Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9", 155#, seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom. Must have good head and body. Reply with photo and phone

to Drummer Box #3869. Skiers welcome!

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO
Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s)/guard(s). Me: WM-34-6'-170-Lite brd, Tan, FA, GP, B&D, verbal abuse, ball & tit, tort., W.S., travel LA-SD You: +6', white, dominant, under 45, healthy, good shape. Photo & phone to: Box 2142, Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142.

LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED TOP MAN
Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard. Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes, maybe with well-equipped playroom. I am 42, 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others. Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron, and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home (213)254-3038.

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM
G/W/M, 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot, dominant, X-hung, hairy, Leather-Cowboy Masters-Daddies, who need service and cuddling. I am G-P, FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes. Clean, Healthy! (619)231-4496.



slave and master video presents

scatman a verbal adventure

Sadistic Master Jim hosts a perverse little party. While the guests gobble pizza and swill beer, Jim sits bare-assed on Slave Muir's face and tells nasty stories about shit-eating. Then, just for fun, he puts the slave's balls in a vise and tightens it. Finally, he heats a branding iron with an acetylene torch and permanently brands his initials on the slave's ass. This film about pain and degrada-

tion is not for the faint of heart. It is rated X for mature adults only. It is unique.

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To order: send m.o., cashier's check, VISA or MasterCard number (with expiration date), a statement that

you are over 21, and whether you need VHS or Beta format; or write for a free brochure describing other Slave and Master videos (stating that you are over 21) to:

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PRODUCTIONS**
1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6', 180, strong-legged specimen, handsome and eager, offers mouth, ass, C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cunt/urinal. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white, latin, black. Polaroids, groups, dogfood ok. Animals possible. G.M. P.O. Box 26081, L.A., CA 90026. Swap pix.

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy, Daddies w/donkey dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27-year-old stud. Need VA, WS, juicy bull meat, sweaty balls. Call anytime: 213/656-9813.

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and hamhock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Drummer Box #3179.

LOW BLOWS OK

Goodlooking, tall, tough, young, proud fuck gets off on hard contact. Gives/takes no mercy workouts w/fists, knees. Streetfight, interrogation. Two-on-one ok. Fantasy J/O ok. Send physical description or pic, and phone. Describe scene. Drummer Box #3904.

38, W/M MASC. SEEKS

Mature, assertive men for good, hot sex. Call till 3 AM (202) 547-9273.

SAN DIEGO

Top, 6'3", 195 lbs., 42, complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling, ropes, clamps, collars, cross, cuffs, hoist harness, hoods, movies, dildoes, gags, leather, boots, urinals, video, whips, weights, mirrors, wax, vacuum, colonic. Bill (619) 420-8967.

DENTURES LICKED

Oral service for uniformed sadists only. CHP/LAPD pref. (818) 913-3819.

WANTED TOP

For bondage and water sports sessions. W/M, 48, 6'-0" 220. Into SM, FF, shaving, ball and tit play, etc. Have playroom and toys. Tel. (213) 223-9348.

SLAVE WANTED

Naked and shackled. Your cock & balls harnessed. My cock shoved down your throat. That's your fate, cocksucker, as my fucking slave. S&M bottoms playing games or looking for heavy abuse, don't waste my time. I want a healthy slave at my feet, not a bloody victim on the rack. The right tight-assed, stiff-pricked, submissive, horny cocksucker under 40 faces discipline, regi-

mentation, control and absolute slavery. I'll own you, cocksucker, and I'll mold you into the crawling asshole slave, sextoy, houseboy, and obedient pet I want you to be. Inexperienced, boyish, young pup or manly, untrained, macho novice OK. Be prepared to relocate and surrender up your naked ass to demanding, responsible, W/M Leathermaster, 45. Send humble letter and phone number. Do it now, cocksucker!! Drummer Box #LF3862

STIMULATING

Correspondence regarding mutual interests which are: TT, BD, SM, LL and shaving. I am 5'10", 180, blk hair, brn eyes, tattoos & 40s. You should be in your late 20s & 30s & versatile. Southern California desert areas. Drummer Box #LF4254

DRUMBEAT IT!

SO BAY L.A.

GWM 30s, leather/levi guy in shape, clean cut & healthy seeks others in Torr, Redn, San P, LAX area for friends/fun on/off motorcycle. Ltr/Ph. #. to Drummer Box #4248

SMOOTH MUSCULAR SHOWOFF

Wanted by hot top for strip training. Rip it—expose it, now! Spankings! Jack, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109/448, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

LONG BEACH

Hairy-chested bottoms wanted for bondage by GWM, 31, 5'10", 170, hairy. Relationship possible. Please, no fats or phonies. All answered. Drummer Box #4335

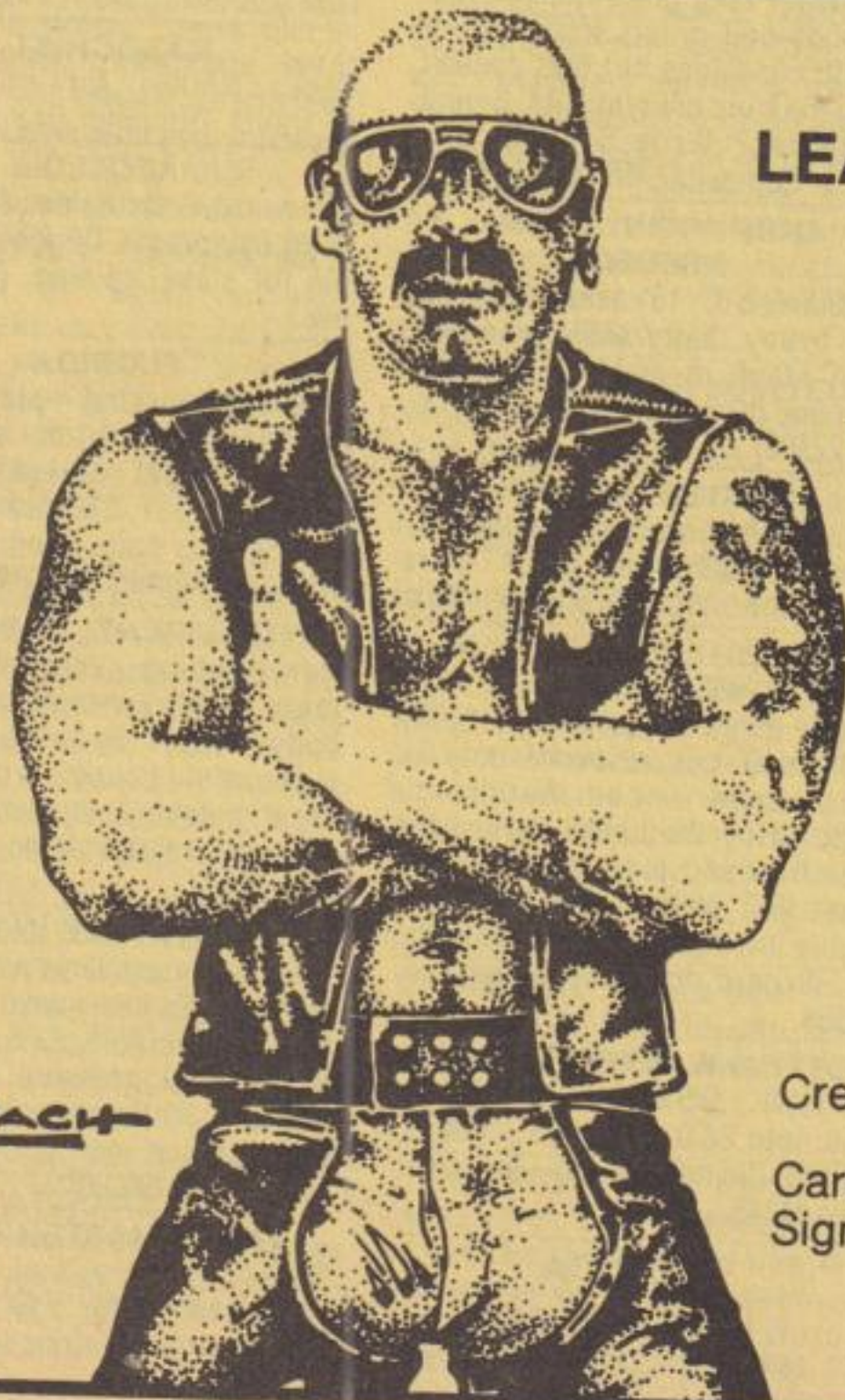
SLAVE/SON

Two lovers 36 and 30 seeking young man for permanent relationship. We are dominant leather, stable professionals who are strict and demanding yet sensitive and loving. Into SM, BD, CB, TT, WS, shaving, wax, humiliation and verbal abuse. You are submissive, obedient, greek passive, french active. You want and need discipline, affection, and someone to take control of your life. Looks, experience are not important. Attitude, willingness and general fitness are, as you will be trained and groomed to satisfy and serve. Applicants send letter with photo and phone to R&B, 15840 Ventura Blvd. #326, Encino, CA 91436.

BIG WORKED-ON NIPPLES

Muscular bodybuilder, 38, 5'5", 145 lbs., with big nipples, pecs, tattoos to meet other uninhibited muscular studs over 5'5". Into sensual tit-action, J/O, visuals and fantasy. Photo & phone to P.O. Box 480651, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

DRUMBEATS—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!



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Los Angeles, CA 90046

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Signature _____

SAN DIEGO-L.A.**TOP WANTED**

by goodlooking, 36-year-old executive who's 6'-tall, sports 195 pounds of bodybuilding muscle and likes to have his tits worked on while servicing your huge equipment. YOU: Masculine, non-promiscuous, wants a good relationship and is very well-hung, *uncut*. Please reply with your phone number and a recent photo. Thanks.

BAD BOY**NEEDS TO BE RAPED**

WM, 27, 6'1", 165 lbs, hung boy needs hand, paddle, strap spanking by sexy Top/Daddy. I need to be *raped* or *gangbanged* as punishment. Descriptive letter to Dave, PO Box 4645, Laguna Beach, CA 92652.

SAN DIEGO

/defiant, built handsome 6'2", 180 lbs., 31-yr, 7" needs to serve, respect, obey mean, strong, forceful donkey commander-beltmaster willing to work his great cock, body, mind to whip-humiliate this unruly man into his obedient cock-worshipping show-dog-ass slave. Drummer Box #4380

BODYBUILDER 5'10" 195

seeks other big muscle studs into flexing, titwork, whips, chains. Rick, Box 3596, Los Angeles, CA 90078.

TORTURER WANTED

Masochistic WM, 42, 5'10", 145, brn/blu seeks sadist to help explore bond which develops between a torturer and his victim. Drummer Box #4392

HOT BOTTOM**IN LONG BEACH**

WM, 30, 6'1", 175 lbs, blond w/moustache. Looking for hot, affectionate, older top with moustache and FF experience. No scat. Drummer Box #4383

MUSCLED M's

Looking for exceptional Daddy? No slough, no BS, expect samel BB, LL, biker. 8"x6" cock seeks submissive ass, mouth. Limits observed by hot, oily pecs, bod, moustache. Marine haircut, 43c, 29w, 5'9", 39, 155. You: well-built and submissive or don't reply! Drummer Box #4366

LEATHER BIKER

Hooded, harnessed, uniformed, tall, booted, cod-pieced, all-leather biker, 42, 160 lbs., smooth, muscular body looking for buddies. Drummer Box #4373

KINKY BUT NOT SLEAZY

Not, handsome, muscular, hairy, hung Master (31) seeks handsome, muscular slave into hard fucking, spanking, TT, CBT, and rough treatment. No drugs, smoke. Send photos, front and rear. Drummer Box #4391

KNOWING MASTER(S)**NEEDED**

Get me relaxed and train and expand me. Catheterization to piercing. Dungeons to rubber. L.A. to desert. GWM 40. Drummer Box #4388

GET CLEANED OUT!

Hot WM, 38, 5'10" gives big hot enemas to hot men only. Am creative, verbal; particularly enjoy military/fraternity-type trips. Send phone. Drummer Box #4395

HOT ITALIAN

BB bottom wants phone VA; body worship, spit, foot/sock worship, dog training. Telephone (213) 876-0838

CHORIZO Y**HUEVOS MEXICANOS**

Black stud wants uncut stud Mexican cock and balls for CB torture. Drummer Box #4374

SMOOTH BLACK BOY

wanted by White Dominant Daddy "50." Submissive only. Eddy (213) 291-9156 after 6pm

MILITARY DISCIPLINE**NEEDED**

Arrogant butch passive with pretty white butt would like to meet marine-ranger-reconn-airborne type with big dick. I like to get my smooth arrogant ass plowed after war game scenario. Perm. rel. hoped for. I'm 36, 5'8", 145, 28"w, German ancestry. Sincere only, please. Kurt (818) 981-9026

HOT SWEATY STUDS

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ASS LICKER

available for individuals or groups. Men under 45 preferred. Have chair. San Diego County only. Drummer Box #4401

COLORADO**YOUNG SLAVE SON**

wanted by older experienced leatherman with well-equipped training room offering discipline, love, plus physique, college and career help. You must be 20-30, serious, have good slave potential and high goals. Rod (303) 433-9587. Write: Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT**SM BIKER**

Leatherman wants leather bottom/slaves for man-to-man leather SM sex. B&D, C&BT, TT, WS, etc. Limits respected. This

experienced leather master wants you to perform on demand. Send me your application and photo including your willingness to be a good slave. Drummer Box #3957.

DELAWARE**WESLEY-SUE**

Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G W Virgo Male seeks obedient, thin bottoms (16-32) at my CC location. Reply w/photo & resume to: WHB P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899.

SLAVE AVAILABLE

Looking for Master for training. Needs to be disciplined, into bondage and SM. Confidentiality must be assured. Write: Box 113/Suite 113, 402 N. Union St., Wilm., DE 19805.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**A MAN**

170 lbs. solid muscle, 5'10", 39, dark, bearded. InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self-acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin have given me European flexibility: am my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, titwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying life. Sound interesting? Write Bob, PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

DOMINATING GWM**NEEDED**

44, GWM, 5'8", 151 seeks dominating, heavy, hairy GWM who will train slave in metro D C area. Respond PO Box 8043, Alexandria, VA 22306.

MASTER NEEDED

Hot, bearded slave 6', 160 lbs, 40, uncut into BD, Fr/ap, WS, TT with masculine top. Drummer Box #4357

WELL-BUILT

Unruly military type W/M, 6 ft., 37, 180 lbs. 8" cut, responds only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want, service from a highly intelligent animal. No Filth, FF, or hard drugs. Drummer Box #3868.

BOTTOM WANTED: SHAVING

Me: 5'11", 175 lbs., muscular, 33. You: into B&D, ass work, dildoes, fisting, being shaved. Drummer Box #4145.

FLORIDA**HUGE NIPPLES**

are ready for your torture. Am

6'2", hot and good-looking and fun to be with. Seeks same in a Topman. Please send letter and photo to P.O. Box 10181, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334.

BONDAGE

young good-looking muscular man interested in bondage trips of all kinds. Write: J. Esposito, 4200 NW 3rd Ct., #106, Plantation, FL 33317.

DADDY-LOVER WANTED

handsome Top Daddy wanted 35-40 for good-looking 31 into fucking, sucking, WS and willing to learn more. Write with photo or call Ed, 1943-15th Ave., Vero Beach, FL 32960, (305) 778-0670.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training" in heavy bondage and light SM. Limits respected. Butch tops also contact me for memorable 3-way. Discretion required and reciprocated. Jake Leonard, #24571, 3350 NE 12th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FA 33307

CUM-ING TO ORLANDO

Young Master with obedient Daddy looking to roughhouse other studs into bootlicking, bondage, verbal abuse, spanking, TT, CBT or playful good times in oiled jockstraps, wet briefs, torn underwear. Optional: voyeurism, WS, FF, man-to-man or threesomes, your choice and limits respected. Box 923, Stratford, CT 06497

MASOCHIST

Seeks SADIST for ritual. Can travel. Drummer Box #3867.

APOLLO

Lifeguard, Bodybuilder. All scenes & all equipment. Dungeon available for slave training. (305) 940-9485.

FLORIDA

Orlando houseboy—slave applications accepted from slaves 21-30 with right attitude will be trained by 33Y, 5'8" bearded master. Serious only. Send resume & photo. Drummer Box #4055.

INTELLIGENT, AMBITIOUS

Non-smoking, versatile young man with swimmers/smooth body sought by attractive and successful young professional. For friendship and possible monogamous relationship. Drummer Box #4102.

LIVE RENT FREE IN FLORIDA

I am tall masculine and submissive late 30s loves wearing rubber and lingerie W/S, G/S, B&D. You must be aggressive and wear rubber or leather any age. Sweaty, uncut, hairy men preferred. Call Gail, 1-904-496-2070.

TAMPA MASTER/DADDY

Seeks slaveboy, son, or houseboy. Daddy: 48, 5'10", 180 lbs., hairy, hung big, strict, loving. Son:

boyish, smooth, uncut, obedient, ready for love, commitment. Drummer Box #4140.

GEORGIA

J.O. BUDDY

Hot safe sex, jockstraps, cockrings, hot talk, showing off, leather. 35, 135, 5'8", 8", average looks. Redheads, blonds preferred. Drummer Box #4376

BOOT—WHIP BALL SLAVE

Bootlicking WM, 41, cut, 205, 6'2" into 501 button fly levis, military boots, BD, SM, whipping, Fr, Gr, and ball work (weights, vices, slapping, whipping). Also into Nautilus, duplicate, books, travel, computers. Not into FF, scat, WS, rimming, raunch, piercing, catheters, prods, damage. Travel a lot. Send phone #. Drummer Box #4344

ATLANTA SLAVE

29, needs limits expanded by demanding master or group. Very versatile. Write Bobby. All answered. Drummer Box #4080.

BLACK SCAT TOPS

wanted by Greek passive white bottom, 26. I give funky rear French to and get gangbanged (with rubbers) by rough trade, ex-cons, Latins, dirty blue collar. Free beer for eager Golden Shower givers. No JO phone calls! Call White Pussy (David). Atlanta (404) 876-2251.

HOT MAN

W/m, 34, 6', 165 lbs., totally masculine and athletic, seeks slim or well-muscled masculine W/M only who will retrain me and fuck my face. Letter with your interests to: MSI, Box 8375, Atlanta, GA 30306. Discretion assured.

W/M, 37, 6'1", 180 LBS, BB
43" chest, 32" waist, red hair, beard, seeks very muscular Gr Act man. My place only. Travelling? NE GA? Your letter, photo, info gets mine. Musc, strong, sincere please. Roy, 124 Mulberry St., Athens, GA 30601.

MANLY BLACKS WANTED

By white male pussy, 29. Call me and talk dirty or come over and sit on my face and let me smell, kiss, and tongue clean your Royal asshole. I receive golden shower, scat, verbal degradation, light whipping and slapping. Masculine Latinos, ethic types okay. David, Atlanta (404) 876-2251.

ATLANTA

Seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Drummer Box #4078.

ATLANTA

S/M age 30 seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality.

Your photo gets mine. Drummer Box #4078.

EXTRA HUNG BROOKS BROS. TYPE

Change quick to very demanding ball & nipple torture. Top freak. I am 32, 170 lbs., 10" cock, cut & hairy. Am interested only in men who like WS/FF/piercing and total shaving of crotches. Interested in men with Silicon dicks. Photo gets mine. Drummer Box #4074.

HOT TOP

25 y/o 6', 155 lbs., 8" br/bl, lean, hard & defined; looking for bottoms into spanking, dildoes, B/D, JO, light S&M, etc. Send letter with photo to: D. Johnson, 975 W. Peachtree St. N.E. #9A, Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

ILLINOIS

REBEL SLAVE

GWM, 26, 5'9", 170 lbs. seeks dominant, sadistic master under 35 for long (possibly weekend) sessions. Slave to be kept chained by the balls, and forced to serve his master! No fats or scat. If you're that Master, write Drummer Box #4384.

MY MASTER

(30) and myself (38) would like to meet others in area into the scene. Interests: SM, bondage, WS, TT, piercing, verbal-physical humiliation, FF, etc. Contact Karl, 836 Wheeler St., Woodstock, IL 60098, (815) 338-9137.

MASCULINE MALE MAID

Goodlooking masculine WM 34, into forced fem servitude, wants to serve as male maid/girl slave to dominant master or butch guy. Am obedient, submissive; have hot mouthcunt, tight ass pussy. Need verbal abuse, humiliation, strict domination. PO Box 5360, Chicago, IL 60680-5360.

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Young white male, seeks sadistic, trim black Master who enjoys placing his slave in bondage and torturing him until he gets what he wants. Send letter, photo, phone to Drummer Box #4385.

HORNY LEVI/LEATHER TOP

Aggressive GWM, 6', 185 lbs., 34" waist, brown hair & eyes, short beard and moustache, looking for bottoms, slaves into hot sweaty times. Fucking. Sucking. FF. WS. Bondage. Etc. Reply with photo/letter. P.O. Box A3810, Chicago, IL 60690.

WM DAD SEEKS SON

Want son 18-plus who can look and act very boyish. Write: Jay, No. 179, 606 West Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

BOTTOM: 22, 9" CUT

I want a big man. I'm heavy into a big cock Master tellin' me what he is going to do with his cock. J. O'Sullivan, 8411 Andrea, Woodridge, IL 60517. (312) 985-1480.

GENUINE MASOCHISTS

sought by W/m Sadist for extended sessions and possible relationship. Your agony is my pleasure, and your pleasure is in keeping me happy! Must be in good shape! Call: Sir (312) 261-3912.

SUPER HUNG

Too big to be taken care of right? Let one of Chicago's best slave throats show his incredible talents on your incredible cock. I have a proven record of satisfaction. Box 3892.

EXHIBITIONIST

GWM—35, to correspond with other exhibitionists. To exchange fotos & experience of public hot action & nudity, esp. at Mardi Gras & rock concerts. Write Messina, Box 10499 Chicago, IL 60610-0499.

GWM 40

Wants brown and yellow bottom—red hanky bottom—Send info & photo Jay P.O. Box 8032, Chicago, IL 60614.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

GWM 5'11", 165, brown hair, mustache seeks stud who enjoys having cock, balls, ass, and boots licked. Send photo, phone. I will grovel. Box 4073.

CHICAGO AREA DADDY

W/M, 40 plus, 6', 170, gdlkg., wants to tie, gag, suck & fuck cute, slim, W/M, 21-40. Send phone number, photo. Box 4075.

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

23-year-old novice, moving to Chicago in June, and is just breaking into leather scene, seeks contact with Chicago leathermen (28-32) for an introduction into the lifestyle. Show me how you became leathermen. Box 4064.

INDIANA

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Submissive W/M, 36, 5'8", 135 lbs., brn./blu., moustache, 6 1/2" cut, with hungry mouth and ass, seeks older Top/Master to serve and service. Photo/phone appreciated. Bottom, lives in S.W. Indiana. Box 4065.

ADMIRABLE

gay black man wishes to establish a solid foundation with a sexy but intelligent gay man, 21-40. I'm, 5'9", hairy-chested, 150 lbs and a mere 21 year old. My entonement ends October '85, Please respond with a photo and SASE, Drummer Box #4393.

TRUCKERS WELCOME

Chicago area cock sucker, W/m, 26, 6', 175 lbs., goodlooking, bl/bl, moustache, willing to please. Box 142, Crown Point, IN 46307.

BLACK LOVER WANTED

Handsome, muscular, WM, 35, 5'9", 150 lbs. seeks intelligent relationship-oriented Black man. I'm very appealing, straight actin-

g/appearing. Reply with photo if possible. Drummer Box #4382

IOWA

HOT/HORNY

Bearded W/M, 35, 145#, 5'7". Ready for SM leathersex, with safe & sane FF action. We can't afford to wait any longer... Forward photo, specs. & # to Drummer Box #3996.

NEED TO BE DIAPERED?

28 year-old married Dad wanting to form lasting relationship with a baby, 18-25, small-to-medium build. Love to wear diapers, plastic pants, cuddling, masturbation? I am looking for you. Write to: Paul, P.O. Box 184, Ottumwa, IA 52501.

NEW TOP IN DES MOINES

Hot, athletic, 5'11", 165#, 37 top wants slim bottom 20-40 for BD, C/B/T/T. Married? Lover? Professional? Never answered an ad? Answer this one. Absolute discretion. Limits respected. Send photo, application with favorite fantasy to Max, Box 8103, Des Moines, IA 50301.

KANSAS

W/M, 29, NOVICE SLAVE

Seeks master to explore and expand my limits. Need hot top into B/D, CB/T, shaving, piercing, Topeka, Lawrence, Kansas City. Sir, I'm waiting. Box 4852, Topeka, KS 66604.

KENTUCKY

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS

Young white/oriental wanted for light bondage. No S/M. I'm GWM, 47 (504) 831-9298.

MAINE

DRUMBEAT IT!

MARYLAND

SPANK ME

Good and hard, take me over your knees and administer firm, corrective discipline, whack the seat of my pants good, or redden my bare ass. Seek attractive, masculine master. First ad, new to scene. Tired of living in fantasy, time for the real thing. I am 32, 5'7", Greek passive, muscular, cute, boyish, great ass. Photo and letter. Nick, One High St., Box S-130, Medford, MA 02155.

DADDY'S LITTLE BOY

Boston, 28, 5'2", 115 lbs., needs Daddy, diapers, bottle feeding, baby food, boot licking, puppydog, collar, toys, tits, JO, rubbers, discipline, dirty talk, cuddling. Seek big, tall, attractive, straight looking & acting Daddy. Like beards and moustaches. Prefer non-smoker. Photo. Drummer Box #4166.

TRAINABLE

Hairy white male dog slave, 31, seeks training and discipline. Enjoy bondage, very Greek passive. Please expand my limits. Travel California & Nevada. Drummer Box #4174.

MASSACHUSETTS**LOW HANGING BALLS?**

WM, age 35, attractive, wants to be slave for man to age 45 with big hanging balls. Everything goes. Drummer Box #4396

LIKE FF?

41-year-old will share 39-year-old blond, hairy lover's wide receiver hole with interested parties. P.O. Box 8, 645 Beacon Boston, MA 02215

WESTERN MASS, CT, NY

Need hot, sweaty sex from Master/Dad. Passive WM, 23, 6'3" 180, 7½" cut, good build, seeks big-dicked dominant top, 21-45 to use me. Turn ons: Blacks, Latins, leather, muscles, uncut, piss, jockstraps, dildos, groups, drugs, light SM/BD, sucking getting fucked. Teach me FF. No permanent damage or scat. Send photo, letter describing scene. Drummer Box #4397

BOUND**SPREADEAGLE**

helpless before you. Mouth, tits, balls uncut cock ready for use and abuse. Submissive WM, 31, 5'11",

170, hairy seeks tops for long sessions of SM, BD, WS, tit/ball torture. Will travel to NYC. Serious only. Box 4359

INEXPERIENCED BUT INTERESTED

Mutual WS, dildos, FF, enemas. Mainly bottom, WM, 34, seeks above with affection. Letter, photo if possible. Then...

W.M. 44, FORMER MARINE

Doing research on male sexuality expressed in spit-shined shoes-/boots. Write: Ivan Howe, Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

TIGHT LEVIS/BLACK LEATHER

W 5'10" 28 tight body, good looks. Into leather, snug levis, hefty boots. Seek wild, rugged, young dudes and leather-jacketed punks to horse-around, party. Hey studs, let's roll around, bulging crotches, tight black leather pants/faded levis, cycle jackets, gauntlet gloves. Let's cruise late at night on our motorcycles. Sane, straight acting, discreet, masculine guy. Photo decked out in leather gets mine. Will correspond. DIRK, Suite 346, 2 Vernon Street, Farmingham, MA 01701 (LF3994).

SHORT MUSCULAR MASTER

30, into dominance/submission seeks Boston area slaves for ongoing relationship. Safe, sane, wild leather sex of most varieties. Beginners welcome. Box 4336

MICHIGAN**PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM**

Muscular, WM, 5'10", 165, 33, moustache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked, fisted. Also into B/D, W/S., shaving, enemas, polaroids, toys. *Uniform a great plus*. State troopers and police—I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Drummer Box #3864.

MINNESOTA**SLIM MALE WOULD**

Like to meet bearded bears for hot sex. Is there any hairy bears in the twin cities who can handle this arrogant son of bitch? Please write and let's get down to fucking. Serious sex only. Force me to service you. Drummer Box #3861.

NOVICE SLAVE

Submissive GWM, 27, needs training by sane, demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man. Drummer Box #4133.

SLIM BOTTOM MAN

35, has tight ass that's in need of fucking. Would like to meet muscular Daddy's who would like to be sexually serviced on a regular basis. Drummer Box #3859.

MISSISSIPPI**LEATHER SENSUALIST**

Jockstrapper, novice bottom seeks experienced help in ball training-pit exploring. 5'8", 143#,

41 yo, 8½". Please, Sir, convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality. Drummer Box #3855.

MISSOURI**BIZARRE-S/M-OCCULT**

Mature WM wants to meet *serious-minded men* interested in the above. Drummer Box #4323

2 EXTRA-WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Description—experience—photo. Weekend, sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808.

ST. LOUIS AREA

Older guy, "dad" type experienced youth leader, interested in young, masculine, trim "son" trainee to 30. You can expect affection, encouragement and discipline in bondage. Your letter with picture gets mine. Drummer Box #3872.

MONTANA**LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE**

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, armpits, tits, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip, your way. Am 28, 5'9", 135#, w 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 786, Conrad, MT 59425.

REAL MEN WANTED

W/m, 22, athletic, goodlooking and virgin ass needs introduced to

*Jewelry for
exotic
piercings*



ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE \$3.00.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

The American Booksellers Association will be holding their convention in San Francisco May 24-27. For a very small, very elegant, very private party (men and women guests), we need male volunteers—at least four—who will take part in an S&M tableau.

This will be an exercise in exquisite, tasteful, very stylized S&M. The event will involve bondage, some pain. At least two of the volunteers will have to be able to carry off a very submissive servant role as well. Nudity will be required.

Volunteers need to be attractive; experience in S&M, or at least a *lot* of enthusiasm, will be necessary. This will not be an orgy. Sex with the guests will not be required. (But if you want...who knows?)

This event will be hosted by Mam'selle Victoire and John Preston. If you're interested, send a letter and photograph to:

**John Preston
Box 5314**

Portland, Maine 04101

The event will be repeated in New York City sometime later in the summer. Volunteers from that city are also encouraged.

The original club for men
into watersports:

The W/S Correspondence Club
is now seven years old.

Send age & \$2.00 to:

Tom Boire

584 Castro Suite #265D, S.F. 94114
for application

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- 40-page book for adults only
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For information, send SASE,
signature, age 21 statement to:

**HUNHAUS, P.O. BOX 19240-A
LOS ANGELES, CA 90019**

the all male world. Gets off on muscular, hairy men. Would love long oral session. Prefer Eastern Montana or vicinity. Drummer Box #4162.

NEVADA

DRUMBEAT CLASSIFIEDS:
YOUR PERSONAL
SLAVE MARKET

NEW HAMPSHIRE
ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

NEW JERSEY

FISTING TOPS
AND BOTTOMS

A new way to meet and play, at private parties, write PO Box 694, Roselle, NJ 07203.

SO BIG IT HURTS?

Uninhibited bottom, WM, 42, 6'2", 185#, masc, hot, tight rear, will completely satisfy X-hung Gr/a top. Anything goes so long as I get it in the end. Looks, age unimportant. Size and thickness a challenge and turn-on. Write Martin, Box 425, Quakertown, NJ 08868.

REAL MEN

Looking for a real man in NY or NJ. Me: 29, 175 lbs, 5'7" bodybuilder, bike rider, jogger, Fr-Gr active and passive, brown hair/eyes, stach. Will serve right man well. You: 18-45, good body/mind, dominant and ready to take a clean, bright guy as yours. Send photo and letter to Drummer Box #4210.

TEANECK AREA

Healthy W/m, smooth, 6', 172 lbs., 42, masculine, seeks similar honest partner. Top/bottom trade offs, light SM, bondage possible. No drugs or fems. Drummer Box #4138.

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, titwork, kink, VA. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Possible live in. All areas welcome. The Master is 6'2", 185 lbs, W/M and hot. Drummer Box #3856.

TORTURE CAPTIVES WANTED

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) captives to chain up and torture. Limits respected but expanded. Man enough? Call (201) 874-6725 after 8:00 p.m. EDT.

NEW YORK

BOOTS UNIFORMS SERVICE
Bootboy at your service. Prefer seasoned Policemen. discrete david (518) 696-5099 (Albany, travel) 9pm-1am.

REAL LEATHER SADIST
wanted by very handsome BB, 5'11", 165 lbs., 30. Into humiliation in general. Safe S&M sex in partic-

ular. Photo please. Drummer Box #4389

PD/FD DADDY NEEDED

NYC/LI

GWM, 42, ready to make monogamous commitment to cop, trooper, MC, fire dept. Daddy/Master any age, race, size. Boy is into SM, BD, WS, VA, leather, rubber, diapers, whipping, shaving, psychological and physical pain, your whims. Serious, clean, discrete, sincere. Call Cocksucker at (516) 285-5181 Mon/Fri 9pm-7am and 24-hours weekends. Write to Boxholder at Box 3092, GCS, NY, NY 10017 with photo/phone.

HIPBOOTED SEWERMEN

Fishermen, firemen, all who wear hipboots, waders, raingear, gloves, sought by WM for wet JO scenes in heavy black rubber. Let's gear up and do it! (212) 662-0447

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder, 32 yrs old, 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard muscled arms and pecs, erect nipples, hung thick, hard butt, moustache, dark hair, Italian, experienced in many phases of SM as both a dominant and submissive. Dominant topmen and submissive slaves invited to explore our mutual limits, man-to-man, in a health-conscious way. Masculine attitude important.

travels often, detailed letter and pic to: Box 890, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

G/W/M, 42, 5'8", 147#

Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and trained to be the slave he was born to be. Could you please help me, Sir? Drummer Box #LF3891

BIRTHDAY SUIT PARTIES

Gay male nudist. Stamp/photo. Studio 608, 14 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10012.

FIRE AND ICE

Top looking for prime quality ass to cool off, heat up, and fuck. Occt., 140 Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156.

HOT EXPERIENCED SLAVE

CBT, TT, all basic SM, well-hung, tall, slender, 40s, moustache, weekend service between Syracuse/NYC. Drummer Box #4157.

NYC TIMBER

Is there a Drummer out there (over 6', under 230 lbs.) who has learned to prefer to cuddle and kiss? Drummer Box #4165.

BELTMASTER

Handsome novice M, 34, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeking education in receiving belt and bare hand. Muscles and beard a plus; expertise and guiding hand more important. Also FF, shaving and good hot sex. Letters with photo answered

BAD BOY COMIX
Issue 1 \$2.25
Adults Only



BAD BOY COMIX

The first issue of *Bad Boy Comix* is here! The most uninhibited collection of new erotic gay adventures (some suitable for coloring, some suitable for staining) on the market! Full-color covers and 32 pages of raunch, satire, wit, and uncrossed buns! You must be 21 years of age, and you better *rush* \$2.50 (postpaid) for the first issue to:

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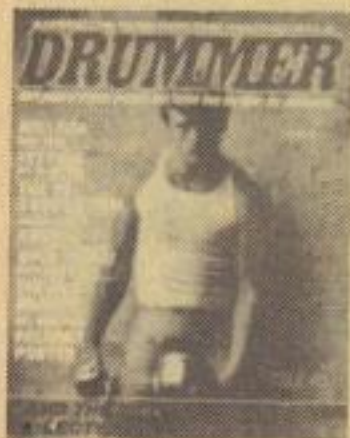
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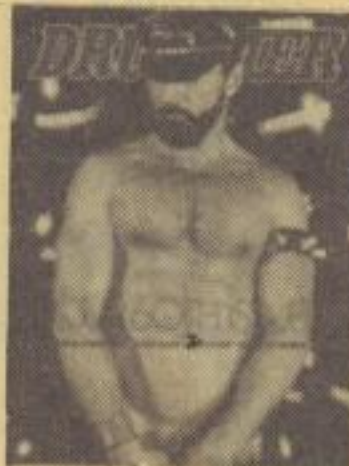
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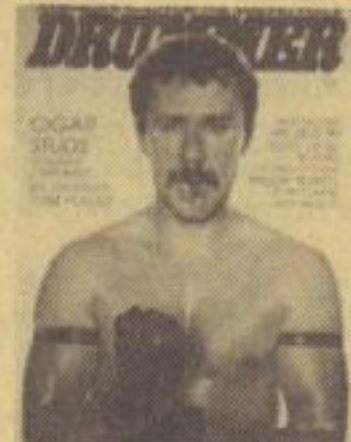
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6'4", big cock/deep ass serves as sexslave for anything-clean/dirty for W-master in boots/leather with full bladder/dirty ass giving pain/pleasure. I adore rubber/leather-licking dirty boots (your shit?) to a shine. TT/SM/B&D/FF/toys. Drummer Box #3870.

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Rugged, muscular, hung but submissive biker, 36, needs expert level-headed Top (white, cut only) for heavy bondage workouts. Strip, immobilize & manhandle this 5'7", 155# brown-haired BB; whip my round, white butt till it glows & fuck it; dominate this hot Bottom with ropes, rack, paddle, wax, C&B/T. You or friends can realize any fantasy of sexual abuse on your captive's helpless bod. Macho well-built leathermen only, prefer 32-45. No WS, scat, FF, shaving, drugs, damage please. New to area; your own workroom & camera are plusses. Photo/phone get mine. Brad, P.O. Box 78, NYC 10113.

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High quality Japanese 27, 5'6", 135 lbs., uncut 7" with clean, smooth muscles wants 20-35 masculine guys. Look for fun, loving, considerate friends who care about their bodies and want to look good without drugs and smoking. Reply with photo. Drummer Box #3863.

UP-STATE BONDAGE MASTER

Seeks white, hairy subjects 30-45 for sessions in Dungeon. No FF, scat, drugs or overweights. Photo appreciated-all answered. Drummer Box #3882.

COMPOSER/AUTHOR

40, very quiet loner, seeks non-materialistic, truthful, helpful, mildly muscular 90% male NYC cop or the like for noble, clean,

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TICKLING TORTURE

Simple, safe—but unbearably agonizing. Watch as my young, beautifully muscled body strains against your tight bonds—twisting, struggling as your cruel fingers mercilessly stroke my ticklish feet and pits; ignoring my screams and pleas for mercy. Write for *hot* action. Drummer Box #3880.

COP SCENE/NYC AREA

M/w, 29, 180 lbs., bodybuilder cop looking for uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. Tattoos, leather police jacket MC cops turn on expect same. No scat, FF, Blacks. Will arrest cock suckers or take on booted cops reply with phone. Must have interest in scene. Uniform preferred. Drummer Box #3879.

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Wanted by athletic blond 40-year-old Master. You: short, 18-40, tiny

cock. Goal: huge nipples and pussy, possible marriage. No drunks, drugs, fats. Photo/phone. BW, Box 149, NY, NY 10012.

DRUMMER DADDY/TOP

(Interchain 518) Seeks obedient son/bottom for training and discipline. Must be masculine and serious. Letter/photo Drummer Box #3876.

HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG

And hung like a horse into unconventional scenes with creative bodybuilders, black dwarfs, deaf-mutes and animals. Write disgusting letter with photo to occupant #8, 218 E. 11 St., NY, NY 10003.

MATURE MACHO MAN TITS

Bare your chest with mine for sensual nipple action. Write: Box 649, New York, NY 10156.

COP SCENE

Uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. W/m 45, 160 lbs., looking for same. Also collect cop uniforms. R.A., Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

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really are/want/beg for. Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/Tarzan by strong, demanding, imaginative gladiator/sex master. Photo, phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life. No hustlers/fakes/fems. Drummer Box #3566.

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MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine, bearded master 33, 6', 160 lbs., with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim and under 35. Reply with photo and phone #. J. Miller POB 3086, Kingston, NY 12401. (LF4092).

ANYBODY LIKE TO PLANT

His big manass onto my asseating face? Like heating up this daddy's (56, 6', 190#-resembles Lloyd Bridges) cocksucking mouth with your beerpiss, before he sucks you off? A removable denture assures a velvet B.J. I'm hot for nippleplay; will pig out on your pits, crotch, balls, feet; service

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Do you fantasize your big, sweaty feet (size 11+), serviced by a hot WM, 29, 6'1", 185 lbs., who is very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call (212)675-7352 between 8-11 PM for heavy locker room action.

FF TRAINER WANTED

NYC WM, 33, 5'7", 140, slim. Seek a trim, experienced FF Top to train my novice ass and make it a huge hole for double-fisting and giant dildoes. Drummer Box #LF4046.

SIR

N.Y.C. OR L.I.

WM, 35, 5'7", 170 lbs., 46" chest, 34" waist. Born to serve in leather, a Master over 30 who can take control and show me he's boss. Sir, I am into B&D, WS, FF, body shaving and body piercing, enemas, humiliation, verbal trips, plenty of tit work, look for long time relationship, will relocate for right Master. Serious and sincere. Sir: Please send order form & photo to: J.H., P.O. 534 Long Beach, NY, NY 11561.

FIREMEN/RUBBER

Let's turn on the hose. Fireman

looking for same in rubber turnout gear. 40s, 5'8", uncut. Write with picture to P.O. Box 222, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

NOVICE TOP ONLY

White, 37, 5'8", 140 brn/brn beard. Demands health-conscious bottoms. Respond. Relationship considered. Drummer Box #4369

MATURE DAD

GWM seeks young slim Daddy's boy for firm but loving discipline. Can entertain or travel. Drummer Box #4365

LEATHERMASTERS

Hot leanterman, 41, 6', 150, brn/grn, moustache, very health-conscious, seeks topmen and slaves, 30-45, for bondage, toys, safe & sane SM. Take or give up control. No WS, scat, FF. Photo please. Drummer Box #4377

TEDDY-GRIZZLY BEAR

Very late 30s, 6'1", 210 lbs, dark hair. Interests: bondage, domination, submission, sex. You: 2nd/3rd World, 30-40, sexy, bright. Drummer Box #4402

HOT HUMPY SLAVE

needs strong Master. My ass, tits, cock, balls are yours. Call (516) 546-1055.

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you: 1)Young; 2)goodlooking; 3)muscular; 4)healthy; 5)submissive; 6)obedient? Are you prepared for: 7)Slavery; 8)training;

9)punishment; 10)two tall, good-looking blond men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES. If you score a 10, send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for verification of first three questions. Extra points will be given for essay detailing additional qualifications. Drummer Box #LF673.

DADDY-TYPE TOP

looking for bottom-like son, with preference shown to formerly married exec. types, or, X-members of the military establishment, or graduates from a penal institution school or cock suckin'. Discretion assured as well as expected, along with any and all limits respected. Photo not a must, but helpful, and a phone # would help expedite this matter considerably. Could lead to a permanent live-in situation, if the vibes are as strong in the livingroom as they are in the bedroom. Write: Box 4033, New York, NY 10017.

SADIST

I am a top—can be a sadist—but demand total submission in any case. If you can handle it, write: Sir Paul Breeme, Box 148, NYC 10016 (LF4255).

HOT, HORNY BLOND BOY

needs a master who can transform him into a pussy-slave. Into VA, humiliation. Wants to be kept in constant heat, stripped in pub-

lic, kept shaved, forced to wear panties, piss-soaked jock straps. Drummer Box #4325

NUDE MAID

NUDE BARTENDER

Successful in life, needs to learn humility. Will do what is told while being verbally abused. Young, slim, defined body, hung and uncut, smooth, round ass. Drummer Box #4355

NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

I hope I have let enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get lost. I still seek a live-in slave. I do not wish to waste time with idle, jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave, then we can talk. You will be interviewed, tried, and trained. You will be loved when earned, punished when deserved. But always cared for. Your pleasure will be to maintain a sound mind and body, and to always try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me, and will be a better man and slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy: (704) 865-0983, or write: 1729 Hudson Blvd., #76, Gastonia, NC 28054.

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WRESTLERS

Central OH BB, 20s, 210#, A17½, C48, W34. If you are over 180# work OH your body and don't plan to roll over and play dead, drop me a line with a picture. Am dominant by nature, but believe that winner takes what he wants. Willing to fight for what you want? Send letter to PO Box 16224, Columbus, OH 43216. Respond and return pictures to all.

HUMILIATE ME

Sir! Submissive bottom (37, 6', 175 lbs.) needs obedience training, bondage and humiliation. Cleveland. Drummer Box #4348

MASC, BODYBLDR BOTTOM

32 yrs, 46" chest, 31" waist, 17" arms, 6ft, 185 lbs. experienced bottom seeks similar top. Travel Ohio, in NYC often. Tony, Drummer Box #4346

GOOD MAN

29, 5'4", 135, beard, hairy, musc. very masc., seeks another good man. Into BD, most SM, body punching, forced sub, VA, visual, safe sex. Will travel. No fems, drugs. Photo appreciated. Drummer Box #4259

DADDY/MASTER WANTS SON/SLAVE

WM Daddy/Master 38, 5'11", 200 stocky build, seeks son/slave for fun and games, S&M, B&D, TT, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Drummer Box #LF4137.

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

MASTER WANTED

Goodlooking guy, 22, 6'2", 180, seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse, etc. P.O. Box 236, Galloway, OH 43119.

WANT YOUNGER COMPANION

Dominant GWM, 50s, likes outdoors, camping, boating, sunba-

thing, ems, shaving, etc. Need clean, active companion. Nude photo desired, all answered. Drummer Box #4131.

SHOVE YOUR BOOT

into my leather crotch and I'll serve and service you and your boots. Boxholder, Box 48, Columbus, OH 43216.

OHIO MASTER

seeks live-in slave. Bob (419) 749-4150. Box 251, Convoy, OH 45832.

SLAVES WANTED

2 young WM need totally submissive slaves for frequent workouts, light-to-heavy B&D, WS, Greek. What are you into? Columbus area. Drummer Box #4161.

OWNERLESS TEDDYBEAR

craves bondage, tit, assplay. Hang me up, stretch me out, flush my guts clean, enjoy my hole. I'm 32, stocky, bearded, hot-looking. You hold key to my wrists, cage, heart. Box 3578, Cincinnati, OH 45201.

GWM, AGE 37

TIRED OF BARS

And usual nellie queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man. Am Greek Passive and French A/P, and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No fems please. Drummer Box #3873.

STRICT DADDY NEEDED

Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs, mid-30's, smooth chest. Daddy should be WM under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Drummer Box #3884.

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OKLAHOMA

MUSCULAR TOP MAN

6'1", 180 lbs, looking for slender well-hung little slaveboy. Am into bodybuilding, light SM, bondage and long, hard fucking. Send photo, phone and letter to G. Reynolds, Box 573, Tulsa, OK 74101

YOUNG SLAVE BOY

Needs intense training from leathermaster or uniformed cop to teach my place in life. Let me lick your boots, Sir. I will obey your every command; I have to. No love wanted, just pain, discipline. Photo. BD, SM, WS, ALPO. Chris Hamill, Box 701881, Tulsa, OK 74170

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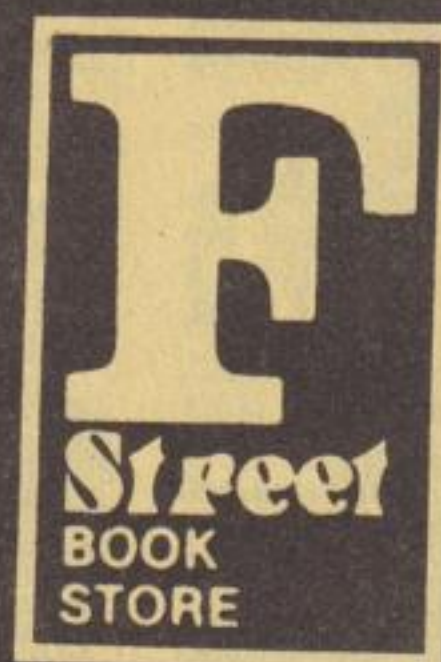
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seks daddy to train me to be the big baby and sex slave I should be. Drummer Box #4390

I WANT TO UNZIP

any hot man, hotter, older and harrier, the better, traveling through, write ahead. Good times assured, PO Box 775, Portland, OR 97207

HAIRY DOG

34, seeks to lick Master's balls, boots, belt. Need discipline, toilet training, pis, VA. Photo to Drummer Box #4353

SLAVE

Seeks dominant leather Master. Into raunch, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P.O. Box 19759, Portland 97219. Sir! I'm hot.

ASS WANTED

Lovers, 28 & 46, want ass to play with and use. No relationship, just fun with your buns. Box 19671, Portland, OR 97219.

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN

W/m, 32, 175 lbs., 6'3", seeking intelligent, honest friends with clothes fetishes, rubber, PVC, plastic jackets, pants, wader boots. All nylon athletic gear. Your interests? Discretion assured. Drummer Box #4168.

MEAN STREAK

Goodlooking slave, 41, seeks caring master with mean streak for B&D, dildoes, enemas, etc., but no fucking or sucking. Drummer Box #4151.

OBEDIENT

live-in slave for bearded, friendly, sexually-mean man, 34. Photo to Drummer Box #4353

UNCUT BOTTOM

32, 140 lbs., bearded, W/S, submission, boots, leather, scat. Drummer Box #3871.

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BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by Military Drill Instructor. Basic Training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military Jump Bopots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with lite SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, BOX 242, Penndel, Pa., 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. LF4257

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX
I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br hair, gr eyes,

swimmer's build, straight appear, goodlooking, 8½" cut, dig real men, SM, CBT, poppers, JO, GR/FR a/p, rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

Who's into leather-B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am: W, 6, 175#, all man. Have leather fuckroom with racks-sling & toys. Can't handle it don't answer. Just fuck off. Drummer Box #3887.

SUBMISSIVE

needs dominant top, built, hairy stud who is into discipline and sex. No wild scenes, only fucking, sucking and warming my ass. Men to 50 write with photo to: Box 25345, Pittsburgh, PA 15242.

DILDOE FUCK HOLES

Male animals wanted for heavy dildoeing. Slaves also should have aptitude for toys, verbal abuse, spankings, spit, humiliation, head trips, smoke, amyl and general use as male cunt. Bearded GWM master, 32, will train to suit. Send application to: Code 3412, 254 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, PA 19107.

RHODE ISLAND

HOT COUPLE

Well-built, 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang ups, F.F. W.S. and raunch welcome. P.O. Box 8641, Cranston, Rhode Island 02920.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SM SEX

Horny, uncut GWM, 32 seeks healthy, masculine partner for mutual exploration and satisfaction. Very versatile. Letter, photo and phone answered first. Columbia. Drummer Box #4362

LIVE-IN SLAVE

Dominant, Italian GWM seeks to move in with qualified slave. Qualifications are: Age: 25-35; Height: 5'3"-5'11"; Weight: Not over 10 lbs. normal weight; Hair: color, N/P, moustache-mandatory, body hair-OK; Race: N/P; Education: HS grad, some college; Domestic: good cook & housekeeper; Employment: must have steady income; Ass: small buns, tight, hairless; Cock: size not important, must be cut; Sex: Greek A/P, French P, monogamy, bondage; Health: Must see physician regularly. All applicants must submit full resume with current photo and phone. All letters will be answered only if rules are followed. Drummer Box #4252

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—

through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft., 150 lbs., 44 yrs., greying-black hair, beard, and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy-7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin' balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bull-shit note my way. Travel is possible. Drummer Box #0061.

TEXAS

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9½", 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 40, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toiled trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Drummer Box #4240.

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL, CAGES OR INCARCERATION
GWM, 32, 5'8", 147 lbs., seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall, athletic and aggressive. I am slim, smooth, defined. Fidelity desired; limits expandable. Photos please, Sir. RHS; Box 270069; Houston, Texas 77277.

GWM, AGE 45

New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Drummer Box #3878.

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Drummer Box #3853.

W/M 29 5'10" 140 lbs

Seeks slave for long-term B/D, Leather, Levi. No fats-fems only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr. Lenze, P.O. Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234.

S/M BOTTOM

Hot W/M, 37, 6'1", 185 lbs, healthy, professional, masculine. Somewhat new to scene, but eager to learn. Seeks hot, dominant Top-/Master for B/D, CBT/T, W/S, hot wax, dildoes/toys, V/A, etc. No FF, scat, shaving. Tx, Louisiana,

NYC. Please send letter and photo, Sir, for prompt response! Suite 169, P.O. Box 66973, Houston, Tx 77006.

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG,

Kai, who's story appears in *Mach 6*. I am seeking contact with interested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human male to become a dog. Would like contact from gay professionals of all levels. (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors, kennel operators or suppliers) who are into S/M. Objective goal—to found training center/kennel facility. Potential dogs, masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information. Write to W.B. at P.O. Box 570791, Houston, Texas 77257-0791.

UTAH

ARE YOU LISTED HERE?

VIRGINIA

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

W/m, 30, 5'10", 148 lbs., desires contact with others, both as bottom and top, SM, FF, Gr a/p. Especially into TT and WS. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110.

PISS/SHIT/SPIT/PUKE/CUM

Cover me in yours, Sir! Ex-NYC slave moved to Danville needs new Master to continue training in bondage, punishment, humiliation, C&BT, toilet training, tripping, worship; have leather, police uniforms, am 24, 7½", built. My photo was in Drummer 64, TC1070. Await photo, phone, orders, Sir! Drummer Box #4158.

WASHINGTON

MASTER

Daddy, leather, hot and dominant seeks permanent son/slave. 6', 155 lbs, 30's, attractive, very energetic. You are slim, smooth, 20-35, submissive, obedient, hot buns, excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving, w/s, light b/d, loving s/m, verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal cunts slave. Appropriate application and photo to Drummer Box #3866.

W/M NOVICE 30

Interested in being "broken in" by Seattle-area Master. Into all but scat. Will answer all replies. Call (206) 329-1142 days or midnight.

WEST VIRGINIA

CLASSIFIED ADS ARE A BARGAIN!

WISCONSIN

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED:

28-year-old WM master, 6'0", 195, muscular, hairy-chested, LEVEL-HEADED, is seeking a younger-than-master, cute, babyfaced,

slim, smooth, hunky or well-defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation, B/D, TT, CB/T, whipping (good and sound), and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture wanted. No fats or heavies. Phone # appreciated. Athletic-type studs especially. I am open-minded. Race unimportant. Drummer Box #3890.

BOOTED LEATHER MAN

6', 178 lbs., br, bl, 9", seeks leather and boot buddies for man to man fun & games (biker, cowboys, line-men, etc). Leather and natural highs only; discreet. Phone & photo please. Write to: Box 9122, Green Bay, WI 54308.

GWM

29 yrs, 6'1", 165 lbs., 9 1/2", seeks friends "LOVER" "2" to 25 only. Am into almost anything, like to experiment and try new things. Prefer hairless body. Write me and tell me your wildest scene, be honest and frank—can't stand phoneys or gay bars. Let's hear from you—maybe we could have some wild scenes with the right person. Will answer all. Photos get first reply. Drummer Box #4354

DADDY, 35, 6', 175#, 8" CUT

Men into C/B, S/M, B/D, T/T, W/S and exhibitionism for fun and pleasure. Also accepting obedient and humble slaves to be used for my total enjoyment. 18-40 photo and phone. Drummer Box #3936.

WYOMING

WYOMING HARD HAT

Into long, hot sessions is taking applications for sons-slaves-partners. 5'9", 155, 8 thick, uncut inches. If you can handle a man giving and taking heavy action, contact me with photo and letter. Be prepared to spend hours in a sling servicing construction workers, cowboys and truckdrivers. Punks, fats and fags need not apply. Drummer Box #3888.

CANADA

SLAVES WANTED TO BE TRAINED

Looking for submissive GMS, 18-30 for on-location training in good sexual service by 39-year-old master slave trainer. Must be willing to travel. Write: Paul Emery, PO Box 477, Intervale, NH 03845, or phone Sir (603) 356-6101

TORONTO

Horny Punk, bottom, 34, 5'8", good build, hot buns and mouth into boot worship, spread-eagled restraint, whipping, wax, CB, TT, man-to-man contact, outdoor sports, mutual respect, wants permanent relationship with handsome, sadistic, intelligent white Top leatherman/biker, 25-40. Must be discrete and health-conscious. Send letter/photo. N-Yorkers and Southern Ontarian also welcome. Drummer Box #4352

SERIOUS SLAVE

WM, 5'8", 170 lbs., wants Master for long-term relationship. Slave into leather, boots, discipline, CBTT, humiliation, dog training, etc. Slave is handsome and of good company, looking for hairy, beefy, heavy top who will instruct and punish me. Eastern Canada (Eng or Fr). Can relocate. Only interested Masters looking for serious, long-lasting SM relationship need to respond. Send pic & letter to: Drummer Box #3984.

BOTTOM, 38, 5'9", 160 LBS.

Bearded, moustache will submit to strong, beefy, or muscular or medium-fat men. Humiliation, verbal abuse, bodyworship, armpits, tits, CB, feet, rimming, WS, bondage, shaving, SM, fantasies. Care, affection and know how will expand limits. Please include photo. PO Box 872, Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

WANTED

Guys who play autoerotic rope scenes willing to share with uniform, leather, booted guy, 35, for mutual satisfaction. Box 5327, Station A, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5N 1Z2.

TORONTO—HAIRY MALE

30, 140 lbs, 5'8", swimmer's build. Seeks similar age 18-35. Into asses, cocks, tits, jockstraps, sweat, versatile. Drummer Box #3854.

BOTTOM MAN

5'9", 160 lbs, br/bl, worship and service beefy or muscular or slight-to-medium-fat men. You demand, order, humiliate and punish me as is your right. I please you as is my duty. If you have the knowhow and can also show affection, you will make me better and expand my limits. Please include photo with letter. No fems, no heavy SM that leaves damages. P.O. Box 872 Station H Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

HUNKY M

Topmen, any race, call me, talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say. Hot white BB awaiting your call, Sir. Peter (403) 244-3295.

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

HOT TEXAS BOY

Traveling Europe in May '85. Will arrive in Germany and then my schedule is open. Seeking hosts that can accommodate this 26-year-old, 5'10", 140 lb. attractive Texan. Show me Europe and I'll show you Texas anytime. Mark Sims, PO Box 36005, Dallas, TX 75235

STINKING GREASY BIKER

27, into dirty leather/rubber gear,

scat, piss, looking for mate, angel-type, living in filthy house to help, work with; but really honest. Drummer Box #4144.

HOMMES FRANCAIS CULTURISTES

Lutteur pour lutte et exhibition (photo obligatoire)—pouvons facilement heberger Paris—Ecrire: Alain Masse, 33 Rue Henri de Villemorin, 94400 Vitry-sur-Seine, France.

CANADIAN LEATHERMAN

Mr. British Columbia Leather '84 and invitational contestant in Mr. Drummer '84 (see Drummer 76) travelling abroad in 85/86 and looking for hosts/employers worldwide. If you're into leather and interested in getting together, contact Bryan Anderson, Drummer Box #4147.

AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS

In Kaiserslautern, W. Germany. Leather and Uniform scenes. Looking for G.I.'s, Tommies, Poi-lus, Krauts, Cops, etc. into same. No hard drugs, FF, or mutilation...all other options negotiable, bondage and bikes a plus. Often back home, so stateside replies welcome. Complete discretion assured. I know you're out there, and I know it's tough to make contact. I've got a lot to lose, and so do you, but we'll never meet if you don't write. It's worth it. Drummer Box #3885.

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30-year-old Master, 6'0", 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth, Australia is seeking a young boy-slave 18-30. Slave must be slim or hunky and baby-faced or handsome; moustache preferred. I want a hot boy slave who is totally obedient and ready for B&D, TT, CB/T, shaving and piercing. Master is level-headed and caring. Upper-half nude picture requested with letter. Drummer Box #3865.

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 135#, 5'8 1/2"

Blond, swimmer's body in Southern Brazil into CB, BD, WS, etc. Like to meet anyone passing through or exchange hot letters, stories, jocks, etc. Drummer Box #3826.

ENGLAND

STRETCH YOURSELF

Boot-worshipping slaves planning a trip to Europe may respectfully request U.S. leatherman with well-equipped blackroom (20 miles central London) to send them his detailed training application form and rules. Drummer Box #4379.

GERMANY

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

Wanted by experienced man 43, 5'11" 160, looking for top or mutual

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ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 21. ☐

SIGNATURE _____ ZIP _____

MAIL TO: BROWN BOTTLE, BOX 39455, LOS ANGELES, CA 90039, U.S.A.

Allow 3 weeks delivery. Cal. residents add 6.5% sales tax. Enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling.

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pigs. Piss, snot, scat, puke, enemas, oil, grease, rubber and leather gear. Jockstraps, boots and foot worship S/M, TT, CBT and catheters. Hot wax, whipping shaving and piercing. Interested in world-wide contacts. Drummer Box #3285.

BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170

Bl, bearded uncut, into L/L, FR a/p, GR/p, tits, coming to US, wants to meet leathermen. Send Ph/ltr to Hans G. Blass, 74 Stresemannstr #1120, 1000 Berlin 61, West Germany.

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

In SM, BD, TT, shaving, kink (NO scat), games and gamerooms, wants to meet interested and interesting men into same. Age, race not import. Send photo, description of your scene to: Postfach 420 515, 1000 Berlin 42, West Germany.

BERLIN, GERMAN

6'3/185, dk bld, moust, into L/L and related activities, not just limited to BD, SM, CBT, shaving, experiments, wants to meet men into some, all or more of the above. Traveling quite often. Send ltr of your scene and photo to Drummer Box #3946.

FRANCE

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MODELS NATIONWIDE

THE \$1000 FANTASY

Your wildest fantasies fulfilled. Send S.A.S.E. to 584 Castro #246, S.F., CA 94114.

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Leather Master, very muscular, XXX hndsm. Tom of Finland looks, intelligent, tall, 36. S&M, Discipline, Punishment, Lt to Hvy C/B & nipple work, VA, Humil., Submission, Spanking, Riding Crops, Pain/Pleasure, Daddy & more. Safesex. International model. \$125 min. Out only. MC/Visa. FRANK (415) 861-5549. Photos-/Travel info: \$10 to Frank Holt, Ste. 486, PO Box 15068, SF, CA 94115 (584 Castro).

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Male models & companions, Handsome, Masculine Men! Clean-Cut, Well-Groomed!, Versatile, Well-Endowed!, Warm—Friendly Models! Fresh As The Morning Dew! All Types For All Types Bikers, Leathermen, Lumberjacks, Outdoorsmen, Swimmers, Jocks, Guy Next Door, College Students, Bodybuilders, Businessmen, Wrestlers, VIP Models. Turn your fantasy into reality. Discreet & confidential arrangements by the hour, day or week.

Around town or around the bay. RICHARD OF S.F. (415)821-3457. Male Models & Companions for a night on the town or an evening at home. 21 to 35 Years of Age. Dinner, Dancing, Theatre, Sight-seeing, Tour Guides, Birthday Presents, Nude Photography, Fashion Photography, Male Strippers For Business Or Private Parties. See before you hire. For photos and descriptions, send \$5.00 to: Richard of San Francisco Box 111, 1800 Market Street San Francisco, CA 94102.

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AS WILD AS YOU WANT IT

Tall top leatherman with playroom & toys. Into anything! Clint (415)626-6444.

JO—EXHIB.

\$30. (415)398-6541. Marty.

COLLEGE JOCK

Brian, 22, 6'2", 180 lbs. Solid, smooth, 44" Chest, Brown Hair & Blue Eyes. Available Days & Weekends. Handsome. Friendly. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

MILITARY-MINDED

Paul 21, 6'3". A tall drink of water. 160 lbs. 40c Hairy, 32w, black hair & blue eyes. Tight hard body—warm form. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

MANLY ANIMAL

Dean 25, 6'2" 46c hairy 32w handsome well-endowed model. All of SF is raving about Light Brown Hair-Green eyes. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

WARM & FRIENDLY

Bill 25, 6' 160 lbs. 40c Smooth 29w Brown Hair & Eyes. Easy going. Masculine—well endowed. Available Evenings-Weekends. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

GUY NEXT DOOR

Philip 21, 5'11" 160 lbs. 40c. Hairy-Brown hair & eyes. Clean-cut good looks. You'll enjoy having Phil around. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

MAGNUM FORCE

Move Over Dirt Harry

Adam: 29, 6' 44c, 31w. Hot as a pistol, cocked fully-loaded 9½ inch barrel—ready if you are. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

MAGNIFICENT STALLION

Ben 26, 6'3" 44c hairy 32w. Brown Hair & eyes HOT-HUNG & Very Healthy—Tall Dark & Handsome. A real turn on! RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

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Hairy, 23, 6'2", 170, \$75. John (30s) 666-9458, Miami, anytime.

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Lifeguard, Bbdybuilder. All scenes & all equipment. Dungeon available for slave training. (305) 940-9485.

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Beginners welcome, light or heavy. Call Brent, Ft. Lauderdale (305) 462-0123. MC/Visa/Amex accepted.

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Extremely handsome, friendly, hung 9 inches! New York's hottest model escort. Robert (212)473-7157 or 734-4185.

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WANTED: GAY AND BISEXUAL MEN

interested in receiving their very own private newsletter and lifetime membership in my private retreat in the mountains east of San Diego. For sample and signed security agreements, send £2.50 to: Nathan G. Newcomb, c/o Sir's Classifieds, 993 "C" S. Sta Fe Vista, CA 92083.

LEATHER VIDEO

Send for free brochure. Paradise Pictures, PO Box 765, Encino, CA 91316

BLACK BONDAGE +

Black rubber manifestations/catalogue, \$5.00 (+ free gift!) Control, PO Box 71, NYC, NY 10027 (120 W. 123 St., NY, NY 10027)

HOT BOTTOMS

A monthly personal ads publication for spanking, etc. Brochure \$1.00; sample copy \$3.00. Control-T-Studio, 13624 Sherman Way #475DH, Van Nuys, CA 91405. State over 21. (7300 Lennox)

IF YOU LIKE TIEING UP

YOUR COCK & BALLS

For masturbation, you're going to freak out with the *Widgett*. It comes complete for \$20, or \$5 for X-rated photos of the *Widgett* in action. State over 21. Freeborn Productions, Box 42547, San Francisco, CA 94142 (449 9th Street)

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Manual for the artist, 86 pp. illus., includes machine operation and needle bar construction, pigment formulations, retail sources, trade secrets. \$30 ppd. A. Lemes MD, 947 E. Broadway, Long Beach, CA 90802.

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Hot fantasies filmed on tape. Photo sets also available! Brochure \$1. (refundable with first order). Control-T Studio, 13624 Sherman Way, No. 475D, Van Nuys, CA 91405. State over 21. (7300 Lennox).

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Electric Vacuum Site Light Heavy Duty Pump Mark IV, never used, comes with instructions, 25' hose, gaskets, 4 various sizes acrylic tubes for cock and balls. Paid \$230., want \$185. Kenny, Box 8202, Ft Lauderdale, FL 33310. (305) 563-8876.

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Buddy Directory. Send SASE for free information. Saint Priapus, 583 Grove, San Francisco, CA 94102.

PHALLIC WORSHIP

"Phallic Worship as Serious Religion". Send \$2 for sample newsletter. Saint Priapus Church, 583 Grove, San Francisco, CA 94102.

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Looking for the best values in top-quality leathers, and leather toys? See our ad in this section.

THE LEATHERWORKS INC
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A complete selection of wet toys! Nozzles, Bags, Tubes, Soap, Diapers, Dildoes, Leather! Also wide selection of videos, including "Enema Slave/Enema Night".

Catalogue \$3. Jason Bleu's J.B. Supply, Box 85667, Dept D., Los Angeles, CA 90072. (6200 Primrose. See our ad in Shoppers Section).

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Fun, Funky Enema Equipment for practical cleanliness, pleasure or discipline. Other Ass-oriented toys also. Catalog \$2. Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10014.

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By Drummer's Frank O'Rourke. Contact: Hatfield House, Box 14128, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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Hot, horny, unrelenting front-line stud action captured in explosive drawings by one of the top erotic artists of our time. Send \$5.00 for ten 8 1/2 X 11" black and white samples plus full information on how to receive more. Send check or money order made payable to DRAWINGS BY REX to Post Office Box 347, San Francisco, CA 94101. State that you are over 21 years of age and wish to receive this material.

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For information on Hun Art, send a stamped self-addressed envelope and a statement that you are over 21 years of age to: The Hun, Box 19240-A Los Angeles, CA 90019.

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36"x90" \$52.00, 70"x90" \$86.00. Send Check or M.O. to: S. Garrett Box 6221 Albany, N.Y. 12206 Customizing also done.

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Hot sex audio tapes. Listen to hot and heavy action of "The Cop", "D.I.", "Marines Overheard" and more. Plus Superstar Al Parker as "The Repairman". Send \$1 for brochure. Stallion Sound P.O. Box 436 Canal St. Sta. New York, NY 10013 Dept DMC. (350 Canal St.).

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"GOLDENROD" magazine has hundreds hottest gay/bi personals, wild nude photos, addresses, phones. Plus articles, advice. Latest 80 page issue—\$7.00. Goldenrod, 147 West 42nd, #603-M, NYC 10036.

MR. BENSON IS AVAILABLE

The most talked about contemporary S&M novel, really a love story, by the author of *Franny*, *The Queen of Province Town* and *I Once Had a Master*. John Preston's *Mr. Benson*, is available from: The Studstore, 960 Folsom, San Francisco, CA 94107. Send \$7.95 plus 50¢ postage/handling for your copy of *Mr. Benson*.

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The first gay porn film from Japan. Beautiful young Japanese studs captured on live video. VHS or Beta, \$29.00 postpaid. Japanese soundtrack. Signed statement of age required. Light Fantastic, Box 14576, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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Achieve the most "Beautiful tan" with our all natural Sun tanning pills. Derived from 100% natural sources. That can produce the most beautiful darkest tan you have ever had in just 10 days. With only 3 tablets daily.

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Cum encrusted jocks from hot, black, young N.J. bodybuilder. \$12.00 plus \$1.00 for postage. Money orders only. Send to: Thornton Worsley, Jr., 8 Hamilton La., Willingboro, NJ 08046.

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Wide selection, low prices, extra fast service. Send \$1 for hot illustrated anal toy catalog. State over 21. Unicorn Sales Co., Box 10024-E, Chicago, IL 60610. (540 N. Dearborn).

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Inflatable helmets, gags, suits. Grease, enema, dildo pants. Catalogue 172 mind blowing items, \$3 air. Remawear, Sherwood House, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancashire OL14 7ET, England.

9 HOT MEN

in 75 min. of solo J/O surveillance video. VHS & Beta \$59.95. Now Tapes, 5299 Fountain, #106MT, Hollywood, CA 90029. SASE for info.

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LARSEN LEATNERS—buy/sell new/used gear (from hats to boots). \$1 catalog. Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. (Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, VA 24073)

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Stamped with your personal message, 4 lines, 15 characters per line \$4.95 each. Add 15% shipping. Gledhill, 2112 Lyric Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027.

STOKER

Crotch, crack, smell, stains, sweat, piss, shit, cum, cheese, jockstrap or brief \$30. Up-close picture of my only 8x6 uncut muscle \$10. State you're 21 years. Cash or M.O. only. P.O. Box 11366, San Francisco, CA 94101-7366

TOM OF FINLAND MEN

Like leather SM bodybuilders, dirty talk tapes, cops—then Tom's mail order will fulfill your fantasies. \$2.00 for all his catalogues. Tom of Finland, D.C., PO Box 26716, Dept. D-1, Los Angeles, CA 90026. Must state 21, with signature. (1421 Laveta Terrace).

UNUSUAL MALE VIDEO

\$14.95-\$19.95. Unavailable elsewhere. Albe-Gaard, SASE for list. 2011 Wilshire Blvd., #308, Los Angeles, CA 90057

EAT MY SHORTS!

Hot young stud with lean, hard body and nine-inch pipe has some foul shorts he's worked out in for a week, stained with cock juices, redy for you to sniff and chew on. Photo of this hot and mean stud included. \$12 gets you off. Les, PO Box 42547, San Francisco, CA 94142 (1334 Van Ness).

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ORGANIZATIONS

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NY Golden Shower Assn presents "April Showers '85," a weekend of parties April 26-28. Write for information: GSA/NYT, DMS Box 112, 132 W. 24th, NYC, NY 10011

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(Or Get Fucked?)

American-Greek Alliances: The club which gets greek actives into greek passives. Info. \$1: Box 623, AGD, New York, NY 10013 (444 Hudson)

HAIRY MEN

Hairfans Adlist. Infopixpak \$2.00: Man-Hair, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011.

HOT PHONE J/O NATIONWIDE

Send SASE & age to: Phone Pals Club, Box 11097, San Diego, CA 92111-0010. Mention *Manifest* ad.

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Anyone interested in having a lot of fun, plus square dancing all over the Bay Area should contact THE BAY CITY RAMBLERS. Learn

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SM/SF

Seeing *Dune* recently put me in a mood for science fiction. The sense of wonder, the allure of imaginary landscapes, fantastic vistas and limitless possibilities...though *Dune*, of course—both the novel and the movie—exemplifies everything that made much of the genre repugnant to many gay readers until at least the early 1970s: traditional military/family values transplanted to the farthest reaches of the universe, misogyny, rampant fag-bating, sexuality used to alternately titillate and disgust.

The old-fashioned values of the 1950s and '60s still dominate the genre, thanks largely to the inertia of lazy hack writers who simply parrot conventions instead of breaking them; but parallel to the main body of science fiction is a radical stream as adventurous, progressive and free as any in current literature. It makes room for homosexuality, for SM, even for deviations from the norm that do not or can not yet exist.

Samuel R. Delany's *Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand* (Bantam, 368 pp., cloth, \$16.95) forges as far afield as any science fiction—as any fiction—being written today. It is a quietly astonishing book; quiet, because there is nothing in its packaging to suggest that this is likely to be the most talked-about "gay novel" of the coming year. At its core, *Stars in My Pocket* is a romance about two men, born light-years apart, who are deliberately brought together because each is the "ideal erotic object" of the other.

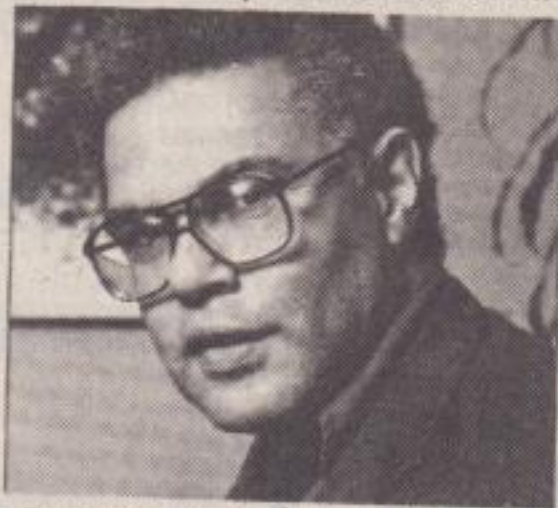
The plot of *Stars in My Pocket* defies summation; partly because Delany is not a writer given to narrative simplicity, and partly because this is only the first half of a "diptych" of novels, ending, like a cliff-hanger, in critical mid-stream. Any judgment of the storyline will have to await the publication of the sequel, *The Splendor and Misery of Bodies, of Cities*, this fall—but what Delany has already given us in *Stars in My Pocket* makes

me eager for the conclusion.

Then what is *Stars in My Pocket* about? Slavery. Sadomasochism. Going to the baths. Sex between men and intelligent reptiles. The mysteries of physical attraction. The struggle between stifling order and uncertain individuality. A complete redefinition of the concept of "family." The growth of information banks so vast that any pretense of total understanding becomes absurd. The power of language to enslave or liberate, to control or subvert control. The fluid nature of custom and taboo. The enormity of this world, any world.

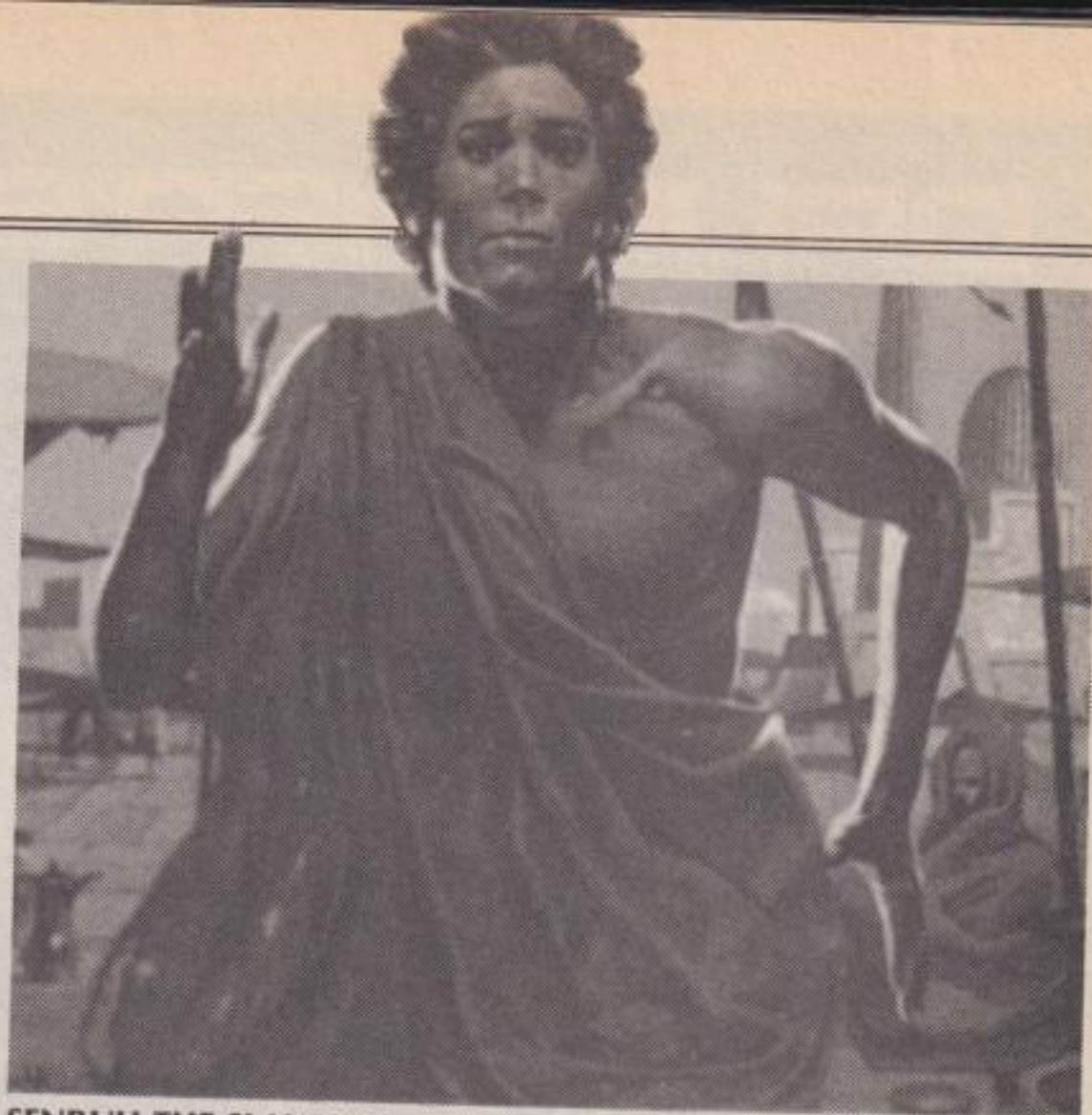
Stars in My Pocket is science fiction of the highest order. That it also carries a very special, sometimes secret resonance for gay readers is a gift from its brilliant author, and a remarkable, radical, subversive achievement.

By comparison, Sharon Baker's first novel, *Quarreling, They Met the Dragon* (Avon, 267 pp., paper, \$3.95) seems rather conventional; but its colorful story of a young slaveboy making a place for himself on a cruelly primitive planet contains surprises of its own.



DELANY: *Ideal Erotic Objects.*

In her acknowledgements, Baker gives thanks to "hustlers past and present who agreed to interviews"; her research has paid off in the character of Senruh, a bisexual slave who willingly prostitutes himself for his own and his master's benefit. Senruh's culture has its own list of perversions and taboos, but homosexuality is not among them, at least not when performed between the prescribed classes. Sadomasochism is rife, and in some ways institutionalized; a disturbing erotic passage in which Sen-



SENRUH THE SLAVEBOY: From *Quarreling, They Met the Dragon*.

ruh is publicly, brutally raped by a group of soldiers gives life to the inner conflict between masochistic abandon and his own sense of shame. Eventually Senruh encounters a newly enslaved warrior, Pell, and the two youths share the lessons of escape, danger, freedom, tolerance and love.

Quarreling, with its focus on adolescence and rites of passage, has the tone of science fiction written for younger readers, but I imagine its frank eroticism and homosexual content will keep it out of most, if not all, school libraries. The narrative pace sometimes bogs down, and the writing could benefit from at least an occasional passive construction, but Baker obviously cares for her characters and for the world she has created, and that deep affection elevates *Quarreling* to a worthy entertainment.

These two novels are exceptions to the rule. For the most part, fantasy and science fiction, especially the pulpier varieties, are still dominated by stock characters, hazy thinking, and shameless pandering to the prejudices of readers who want fast, easy, safe escapism—which brings us to *Broken Stone*, by Richard Monaco (Ace Fantasy, 230 pp., paper, \$2.95).

I was attracted to this seedy novel by its promise of an outlandish melange of Ancient Egypt, Druid magic and Roman legionnaires (plus the

typically sexy cover art by Boris Vallejo). Unfortunately, the convoluted plot bogs down in the dunes, and Monaco's writing is as dismally melodramatic and portentously pretentious as *Dune*, without the virtue of Frank Herbert's imagination; and like *Dune*, *Broken Stone* features that weary staple of American pulp writing, the Fag Villain. In this case, his name is Flacchus; he's obscenely fat (naturally), with beady eyes, bony hands and "the face of a nasty baby." He's a wizard of sorts, slices up young boys for human sacrifice and uses his magic to force Roman senators to wallow against their will in disgusting homosexual orgies.

Oh, and the source of his magic is a "power stone," a sort of ectoplasmic dildo on which Flacchus likes to sit: "He tittered. Because he was mounted on the power. He called the power and felt it respond, felt the hard outline of it under his big, soft buttocks. He scrunched himself around it, on its smooth, pulsing hardness...the smooth shape of power pressed between his flaccid hams and poured its dark strength up into his body against the normal grain, pushing up where foul things came out."

I have only one question about this pornographic drivel: Did Richard Monaco throw a boner while writing it?


—Aaron Travis

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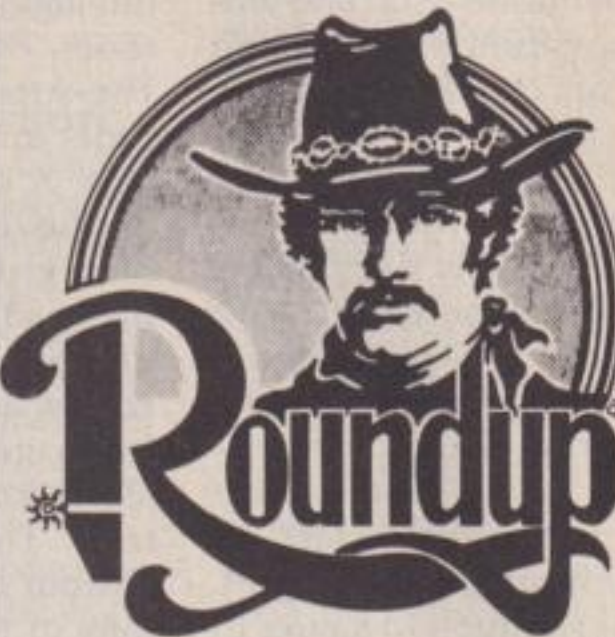
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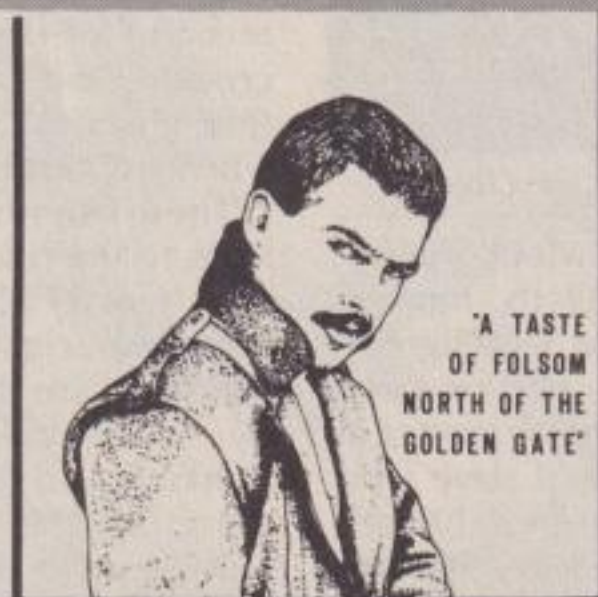
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FLESH AND FANTASY: Jeroen Krabbe (right) grapples with the object of his desire (Thom Hoffman), who's hung up to dry in *The Fourth Man*.

"...SAID THE SPIDER"

There are times when all the right elements seem to have come together and what happens is...unique.

Paul Verhoeven is The Netherlands' fair-haired director and has been for the past decade. His iconoclastic and extraordinary films get worldwide attention; he never fails to pull off one stunning cinematic coup after another. With only five films to his credit, roughly one every two years, he has assembled a body of work that many directors would envy after a lifetime.

The Fourth Man, directed by Paul Verhoeven, screenplay by Gerard Soeteman based on a novel by Gerard Reve; starring Jerome Krabbe, Rene Soutendijk; 1984 (film), 1985 (video release); 104 minutes, Beta/VHS, \$69.95; Media Home Entertainment.

Verhoeven made his mark with his first film, *Turkish Delight*, which received an Academy Award nomination for Best Foreign Film. A contemporary story about a Dutch artist and his brain-damaged girlfriend, the film was so daring and sophisticated that it quickly rose above the mass of undraped Western European imports around it and hastened the arrival of an impor-

tant new film manipulator.

His epic film about the history of Dutch colonialists in Indonesia, *Max Havelaar*, preceded *Gandhi* and *A Passage To India* by nearly a decade, but filled the screen and the modern consciousness with the same sensibilities regarding the ultimate despair of the colonial empires.

The first look at the history of The Netherlands during World War II came with Verhoeven's *Soldier of Orange*, released during the Viet Nam War and instantly ignored by the right people because of its unflinching portrayal of an occupying military force on unwelcome soil.

Spetters, Verhoeven's modern morality tale about contemporary youth in The Netherlands—although badly butchered by The Samuel Goldwyn Company in its U.S. theatrical release—still managed to impart its fiery and devastatingly-honest portrait of modern sexual mores. Gay audiences who weren't offended by seeing some of the unpleasant aspects of the diversity of their community were exhilarated by Verhoeven's uncanny way of ferreting out the accurate from the clichés. *Spetters* also made an overnight sensation of Renee

Soutendijk. And like most overnight sensations, Renee had been around making films for quite a while.

With *The Fourth Man*, Paul Verhoeven has once again reiterated his genius for selecting sublime—and unusual—properties to bring to the screen. And *The Fourth Man* has its own striking background.

Based on a novel by the Dutch gay author Gerard Reve (who also wrote the novel *Dear Boys*, which was turned into a controversial and downright scandalous film), *The Fourth Man* is autobiographical—at least in that the author appears, in name, as one of the main characters. But a clue may be lurking in the fact that the character Gerard Reve is an author who admits his novels are but enchantments of some bitter truths that are themselves nothing but lies.

Reve is played by Jeroen Krabbe (who also appeared in Verhoeven's *Soldier of Orange*), a semi-mad contemporary novelist who has such an overpowering sense of Catholic guilt that his life walks a tightrope between seedy reality and psychotic religious fantasies—or nightmares, depending on your

point of view. A few days in Reve's life encompass much of the mysteries of both the Old and New Testaments with a liberal dash of Sartre and *Nothingness* thrown in to liven things up.

Reve is asked to speak on his novels and writing at some small seacoast resort's literary night. Money motivates him, but first he has to shake off a few of the demons that haunt him (as well as control his alcoholic shakes) before he can face the rigors of polite society. Reve is a man torn between a desire to murder his lover and a desire to get laid. *The Fourth Man* is so deceptive that in the first five minutes you think Reve has strangled his violin-playing houseboy, only to discover it was nothing more than the passing of a recurring fantasy. And that should warn you: Verhoeven mixes fantasy and reality with an easy hand.

On the way, via train to the resort, Reve spies a hunky young German in tight jeans looking at nude playmates at the station newsstand. Reve's idea of an opening line has the subtlety of a wrecking ball, and the potential assignation hops a train for Köln (Cologne) without the slightest hesitation.

Reve, reduced to some instant desperation, runs after him—or rather after the train, as it pulls out of the station.

Ensnared on his own coach, the nightmare that is to come begins to take a more ominous shape. His mind wanders to an advertisement for a hotel, and suddenly he is checking in. A room number turns into a faceless eyeball; it falls out of its socket and bleeds down the front of the door. Reve opens his eyes to see blood running down the face of the advertisement—only to discover it is tomato juice from a split carton on the overhead rack.

At the literary circle, while Reve is trying to be both charming and quick—so he can catch the last train back to Amsterdam—a young woman (Renee Soutendijk) begins taking home movies of him. The audience keeps him, he misses the train, the lovely Christine puts down her small 8mm camera and suggests he stay at her house, that she drive him to the train station in the morning.

Reve is established early on as a gay man with a fondness for slightly rough types, personified by his encounter at the train station—but Christine is an extraordinarily beautiful young woman, slender and slim-hipped enough to bring out some bisexual (at least) yearnings in the novelist. He drops a few subtle hints about his preference, but Christine is undaunted: Her invitation can be taken as innocently or as salaciously as Reve wishes.

The subterranean mystery behind Reve's daydreams and nightmares begins to creep into reality when they drive to Christine's house, in fact a beauty salon built on the seashore, the neon sign on the facade missing enough letters to spell SPIDER in Dutch. Spiders dominate Reve's most current nightmares—the film actually opens with a spider crawling over the face of Christ on a crucifix as it preys on captured insects.

Inside Christine's lair, all pretense is dropped: She prepares his place in her bed and seduces him with the greatest of ease, and Reve is a willing virgin to her rapture; he

presses his hands against her breasts while she strides his groin and tells her that, in just the right light, she looks just like a young male.

The next morning, after breakfast in bed, Christine



FULL OF SURPRISES: While the widow's not watching, Hoffman and Krabbe square off in *The Fourth Man*.

offers Reve a new shirt to replace his tattered one, a shirt she pulls from her dead husband's closet. She suggests to Reve that he freshen up and join her downstairs, where she will give him the society's fee for his talk. While Reve sits across the table, she counts out the money, then is called away to her salon. Reve walks around the room, discovers a sheaf of letters on the desk...and a photograph...of the young German man he tried to seduce on the train.

Christine, during the passion of orgasm the night before, had suggested he take a brief vacation from his novelist life in Amsterdam and stay with her—so lonely out there in the hinterlands. After seeing the photo of the young German dressed in a thin red bathing suit and looking every inch the stereotypical stud in heat, wild horses wouldn't drag Reve away until he learns more about the young hunk. The letter is a mushy love-ish letter, with enough information to reinforce Reve's desire to stay. When Christine returns, he has made up his mind and pitches her on his need for a real "rest."

Thus fate or destiny sets the stage for everything that follows: Reve has been brought to this place and brought in touch with these people for what may be a divine

intervention—or the wrath of The Furies. But he has also been "warned" that all is not well at the sea house with the strange name SPIDER, nor with his host, the eternally-young Christine.

In fact, as Reve discovers that the German boy, Herman, will be coming for a visit in a few days, the warnings grow louder, but become so mixed with his own religious/sexual fantasies (like seeing Herman as the Christ on the cross in church and slowly pulling off his red swimming trunks, that he can neither appreciate the warning nor prevent destiny, from unfolding.

It's ironic that Gerard Reve, the author of *The Fourth Man*, used the symbols of Catholicism in such a deadly, yet redeeming, way this time around; his earlier *Dear Boys* held the Church in such disdain that he used it (along with the Queen of The Netherlands) as the butt of many of his sexual jokes, and mercilessly at that. But here, Reve, the author, seems to be working out something other than the standard religion-equals-sex-equals-death syndrome; not as demonic as the usual Z-grade possession movie—in fact, almost pure in its approach to salvation of the innocent. Nonetheless, both Reve, the author, and Verhoeven, the director, have shed some new light on church iconography with results that stand to offend as many true believers as they will absolutely delight many non-believers.

The Fourth Man is far from

typical fare—for either gay or mainstream audiences. Reve's gay persona is part cretin, part saint (and mainstream audiences will overlook the saint part); his other character is so sexually ambiguous that this transcends sexual-preference role playing.

Jeroen Krabbe's Reve is a masterful characterization, full of fire and energy, fear and madness, vibrant at all times, and totally *un*stereotypical. Renee Soutendijk is an absolute marvel as Christine, painfully beautiful at times—like a spirit more than a human. Thom Hoffman's Herman is studious, coy, clever, sexy...and as full of surprises as Verhoeven's film. They are all the right elements, brought together and played out in a funny, gripping, shocking, explicit, mad mystery. The English dubbing does not take away an iota from the craftiness of the screenplay, and the video cassette releasing company, Media Home Entertainment, has shown a laudable sense of integrity by not having edited a single frame from the original film.

UNRULY CONFESSIONS

I don't think much of Joey Yale as a director. Primarily because he lacks vision. And it seems he has learned little from his long-time teacher, the legendary Fred Halsted (who, it must be confessed, I think also began to wane a number of titles back). Joey Yale's videos come across more half-thought-out than anything; sometimes a good idea allowed to fizzle midway, sometimes half-an-idea with no clear-cut *raison d'être*.

Trick Time, directed by Joey Yale, 1984, 75 minutes; stars Tim Kramer, Johnny Dawes, Michael Christopher, Clay Russell, Jon King. Beta/VHS, \$69.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling; HIS Video/VCA Inc., 2051 Pontius Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025. Signed statement of age required.

Trick Time is no exception. It's a good idea poorly handled, ultimately infuriating for what it promises and fails to deliver.

The problem with making a semi-documentary about porn actors is making the porn actors seem interesting as individuals, and not have them come out as just ordi-

nary Joes, or worse, have them come out as assholes. Unlike *60 Minutes*, *Trick Time* sets itself up to be a titillating look inside the lives and fantasies of three currently-popular men. It should complement the mystique of the subjects. The idea of first showing some sexual fantasy of the individual subject, then doing a talking-head interview isn't original. Christopher Rage did it superbly in *Street Kids*, even if the individual "actors" didn't have names that carry the weight of Tim Kramer, Johnny Dawes, and Michael Christopher. What Christopher Rage did was to reveal his subjects on two levels: either before or after seeing the individuals have sex, each "confessed" about the origins of his sexuality and the motivations of his sexual life. That allowed a brilliant contrast (sometimes) or a catharsis for the viewer, weighing what he saw opposed to what he heard, and coming to some conclusion, himself, about the men and the sex before him.

Bob French, in his experimental *Inside Eric Ryan*, similarly achieved a cohesive (and daring) approach to a portrait of the subject of that video, and in a completely different manner from Christopher Rage. Rage's work is edited and ultimately controlled (a desired effect is achieved through the "fictionalization" of the documentary material). French, à la Andy Warhol, simply let the camera run and did not edit to come up with a groundbreaking document.

Lou Maletta's *Men In Film* series (the first, featuring interviews with Rod Phillips, Casey Donovan and Daniel Holt, will be released in 1985 by Trophy Video) follows yet a completely different format: the subject is interviewed, during the course of which he disrobes (some do, some don't), and both aspects are revealed in tandem.

Because Joey Yale decided to stage a "sexual fantasy" of Tim Kramer's, he deflated his documentary status to a pseudo-documentary; the fact that the sex is real is countered by the fact that it is performed on a sound stage with predetermined players and is, at best, the recreation of aspects of a particular sexual

fantasy. The same holds in the segments with Johnny Dawes and Michael Christopher. And it's stretching the imagination to say that each of these men had a sexual fantasy about having sex on this sound stage with these people under these

prostitute (at this point in time it's hardly revolutionary, given that hookers, in some parts of the country, have unionized and have spokespersons who routinely talk on the subject), which are not interesting questions or answers. His feel-



HEAD TO HEAD: Rod Phillips and Lee Ryder in Falcon Pac 34.

conditions.

That's how the basic idea is contorted, and ultimately flawed. Better to have let the three subjects set up their own situations and then simply capture them on video tape. Even though there is the artificiality of the act being "performed" for the sake of the camera, it is as honest as any predetermined documentary can get: as much so as *Street Kids*, *Inside Eric Ryan*, *Men In Film*, and other examples like Curt McDowell's *Loads* or the John Holmes feature, *Exhausted*. In the last, the documentary centers around Holmes while he is making a new porn film, allowing the camera to both capture him as an individual and on the set as an actor.

The first subject of *Trick Time*, Tim Kramer, destroys whatever mystique he had by answering questions about his then-current life as a male

ings about his film career seem limited to counting the number of films he has made. His over-reported comments about another porn star are once again dredged up, and Kramer can but lose at this point in any discussion about those disparaging remarks.

But if Kramer's answers are unflattering, so are the questions put to him by off-screen moderators Yale and Halsted. Good interviews are researched, planned out. In some cases the material to be covered is even gone over by the interviewers and the subject. Given the penetration of news interviews in our age, there is no reason, even in a porn film, for the medium of the interview to be so poorly handled. But the *coup de grace* comes when the interviewers ask Kramer how much money he received to appear in this film. And, after some hesitation, he answers.

Joey Yale doesn't understand the foundations of erotica itself. Living in a city like Los Angeles (read: Hollywood), surrounded by the history of how legends were made out of thin air, it's a strange lack of understanding. But it has to be admitted that Tim Kramer likewise shows a lack of understanding about his position, and he's in large company—too many porn figures say yes when they shouldn't.

The two other interview subjects fare slightly better. Johnny Dawes has an equal number of poorly-conceived questions put to him; Dawes has such a genuine personality that the viewer doesn't feel the slightest adversary nudge, and his sensitiveness, which has been his calling card for years, remains intact. Unfortunately, his sexual fantasy, as realized in *Trick Time*, isn't very distinguished.

Michael Christopher is the big guns. His opening tableau is the real highlight of *Trick Time*; Christopher has his act down pat and if you like it, you'll like exactly how he physically handles himself. The questions are routine, predictable, and reveal little. If you didn't know Michael Christopher was bisexual, you'll learn that, but precious little else.

Two other people appear in *Trick Time*: Jon King and Clay Russell. More's the pity: King has a legendary life that would come across as at least shocking. Clay Russell is loaded with mystery, seldom appears in porn, is a prototypical leatherman-type, and would have been a natural interview subject, sort of like getting J.D. Salinger to fess up.

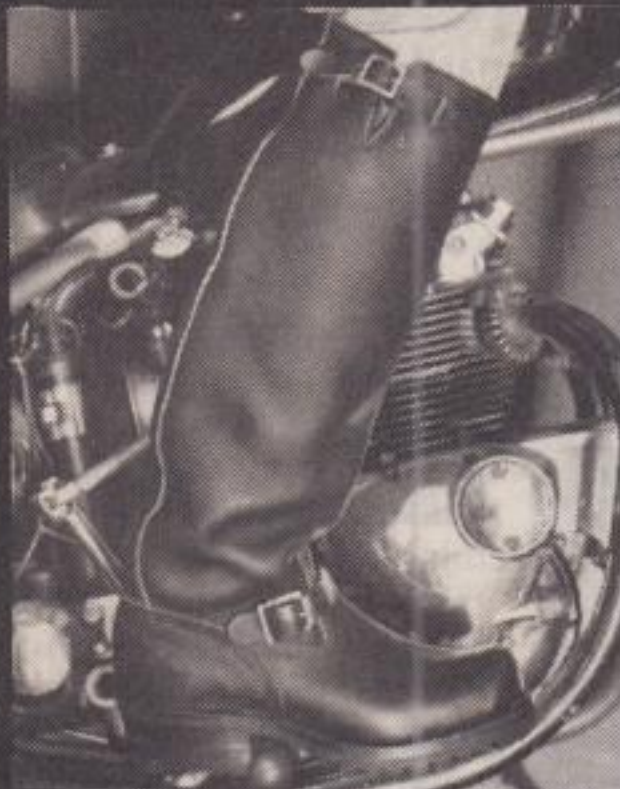
Either *Trick Time* is the truth or it is not: If the intention was to actually make a documentary about these three porn legends, then this was a shoddy way of going about it. If the intention was to make a porn film that pretends to be a documentary about porn actors, then there should have been much more sex and fewer silly questions.

WATER POWER

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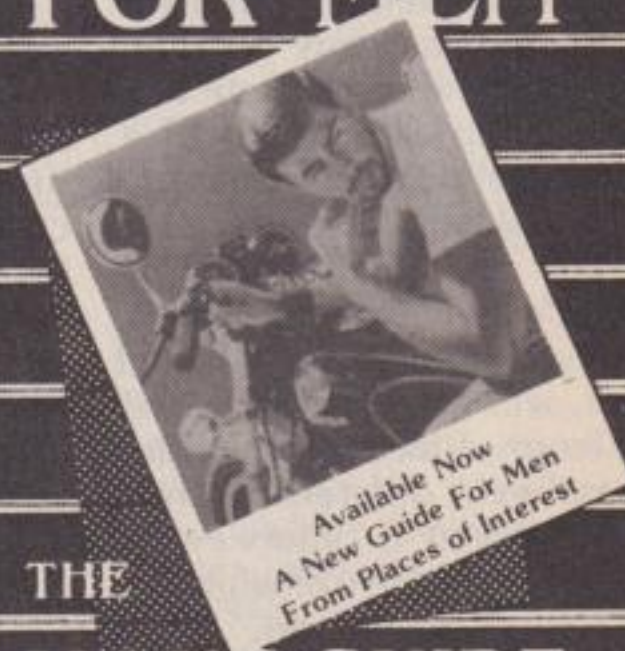
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Falcon Pac 34, no director listed, 1984, 60 minutes; stars Lee Ryder, Rod Phillips, Bill Henson, Scott O'Hara. Beta/VHS, \$79.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling: Falcon, Box 750, San Francisco, CA 94101. Signed statement of age required.

The opening tableau is nothing more complicated than a thirty-minute three-way in the desert between Ryder, Phillips, and Hunter—except for the complexity of the mathematical possibilities of that many versatile, awesomely athletic sexual performers. For every aching angle, the pounding and thrusting is explored, reiterated, and explored again. And again. Just in case you missed something.

Next comes something poolside, about a race between Bill Henson (of *Sailor in the Wild* and elsewhere) and Aaron Gage. He who wins gets to do whatever he wants. I won't give away who wins, but you probably already know what Bill Henson likes best. The pool race ends and the race to the bedroom begins. Then the pulse starts racing (yours, too).

But hold onto your bollocks, because *Water Sports* gives that expression a new twist. Scott O'Hara (looking like the newest member of Devo in his bright orange jumpsuit and dark glasses) spies humpy Randy Page lounging around on a chaise longue and gives him a cleaning out with a garden hose. You heard right.

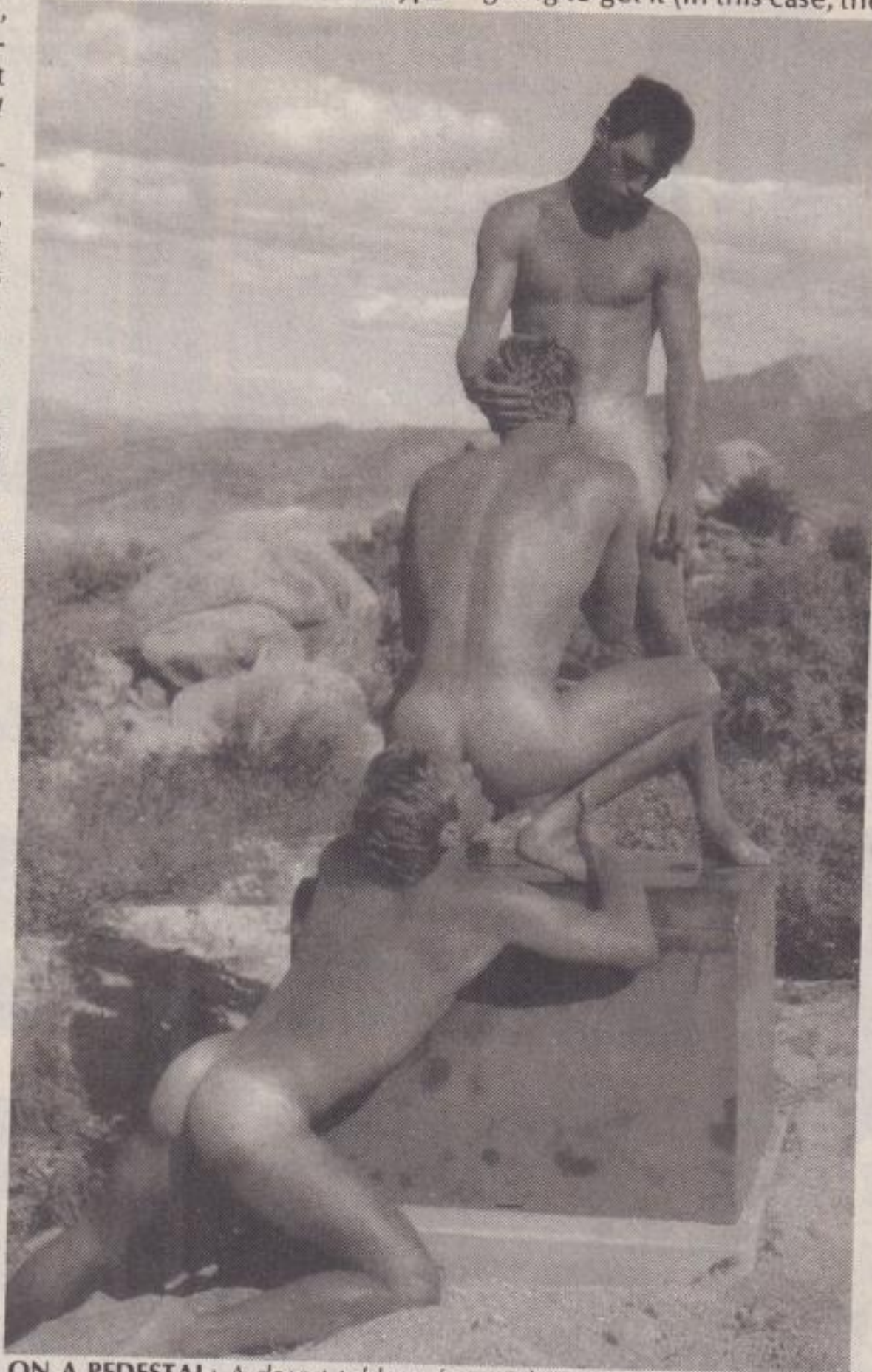
If seeing Scott O'Hara (winner of The Biggest Dick in San Francisco Contest) being shaved from head to asshole in *Slaves for Sale* led you to believe this young man was all bottom, you're in for two surprises (the other surprise is just how graphic this outdoor douche gets).

Ah, short subjects!

A TOUGH WAY TO MAKE THE RENT

I'll say one thing for John Christopher, he may have directed only two films in his too-brief career, but between them he managed not only to create the biggest media-hype

only twenty-five percent sex. And, like the movies on which it is based (usually written by women other than Agatha Christie), not only are you able to figure out who did it in the first ten minutes, but who's going to get it (in this case, the



ON A PEDESTAL: A desert tableau from *Falcon Pac 34*.

in gay porn history (with *Centurians of Rome*), but the all-time most lavishly produced "little" gay porn film—*Hard Money*.

Hard Money, directed by John Christopher, 1984, 80 minutes; stars Brian Hawks, Danny Combs, Rick Taylor, Steve Collins, Donald Davidson. Beta/VHS, \$69.95 plus \$2.50 postage and handling: HIS Video/VCA Inc., 2051 Pontius Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025. Signed statement of age required.

Released after the director's death, *Hard Money* is completely derivative—the plots of the a number of aged murder mysteries rolled into one last flashy romp that is seventy-five percent plot and

inheritance) as well.

The slightly-crazed Samuel Warren has been (perhaps) bumped off—dispatched by a glass of poisoned brandy. His attorney (played by Steve Collins) gathers all Warren's past lovers together for the reading—rather, the watching—of Warren's last will and testament, which is on videotape.

The past lovers/potential heirs are a very mixed lot: a sleazy South of Market type (well, slightly sleazy), the preppie, the queen (okay, more than one), the quiet and oh-so-sensitive blond, the construction worker, the ex-hustler. They, and the attorney

(and the butler, don't forget the butler) sit around the dining room table (Empire period, Louis XVI chairs) and watch the departed spell out the terms of his will: they all have to spend the night in Warren's house, where each will be asked to perform some special sexual feat, from which it will be determined who deserves the money.

The butler and the attorney play host and guide through this series of little sexual adventures; at appointed times they will go to each guest and impart his special instructions. The final condition of the will is that anyone who skips out and doesn't do as instructed will be aced out of the running. A lot of bitchy muttering and false exits; everyone stays.

If you can't figure out (a) who's going to get the inheritance as well as (b) what really happened to crafty Samuel Warren by the time the assignments begin, you might as well turn in your decoder ring and resign yourself to old Perry Mason reruns.

But even being able to figure out the plot in advance isn't all that much of a flaw: Hitchcock made part of his legendary career with films in which the audience knew the culprit's identity and suffered through watching him get caught. So there's nothing wrong with the premise of *Hard Money*, or the production values, or the direction. And the cinematography is fine, the editing is fine, the music is fine. What's wrong is the sex. The sex isn't anywhere near as interesting as the narrative line. In fact, the sex is rather lukewarm overall, and even turgid in places.

It looks like too much time and energy spent on making this look as near to a mainstream "movie" as possible, and much too little attention given to the physical and emotional chemistry of the actors paired to perform the various sexual tableaux. Things look like they're going to take off a couple of times (there is even an SM-ish sling scene), but never catch fire. The spark isn't there. And as the Boss says, "You can't start a fire without a spark."

—John W. Rowberry

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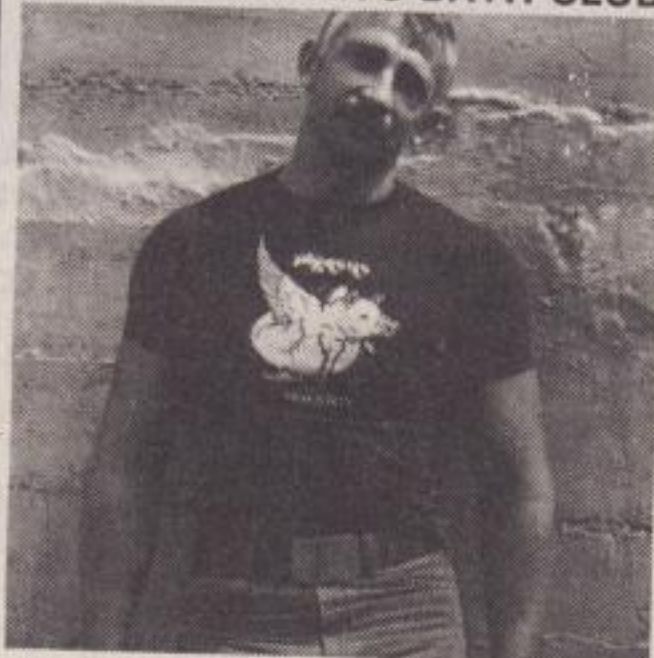
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Photo by Robert Pruzan

LEADING MEN: Ageless Tab Hunter, dragless Divine, and Quentin Crisp (innocent bystander) at the world premiere of *Lust in the Dust*.

SEMI-DIVINE

Out of the depths of legendary degradation, over the cacti and through the buttes, into the misbegotten land of the Great American Western Spoof crawls the *femme de la femme*, Rosie (Divine), with a roguish glint in her eye, a tattoo on her mighty ass, a pair of lethal thighs below voluminous skirts, and a hearty "Shut up, you deceitful slut!"

Riding parallel to Rosie, tall and wonderfully straight-in-the-saddle, comes the taciturn Abel Wood (Tab Hunter), "just a tarnished tumbleweed," according to the narrative ballad. A slightly dissipated Marlboro Man, actually. They're headed for the town of Chili Verde, a hotbed of hot beds, gold fever, lynchers, gunfighters and rabbi-turned-padre (Cesar Romero trying on a combo of accents that comes out Irish brogue). As Marguerita, Lainie Kazan rules the roost and sexually decimates the roosters, until Rosie hits town and challenges her tal-

ent for belting songs and unbelting a gang of cross-pollinated outlaw rejects. Then there's a diminutive geriatric wanton, Big Ed (Nedra Volz), the only one with a heart a fraction bigger than the bore of her shotgun.

The town is lawless; so is the script.

Lust in the Dust contains all the particles of parody—broad characters, sweeping settings and simplistic plot: a take-off on King Vidor's *Duel in the Sun*, plus T&A (Lainie has a tattoo, too, though others stunted D's T's and sat in for Kazan's caboose). The individual elements are capable of comic chemistry and they do pop now and then, but the combinations, like the origin of the ordinary universe, never arrive at any meaningful Big Bang. The gaps between gags are big enough for a 20-mule team to drive through—clippety-clop, wait for it! wait for it!—totally lacking in the thick, fast patter and layered sight-gags of *Blazing Saddles* or *Airplane!*, not to mention the wit and crude

wisdom of the likes of Warhol, Bartel's coarser *Private Parts* or slick *Eating Raoul*. Or John Waters' *Polyester*—by golly, we've seen Glenn Milhaus and Arthur Gelien together before. With horses, too.

Director Bartel, who also has the inventive *Death Race 2000* and the well-paced *Cannonball* to his credit, has pushed in all the stops on this one. Philip John Taylor is credited with the screenplay that seems to be a loose synopsis of a script, under the production aegis of newcomer Allan Glaser and ingene-cum-leading man, Tab Hunter. The cinematography credentials are solid: Paul Lohmann lensed *Nashville*. The cast has *Personality*. Somebody poured a lot of baby oil on untroubled Waters.

Looked at from another angle, the critic is obviously full of it. *Lust* drew thousands to the Castro Theater (breaking house records for a full week) on its San Francisco premiere run, many of whom hadn't looked in at a box office since *Dynasty* began.

Divine-fanatics notwithstanding (I am a more moderately excitable one), it's apparent that the movie has to be more than attitude and bitch-fight built around a poor pun, and that the flapjack-flat photography, long breaths between belly-laughs and boring centering of action and close-ups make for a comfortable and popular formula. The Network Television Sitcom *We'd Like To See*. Yes. Complete with spaces for commercials, simple background that won't detract from simple single events to the fore, nothing at the sides to get lost at the edges of the curved tube. A built-in censor to answer for the thin and inconsistent script... "Okay, guys, you got the butt shot; out with the other 279 jokes; Chili Verde is it for double entendres; "trade you a broken neck for two bunnies on the mesa and lots of mentions of New Mexico." Well, why not? Though of course we won't expect to see its companion short from the Castro show, that clever, scathing and explicitly-

perverse animation by John Magnuson of Lenny Bruce's *Thank You Mask Man*. Strictly cable fare. *Lust* is nothing to sink your teeth into, but it's padded enough to bat around—once—can't you see Divine up against Joan Collins, pressing close?

THE MASTER'S SPELL

Before you let the title get you down, note that the intransigent Rosa von Praunheim, cinema's blithest, if not gayest, bad boy of Berlin, has seriously fooled audiences before with homiletic, hortatory titles: *It is Not the Homosexual Who is Perverse But the Society in Which He Lives*; *An Army of Lovers*; *Revolt of the Perverts*; *City of Lost Souls*. He is a master user of glitter and camp as disguise and as exposé of users of people.

Horror Vacui: Fear of Emptiness has gone to extremes and brung 'em back alive with an obviously higher budget for Rosa than before, all of which is on screen and under smoother control than ever (Elfi Mikesch is behind the camera, giving us a foretaste of her newly-recognized filmmaking talents). On the one hand, it's a true homage to Expressionism, the stuff of which our more dramatic and memorable daymares-at-the-movies are made. The sets are those of the original (1919) *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*—(however did he get hold of them?)—vast, two-dimensional abstractions, sharp-shadowed man-made mazes distorted by malicious gods. Here be dragons, they say; here be theater. A measure of current German society (Rosa has eliminated the Amerikan Kultur element this time) emerges from the recessed background like puppets let out of shadow-boxes. Left to itself, this ambience is the essence of camp, the comedy that mocks its own terrors and weaknesses.

The painted backdrops, stage lighting and theatrical flats are just background to a second atmosphere—the gilded, gaudy, crudely sophisticated metier of the Cabaret (a tradition founded, incidentally, in the Warsaw Ghetto; ostensibly as entertainment, in reality a sometimes successful manipulation of the power

wielders, a spit into the mainstream river, a secret signal to more than one oppressed minority). *Horror* is a clash of color and symbol, a bright banner flaunting sexual power rampant on a field of somber repression.

Placing all of this in the

stifled imagination that protect him against the "Sweet Charity" vulnerability. In the words of the downbeat ditties, one's "there's gotta be something better than this!" is the other's "if that's all there is, then just keep dancing." You know how the songs go, and

hermaphroditic beau at her toes.

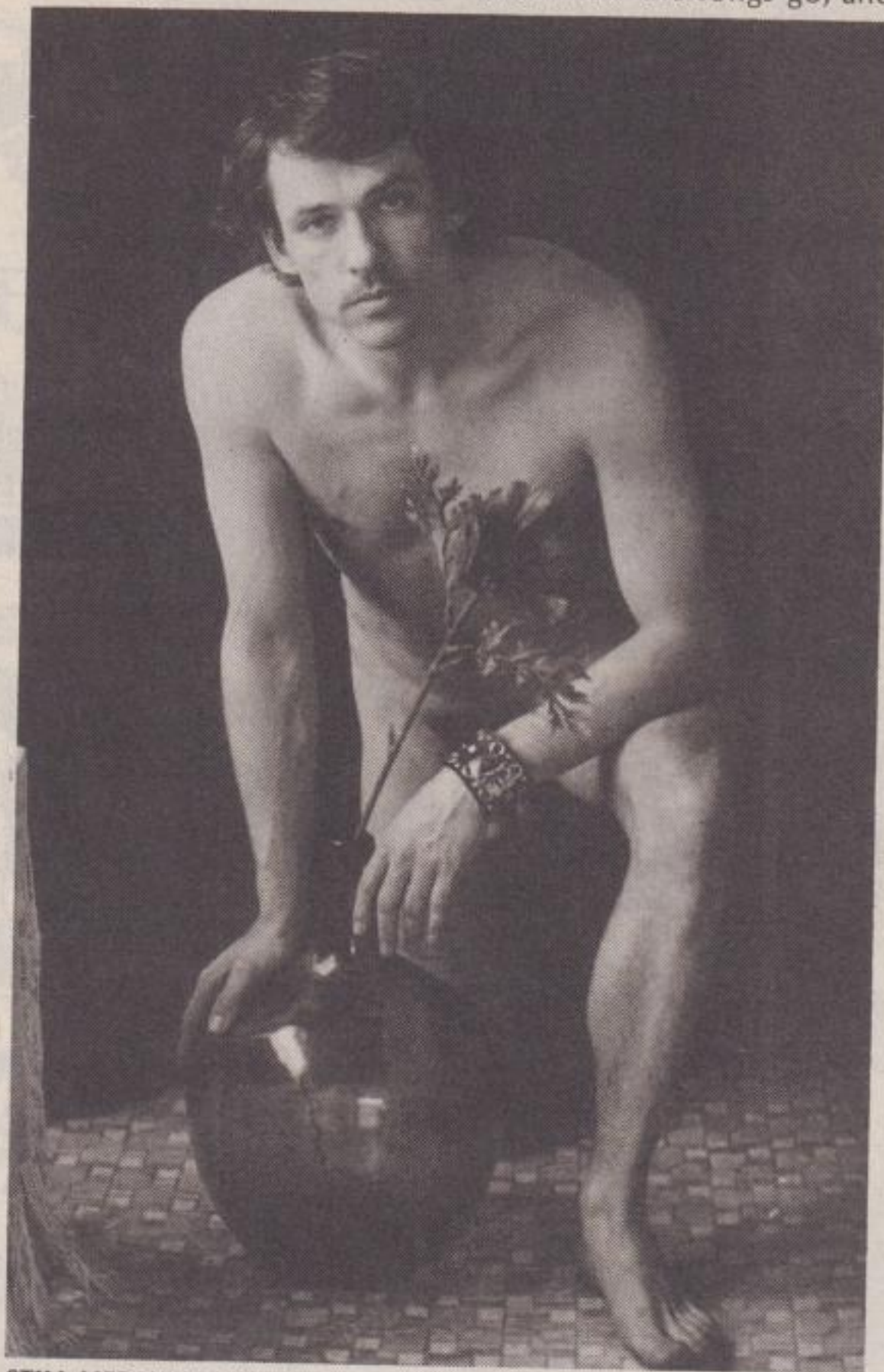
He is welcomed into the cult with open tentacles, and I will not tell you whether he escapes or is "transported to the highest spiritual sphere" with Jim-Jones dispatch. Suffice it to say that a rude awakening takes place, not through conventional revulsion to conventional humiliations, but when his gay gonads and sensibilities (shown as more aware, if not healthier than non-gay) are mortally offended.

Von Praunheim's *Horror Vacui* ranges innocence against superstition, pleasure against poseurs, orgies of dance and light movement against overt machinations of power and profit. It is steeped in, without parodying, the traditions of Expressionism, Cabaret, and anti-teater in the Fassbinder style (with camp replacing melodrama), taking on the contemporary devils one and all: neo-Nazism, religion, education, journalism, even the most progressive political movements, art, science, industry, magic. It's more an exorcism than a catharsis, but Rosa does that—unsheets the ghosts and lets his audience have the pleasure of dallying with reality in its own fashion.

The concept of old social terrors masquerading in new bullet-proof, liberal clothes—it's all done with mirrors and microprocessors—is being examined in a very personal way in the light of 20th Century history by a number of European filmmakers, each of whom is effective in his/her own style: Unlike Ottinger's *Picture of Dorian Gray* in the *Yellow Press*, Caroline Roboh's *Clementine Tango*, Wold Gremm's *Kamikaze '89* (from Per Wahloo's "Murder on the 31st Floor"), Daniel Schmidt's *Shadow of Angles* (from Fassbinder's play). Since it is not directly American history, it is not immediately recognized as the common grounds for a common present universality. They're all done as entertainments; all accessible, disturbing, erotic and homoerotic in a stimulatingly alien sense—and you'll probably have to search them out. They're worth it.

—Penni Kimmel

DRUMMER 85



STILL LIFE WITH NUDE: Gay German filmmaker Rosa von Praunheim (photo by Roswitha Hecke, courtesy of the Goethe Institute)

background for the moment—difficult as separating the chocolate from the mousse—there's a story to get into and flow with. It's the tale of the seduction of a young man by authority, an ordinary young man looking for answers without having formulated any questions, one of the multitude compelled to seek out an ultimate master, not out of a fear of death or challenge or lack of security, but out of a fear of...emptiness.

Hannes has a devoted lover, also ordinary but having the "normal" survival weapons of cynicism, insensitivity and

the relationships.

He falls first under the spell of an old-school university lecturer, combining the worst and the most attractive of Nietzsche and scientific determinism. Refusing the macabre proofs of wrongness easily discovered by his mate—he is beyond the rationale of concrete evidence—Hannes is then mesmerized by the enchantment of the underground life, inveigled into the Magic Cabaret wherein the Theory of Optimal Optimism is preached by Madame (Lotte Uber), an alluring, malignant, gargantuan presence with rings on her fat fingers, and a


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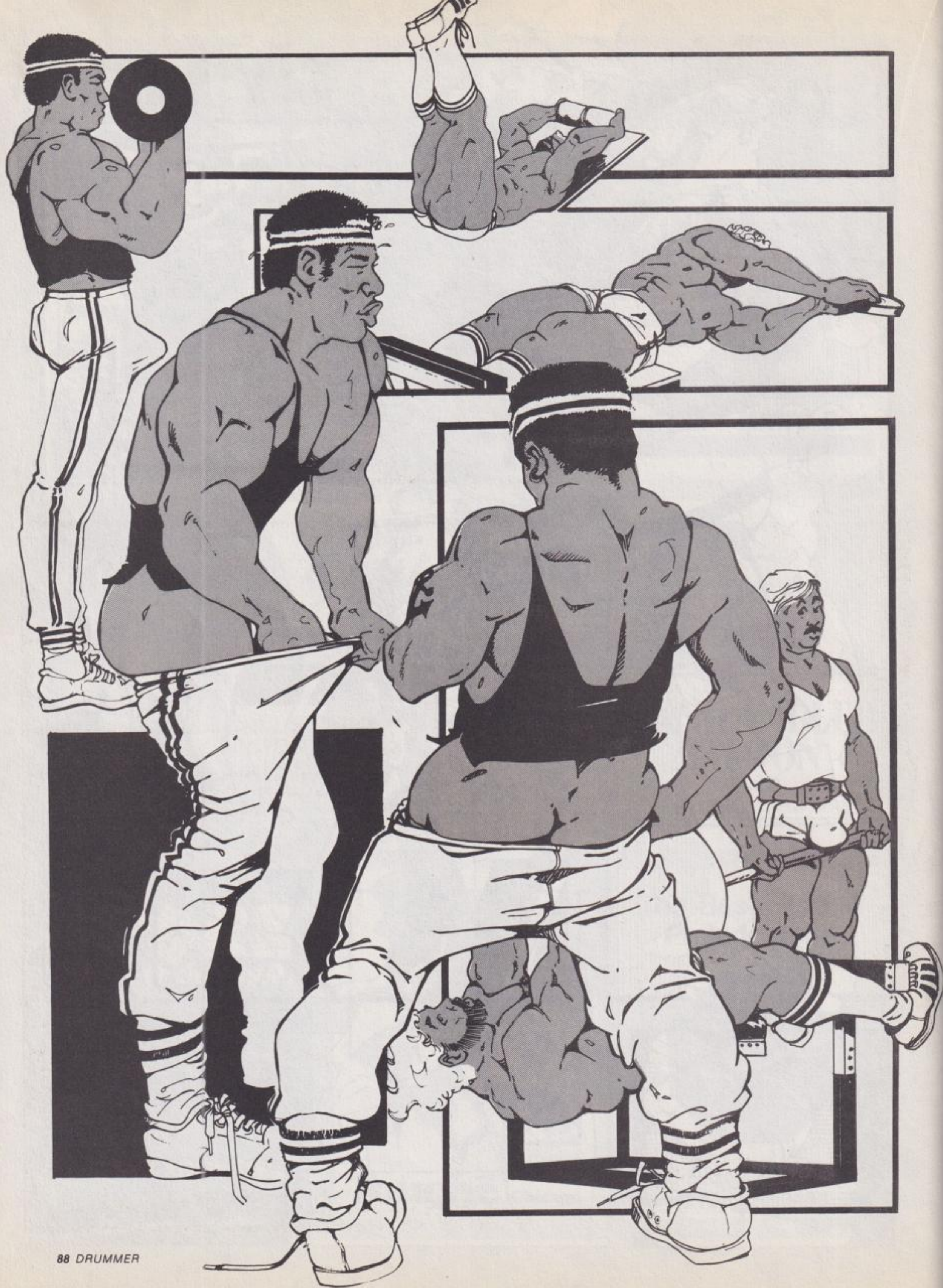
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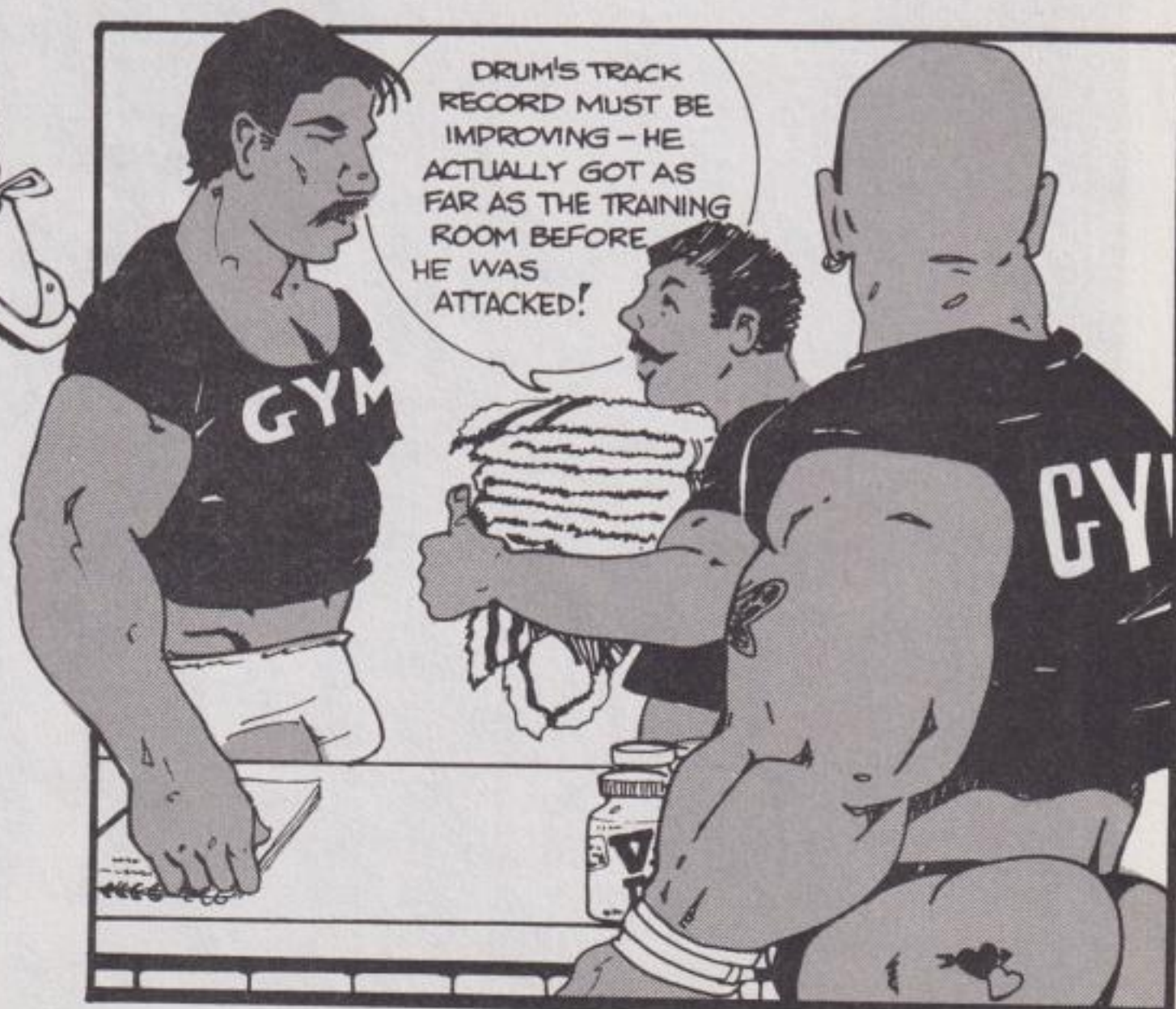
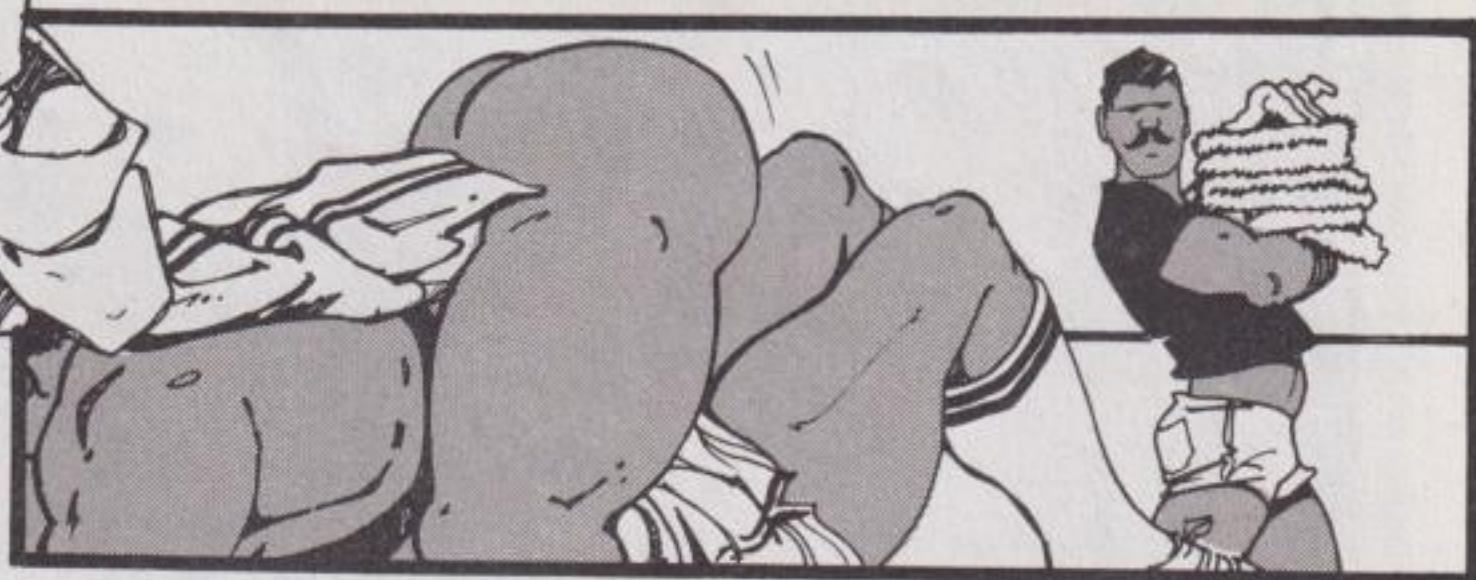


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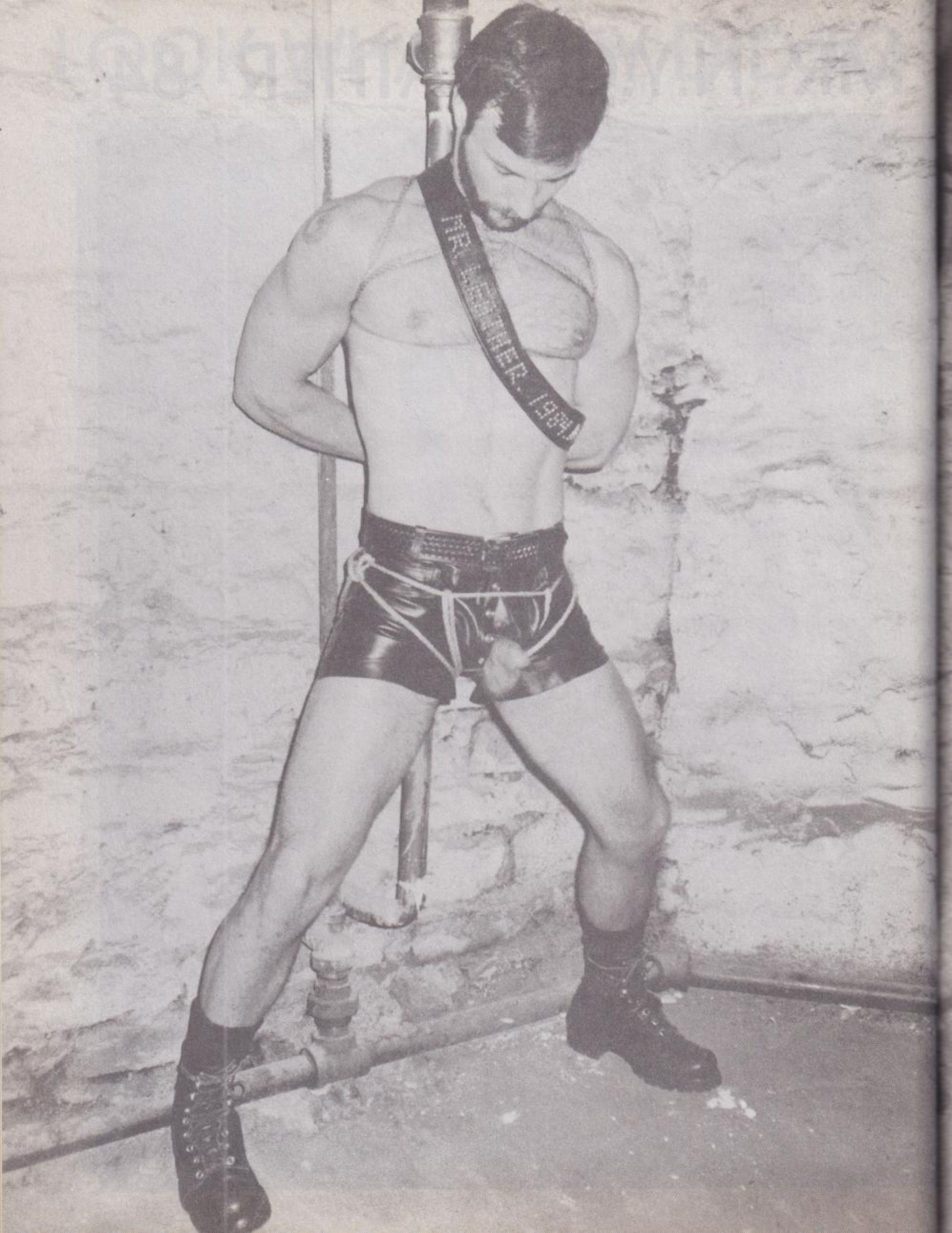
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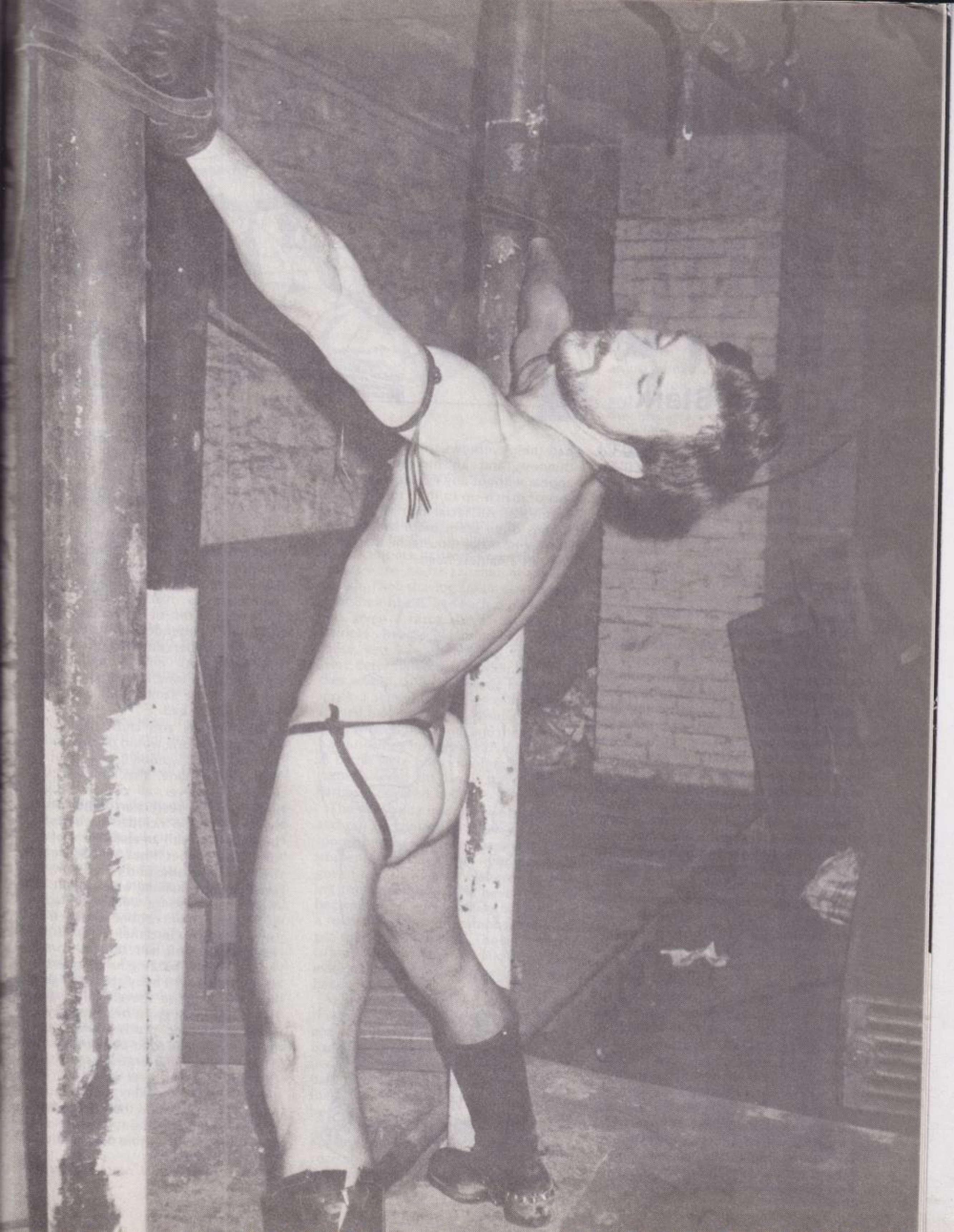
New York City finally has a Mr. Leather; in fact, he is quite a hunk. His name is Henry Romanowski and he got together with bondage artist Fred Katz to be photographed by Mikal Bales of ZEUS for DRUMMER. The results are some beautiful shots of a beautiful guy.



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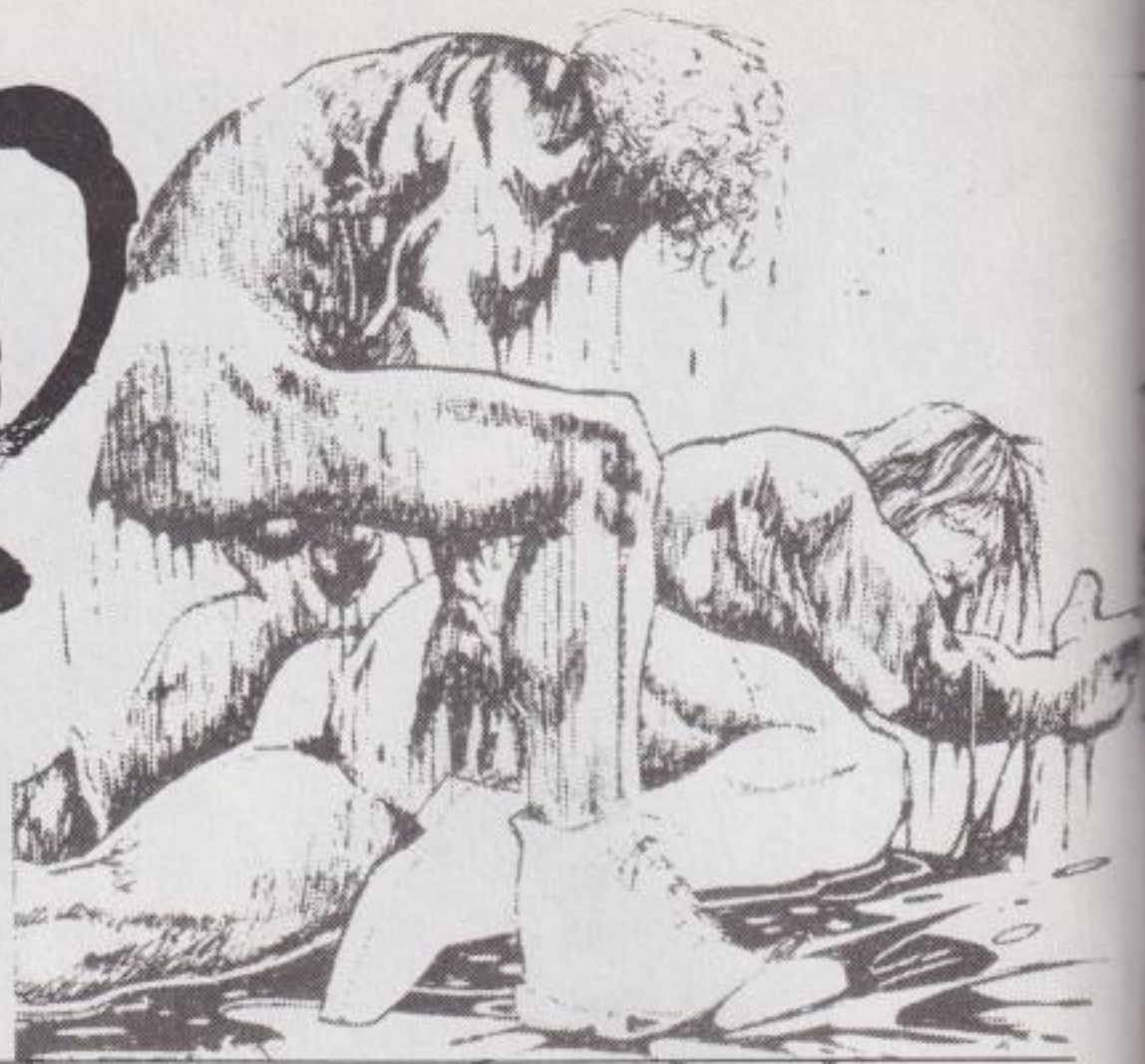






MANHOOD RITUALS

by Adam Stark



HOLIDAY BALDIES

During the last few years, I've noticed that a surprisingly large number of bald-headed young studs are walking around during the winter holiday season, from mid-November till mid-January. This is happening on both coasts, and in almost every city in between.

At first, I thought that they were all young recruits home from boot camp for the holidays. Then I noticed that some looked like an ad from the *Preppie Handbook*—collegiate in everything except their shiny bald heads. Then, looking closer, I saw that many were older than the usual teenage recruits. So I started asking these bald guys about their special look. Roughly, out of ten guys asked, two wouldn't say anything at all, and three would curse my curiosity and walk away—but at least half were willing to tell me the whole story.

I discovered that of 100 bald studs, about 50 or so were boot camp recruits home for the holidays, but the rest had been deliberately given head shaves just before the holidays, so that they would be humiliated and embarrassed in front of family and friends.

A young stud with a shaved head stands out in a crowd. He may feel embarrassed, self-conscious, even humiliated. When that guy is among friends who remember him with a full head of hair, all his buddies and girlfriends keep razzing him. And that is exactly why these guys are given head shaves, so that they can never forget what they really are. It's a public sign that they must obey others, that they have been stripped of personal choice and that they are merely on short furlough.

The guys from boot camp usually have a white sidewall look, or a very short crew cut. The others, however, have been sheared totally hairless, with not even a little fuzz left on top. Many have

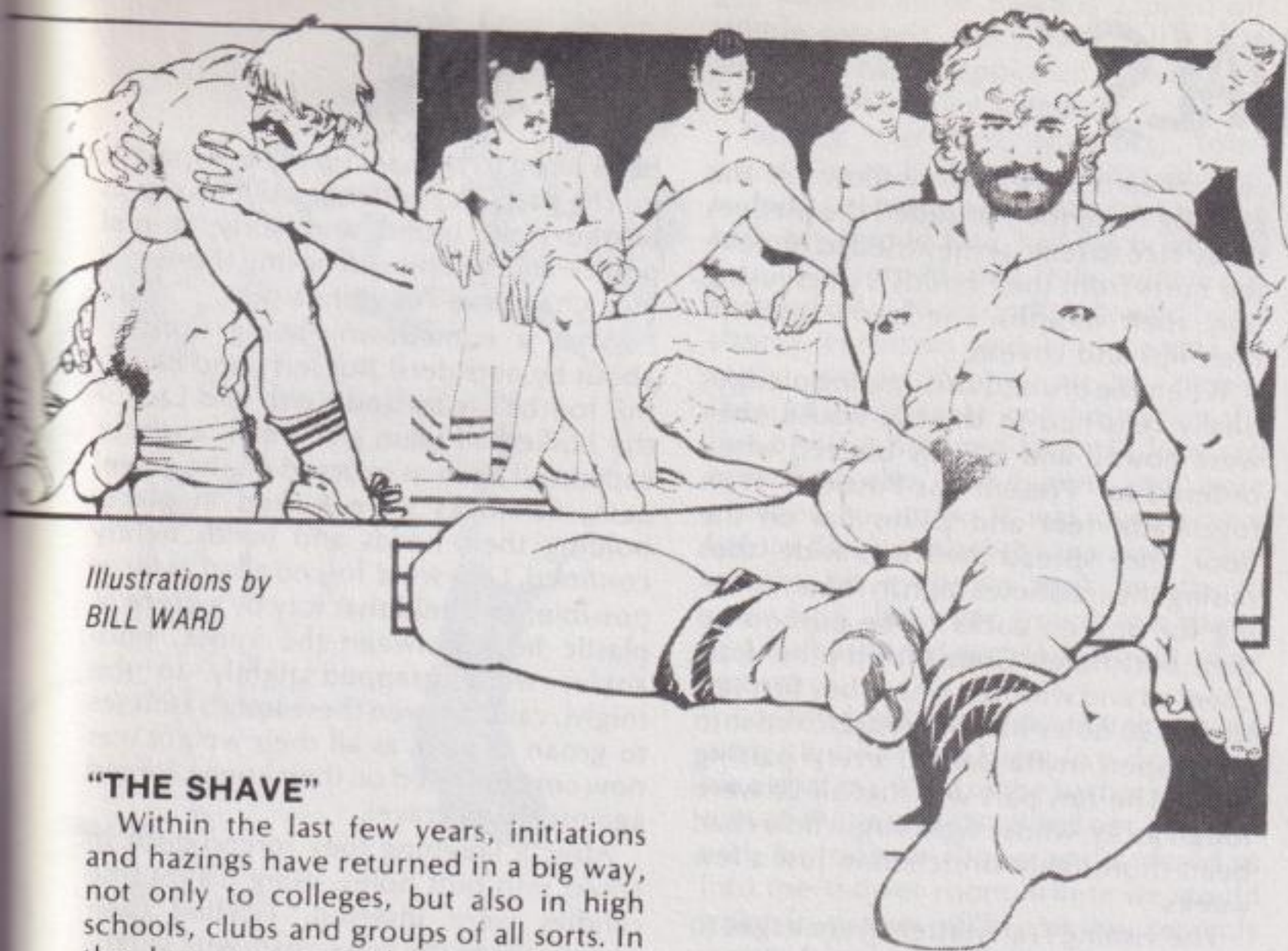
had their eyebrows trimmed to pencil-thinness, and an increasing number appear without any eyebrows at all, as a sort of match-up to their totally hairless skinheads. All facial hair is gone and friends often seem more shocked by a missing beard or moustache than by the sight of a hairless head.



Of the 50 with total baldies, about 30 were undergoing some types of advanced military training; the rest were bald as part of an initiation or hazing that will get them admitted into a fraternity, club, sports team, or an amazing number of semi-official groups, like volunteer fireman, police cadets or lifeguards.

Most were not expecting to lose all their hair, but after the shock of seeing themselves as hairless baldies, they accepted the rest of the orders without question. All intended to do the same to the new members entering next year. All the guys, both military and civilian, agreed that as long as everyone in their group got the same treatment, it was really not too bad.

All the frats and clubs had "secret rites" that no one would discuss and the military men wouldn't talk about the "special discipline" that kept wild studs in line. However, all civilians laughed about the non-secret part of their ordeal, which routinely included having naked butts beaten with an assortment of paddles, oars, rubber hoses, studded leather belts, wire brushes and rolled newspapers that were soaking wet and left large welts that lasted for weeks. All had had scalding liniment rubbed into their balls and pushed up into their assholes. Most had lost all pubic hair, both in front and in back, to the buzzing hair clippers, and every stud with a hairy chest was given a total head-to-toe shave. (All lifeguards were routinely given head-to-toe body shaves.) Electric prods were used on anyone who failed to obey orders. Very popular was filling large glasses with piss, then forcing the new guys to drink it. Licking shoes, sneakers, boots and bare feet was so common that most guys had stopped thinking about it as a trial, and accepted it as a routine part of initiation life.



Illustrations by
BILL WARD

"THE SHAVE"

Within the last few years, initiations and hazings have returned in a big way, not only to colleges, but also in high schools, clubs and groups of all sorts. In the last two years, head shaving has become almost routine in all school initiations, with even high school studs submitting to the baldy look. The surprise is that now, after heads are shaved hairless, all eyebrow hair is also shaved off. The custom in many places is now a totally-hairless head and face.

Even in more casual clubs, where clippers leave some hair shadow on top of an otherwise bald head, the established custom is to glide the clipper over the eyebrows, leaving only an almost-invisible smudge in place of bushy eyebrows. For years, all those entering bootcamp training for the Army Reserve, National Guard, and most ROTC camps have received a total shearing, with head hair, eyebrows and all face hair shaved totally off.

Up till the student anti-war riots of the '60s, many colleges required all Frosh to wear the same haircut for class spirit. A few demanded only bootcamp-style crew cuts, but most let the upper-classmen have any fun they wanted for the first few weeks—and that meant all Frosh had their heads shaved in different styles, with all the heads receiving a uniform total shaving. In many Southern colleges, the Frosh were required to keep their heads shaved hairless for the entire first year, and the Senior Class had the authority to give any hairy Freshman a total head shave. Even GI Bill veterans, who poured into the colleges after the war, were required to remain bald for their entire first year. This "permanent" baldy turned even the wildest vets into rather submissive students.

At one famous Carolina college, about 200 vets living off campus were told to report to the gym in staggered groups for Frosh Orientation. Without any warning,

each group of 20 was surrounded by mobs of yelling students who dragged them all to the "wailing wall" where hand clippers, scissors and even sheep shears were used to zap their heads clean of hair. Then shaving cream was smeared over their heads, and each and every one was given a razor shave that left now hairless heads gleaming-bald. Once these vets saw themselves bald, they were determined that all their hairy buddies would suffer the same fate. It was quite a scene, as former officers were shaved bald by laughing teens. All Frosh were treated the same, and the vets who had just been honored with medals won in battle were now kneeling and still as razors shaved off every trace of their Barbasol-covered hair.

The vets living in dorms were warned, and put up quite a battle; but room by room they were overcome and as punishment for putting up a fight they were given total head-to-toe shaves, including their eyebrows. The next year, this became a tradition, as all dorm Frosh got a total shave, but off-campus Frosh just got their heads shaved. The alumni still talk about how stunned all their wives were, when these heroes returned with heads shaved bald.

When colleges banned such hazings, the fraternities took over these traditions and that is why so many guys pledging frats end up with shaved heads. Frat initials are often painted on the pledges' bald heads, so everyone will know who they belong to and what they hope to become.

Marine recruits expect their head shaving, but keep their eyebrows. Navy recruits even keep almost a half-inch of hair on their heads, and most regular

Army recruits keep some head hair and eyebrows—but all those who report for a short bootcamp before returning to civilian life are given a total shave. This has been the custom for many years, but I've never seen any photos or stories about this in the newspapers. Those who have endured this shave seem embarrassed about it, and have to be prodded before discussing losing all their hair. Once the discussion begins, they all say that this bootcamp shave was one of their worst experiences—but they are all eager for new recruits to get the same total shave.

When Army reservists gave the same treatment to guys in their frats, the idea caught on. Also, popular books about hockey stars always mention that old custom in hockey clubs to give new members "The Shave," which started out as just a head shave, then became a total head-to-toe shave, leaving eyebrows and eyelashes as the only hair; but now the brows are also being shaved, and even long eyelashes are getting cropped short. Since plucked-out eyelashes never grow back, they are sheared short to under a quarter-inch, leaving this slight bit of lash fuzz as the only hair remaining on the many studs being initiated.

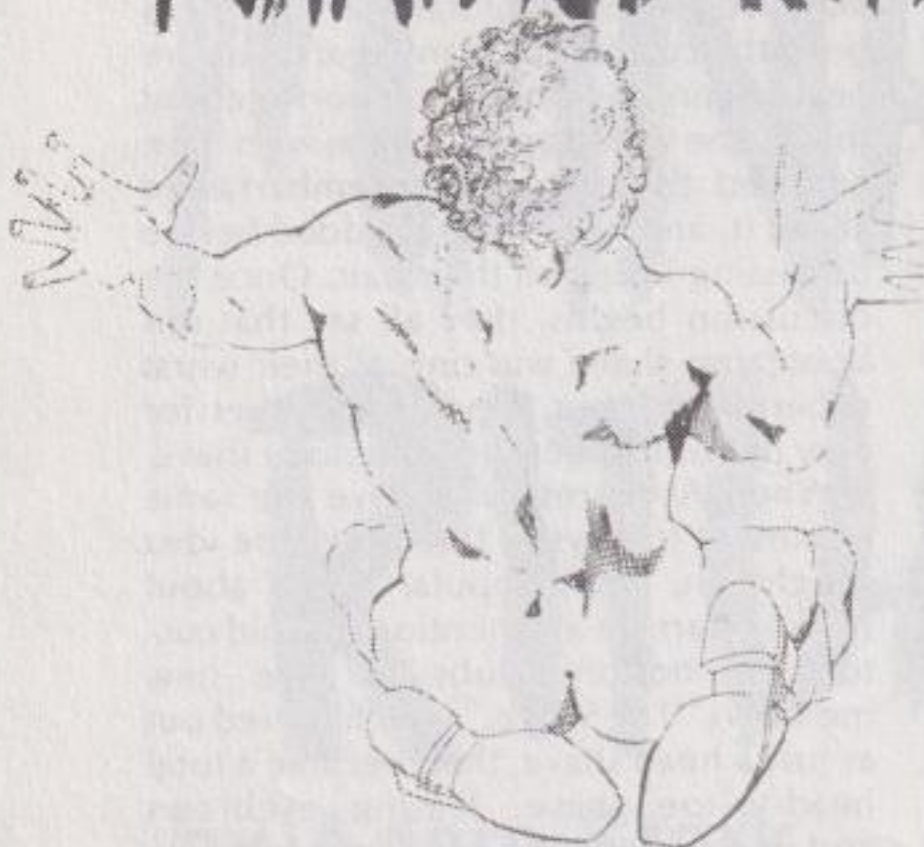
"The Shave" is now also popular in volunteer firehouses, racing yacht clubs and gyms. Some groups allow the initiates to keep their face and head hair for business reasons, but shave them hairless from the neck to the toes.

HAZING TIME

Shaving off eyebrows is still far more popular than stretching assrings, but every city has adult book stores selling dildos that can be forced up unwilling assholes. This has always been a favorite college frat practice. In the past, the dildo was removed after some hours of being pushed in and out of tight, raw buttocks. Now, a combination of dildo/buttplug is forced up a tight asshole, then locked in place. The initiate is forced to wear this device all the time, and after a few weeks, the tender assring skin has been permanently stretched, leaving a round opening in the middle of what used to be a tightly-closed asshole.



MANHOOD RITUALS



Recently, a jock frat in an upstate New York college fitted all 20 initiates with butt-plug dildos, sealed tight with a combination lock. Only the Frat Masters has the combinations, so the initiates wore the dildo 23-hours a day for six weeks. They were forced to jog, play sports, shower and sleep with it in. During the traditional open house party on the last week of Initiation, the Frat Masters came up with something different. Since all the pledges had been given "The Shave" on Day One of the Initiation, they had grown some hair on the ensuing six weeks. Now all 20 of these tough young athletes were told that they would be totally re-shaved. Expecting girlfriends for the Homecoming, the 20 studs tearfully begged to keep some hair on their heads and around their genitals. Because of their protests, all 20 were paddled till blood blisters formed on their butts, and after the dildos were yanked out, globs of wintergreen gel were pushed up the now-loose asshole and the re-inserted dildos were fitted with a "french tickler" extension.

With wrists tied behind their backs, burning liniment rubbed into their balls, these 20 crying and moaning studs were forced to run naked around an open field covered with low-growing thorn burrs. As the gel burned their balls and assholes, they ran wildly over prickly burrs that snagged and stuck to their bare soles. As they stopped running, the Frat Masters zapped them with cattle prods and laughed wildly as the desperate pledges tried hopping on one foot. Soon all 20 pledges has thorn burrs embedded in both soles and toes.

Unable to walk because of the needle-like thorns pressing into their soles, zapped all over thier naked bodies with cattle prods, the exhausted pledges fell sobbing to the ground, screaming out promises to obey all orders without question. The laughing Frat Masters, after commanding panting pledges to

suck their cocks and swallow all the gushing cum, then prodded the pledges to lay face to feet; as they tried to remove the burrs from their buddy's soles, using only their mouths, the burrs stuck in their lips and cheeks.

When the bruised and limping pledges finally returned to the frat house, they were cowed and quickly obeyed when ordered to "Present Ass-Pussies!" With foreheads, feet and palms flat on the floor, they spread their legs wide, thus raising their assholes high in the air, waiting for unseen cocks to be pushed up their butt-holes. Guests from other frats cheered and whistled when they first saw that all 20 holes had been stretched into wide-open invitations to every passing prick. The fun part was that all 20 were tough jocks, whose tight virgin holes had been thoroughly stretched in just a few weeks.

The visiting Frat Masters were eager to try the same idea on their own pledges—they had no sympathy with the shame and fear of these nude young pledges, shaved and bent over with their most private parts denuded and publicly displayed—in fact, the very public results causing the pledges' months of humiliation and embarrassment, is the main reason that shaving and stertching are now getting so popular. Shaved eyebrows are slow growing back and impossible to hide, a sign to every passing stranger that the pledge has been initiated, an advertisement that the humiliated young man spent hours on his knees sucking cock and bent over offering his stretched ass-pussy for vigorous fucking.

This frat is just a regular group of ordinary young jocks, so no one considered the initiation obscene—maybe tougher hazing than non-jock frats, but no pledge dropped out. Tradition holds that frat pledges and military recruits should be treated like dirt, stripped of all sense of pride in past achievements and individual worth. They must accept their new frat or unit as the only important authority. Both recruits and pledges are forcibly broken.

Rather than describing the entire Initiation, I'll just mention a few scenes that show how casually cruel routine initiations can be, as pledges are stripped of all pride. Deciding to exhibit all 20 stud pledges in their hairless nakedness at the big Homecoming Party, with long candles being pushed up the wide butt-holes, the Frat Masters wanted to be sure that the candles would remain firmly in place, and not be jiggled out by squirming pledges. The five tallest pledges were ordered to strip naked in the back yard, then turned over to the tender mercies of about a dozen local vouths who had

been hired to help set up the equipment for the party. A youth named Joey was in charge—tall, blond and surly, a real punk—and he enjoyed having these college champs as his guinea pigs.

What a comedown—being ordered about by outsiders! But Jerry and Phil of the football team and Keith and Lars of the basketball team and Dean, a soccer captain all knelt as ordered on the gravel path, as stocks were locked in place, holding their heads and hands tightly confined. Legs were forced apart as far as possible, and held that way by a piece of plastic hose between the knees; both ankles were strapped tightly to the thighs, causing even these tough athletes to groan in pain, as all their weight was now concentrated on their knees, forced against sharp gravel.

After a laughing Joey forced gobs of crisco into butt holes, using his fist, the candles were inserted. Tickling their armpits made the five scream with laughter, but their limbs couldn't move—but Keith and Dean were wildly twisting their toes. Using string, Joey fashioned five small loops that were fastened to each toe, then pulled tight with a central knot, with the end fastened tight to the strap already around the thighs. With every toe strapped in place, all soles were fully exposed and unable to move, the youths had some fun using feathers to tickle the immobile soles of our pledges.

Within minutes, all except Jerry were laughing wildly. After 20 minutes, the laughter was turning to shrill gasps, but Jerry still boasted that his calloused soles weren't soft—but when Joes forced a feather between his toes, Jerry let out a yell. To teach him a lesson, Joey stuck four large feathers in two large combs, then hand one of the youths push the feathers between all of his toes. Pushing the combs up and down soon had a gasping Jerry begging for mercy.

After an hour of non-stop tickling all five pledges were blubbering, with tears flowing from their red eyes. As the feathers stopped moving, Joey said, "Any protests about our party, and we start tickling you again." Surprised groans escaped the pledges' lips when the candles were taken out—and quickly replaced by eager cocks. Soon five pricks were banging their butt holes, five cocks were fucking their mouths.

But what was worse—what happened that night...or the time when all 20 pledges were on display at the party, heads shaved bald and bodies shaved hairless, with even eyebrows shaved off, and lighted cnadles in their loose butt holes, and realized that their girlfriends had been invited to see their humiliation. Could they ever be the same again?



BALD RECRUITS

With about 1000 recruits starting Army Reserve Boot Camp Training, my first stop after entering camp was the Recruit Barber Shop. Some hoped to escape with just trimmed sides, and others expected crew cuts, but none of us were prepared for what has become the routine shearing of those entering boot camp for the first time, from the Army Reserve National Guard units and some ROTC summer camps.

Standing at attention in groups of 20, we waited in front of eight chairs. When a barber entered, he plugged in his clippers and the line started moving. Most of us were completely shorn in less than a minute, with some bearded guys getting totally shaved hairless in about 90 seconds. The usual procedure was for the barber to grab the back of the hairy head, forcing the head back as the clippers plowed through the hair growing in front; then the head was pushed forward as the back of the head was shaved bald, then the sideburns and hair around the ears disappeared. This large clipper leaves the sides and back shaved totally bald, but some fuzzy hairs remain on the dome. But no hair must remain, so the barber uses a smaller clipper known as a trimmer, running it over the entire front of the head up to the crown to remove even the smallest stubble.

The recruit's head is not totally hairless, with milky-white scalp looking as though it had just been razor shaved. Then, without pausing, the trimmer runs over the eyebrows, leaving white gashes of skin where eyebrows once grew. Then

any moustache or beard is zapped off. Within seconds, every hair on the head and face has disappeared, leaving the recruit looking like a geek.

During our first shearing, some recruits even had their eyelids trimmed, as long as eyelashes were trimmed in half. My buddy Rick had his bright red hair in a sort of afro style, which was sheared off in 30 seconds, followed by his shaggy eyebrows and chin beard. He really looked funny, as his newly-sheared white scalp stood out from the rest of his suntanned face. His long red eyelashes also stood out and were trimmed to stubs. It was over a year before Rick's eyelashes grew back to full length; his eyebrows took months to grow back, but their growth was sparse and his bushy red eyebrows would never return.

For the first four weeks of training, we were kept hairless. Every five days or so we either marched to the barber shop, or one of the sergeants visited our barracks with his trimmer clipper and ordered us into the shower room, where we would squat in groups of five as any recently grown fuzz hair was shaved off, leaving heads and faces looking newly shaved. Each time we all pleaded to keep shaved the stubble that had grown in our eyebrows, but the barbers just smiled as the trimmer shaved it away. We didn't even bother to ask that our heads be left unshaved, but the loss of our eyebrows made us feel less than human.

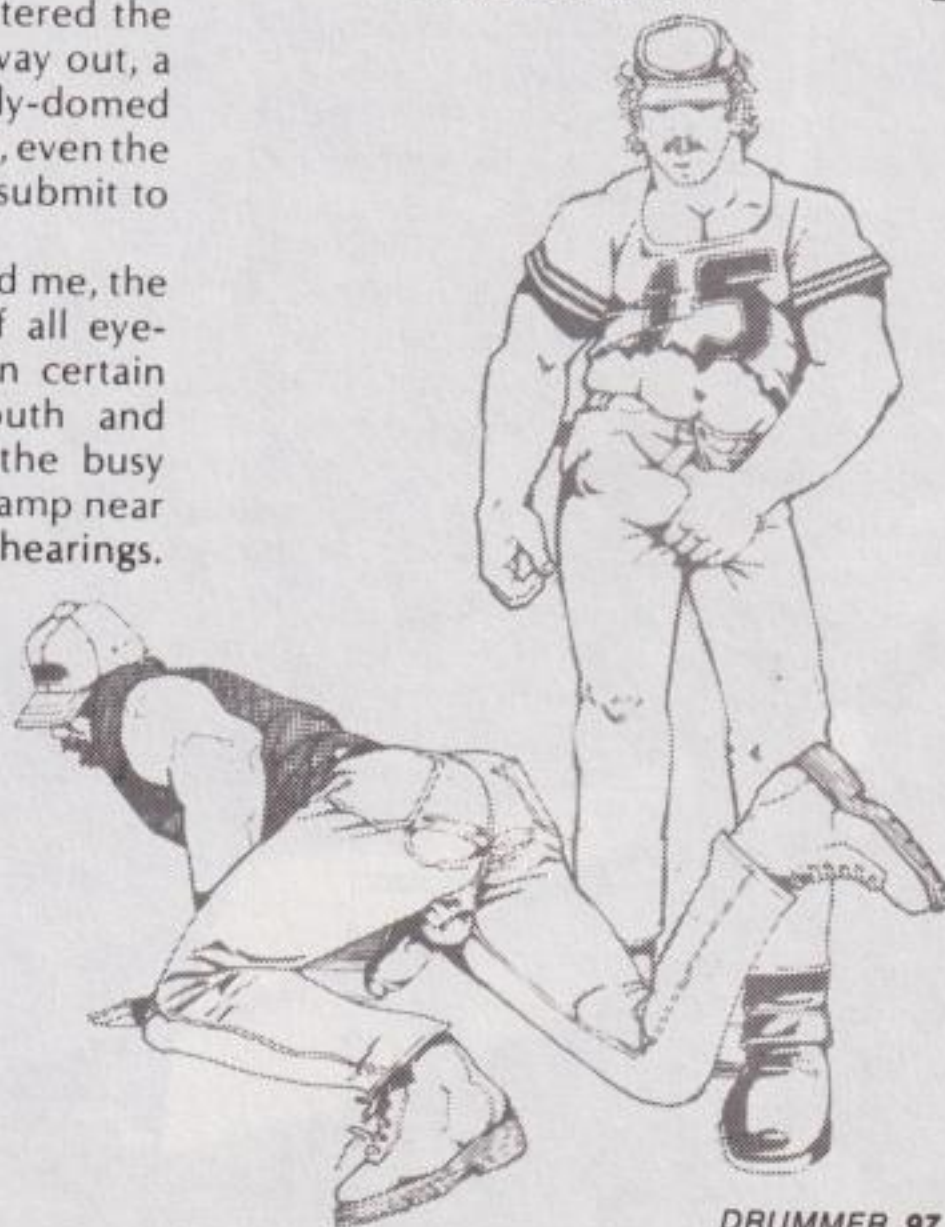
I was put on clean-up duty at the barber shop, so for a week I saw how desperate guys got when they found out that their heads and eyebrows were about to get shaved bald. The washroom was often crowded with guys crying then trying to wash away the tears with cold water. The barbers knew what was happening, but once a recruit entered the building there was only one way out, a watched exit, so only baldy-domed recruits could leave. Eventually, even the most reluctant recruit had to submit to the clippers.

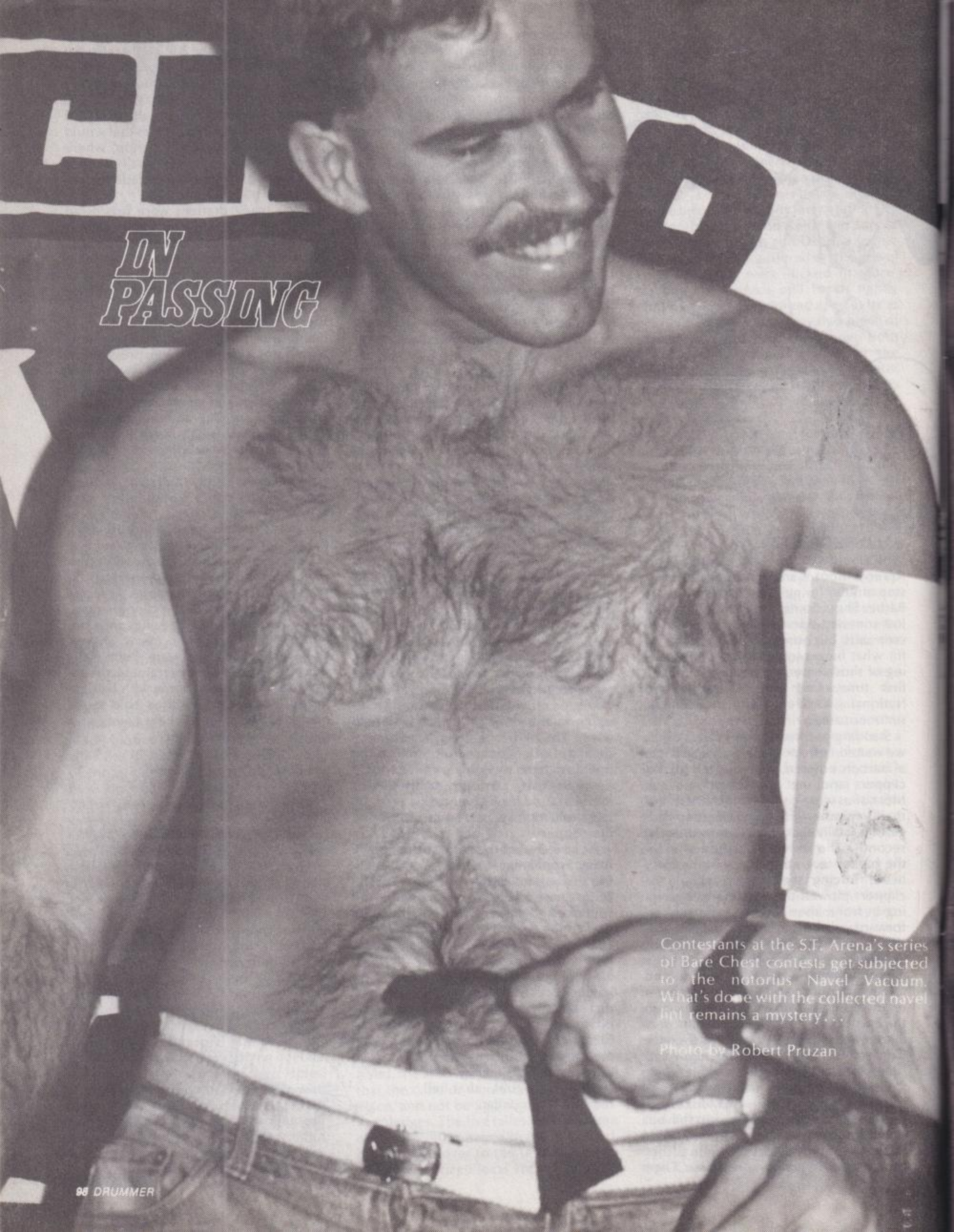
As a veteran barber once told me, the Army would like to shave off all eyebrows, but it only happens in certain camps, especially in the south and southwest. However, during the busy days of the draft, a huge boot camp near Seattle was fanatic about total shearings. When the officers realized, either because the recruits got lucky or the barbers tired, that some were keeping eyebrows and crew cuts, special MPs were stationed outside mess halls and PX stores. Whenever a soldier passed wearing fatigues that all recruits had to wear,

he was ordered to take off his cap; the order was that if the MP could tell what color the recruit's hair was by looking at either his head or eyebrows, then the guy had too much hair. Out of 700 recruits leaving a mess hall, over 100 would be escorted on busses that would go directly to the barber shop, where they would all be sheared totally hairless with the super-fine clipper blade removing every trace of hair.

Since many draftees were processed there before leaving for other camps, they were permitted to see their families. Every Sunday, inside a big hall, would be hundreds of waiting young soldiers, all wearing the same fatigue clothing. Since caps aren't permitted to be worn inside, they all looked the same with totally bald heads and no eyebrows. The sergeants always got a laugh at the expression on the faces of the parents and wives when they entered the hall and saw all these hairless heads and faces. Most just stood and gaped, as they couldn't recognize their sons and husbands. No one could tell if someone was redhaired, or blond, or brunette.

Some guys losing their hair in their early twenties comb it in different ways to hide a large forehead, or comb long hair over the thin spots. If things are slow, the barbers will make loud comments—"Look, combing all this hair over to the right hides all that scalp!"—and as the recruit turns red with shame, as his secret is publically exposed, the clippers shear away all of his hair, leaving only the pinkish-white color of newly shaved scalp. Since all heads are kept well-shaved to the very end of training, thousands of guys return home with hairless heads. Unable to hide their bald spots, many left for camp looking young and return looking years older. □





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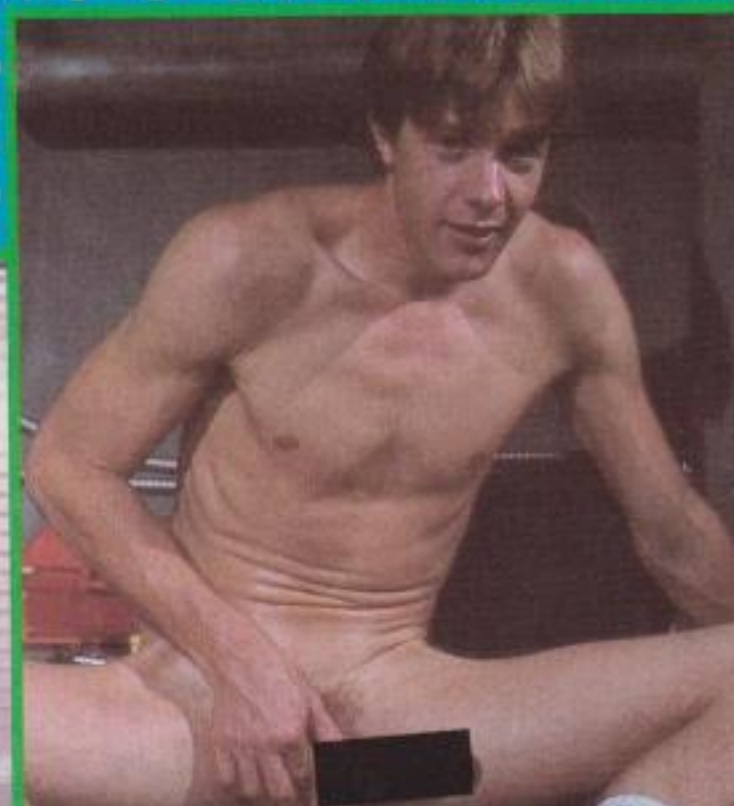
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